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THE UNIVERSITY MILITANT

BY CHARLES FERGUSON

I

IT APPEARS that we are in the midst of a revolution, so profound in its revisal of all things, that it cannot complete itself without a spiritual conversion that shall change everybody's mind about the meaning of primary words—such words as Christianity, democracy, state, church and university. It may indeed be necessary to invent new and wholly unfamiliar words to express the thoughts that matter most. But I am inclined to think we shall make shift to use the old, because it is easier to put a new meaning into an historic word than to fit a new word to an historic idea. G. K. Chesterton says somewhere, that history is like a suburban "addition" whose workmen have been withdrawn under stress of hard times, leaving all the buildings incomplete. Thus when the good times come again—the times of renaissance and reformation—we are obliged to turn back to the foundations and scaffoldings of antiquity to find the plan of the houses in which our children are to live.

When, for example, we read in the newspapers that three professors of Columbia University have, for diverse inner and outer reasons, found the institution intolerant or intolerable, we should not too hastily assume that either the trustees or the professors must be guilty of a wrong. Perhaps both parties are dealing with an impossible thing. If we would search the past to recover the ground-plan of the University—the genetic idea of it—we might be delivered from moral and intellectual confusion in this matter.

II

Professor Beard's case is separated from that of the other two gentlemen concerned. Theirs is the common case of social heterodoxy. But Mr. Beard strikes a note that has a flash of discovery in it—revealing something of the original purport of the university-word. He says he has left his place as an accredited teacher because the accrediting discredits him. He has no quarrel with the social doctrine that pervades the school. He agrees with it and desires to spread it abroad among the people. But he thinks he could not reach the people, that they would turn from him and disbelieve in the sincerity of his words, if he continued to speak with academic guaranty under present auspices.

It is as if a priest should say: The Church is so far gone from its original standards, the light within it has become such darkness, that it sheds doubt into the world instead of faith; therefore I must abandon holy orders that I may make the gospel credible once more.

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If this is not heat lightning it is a shattering bolt. It may be the beginning of a new Pentecost of the university-spirit, the spirit of creative and world-refreshing art and science that brooded in the cathedral schools of Charlemagne and that broke forth in the Middle Age in that apostolical succession of unfettered learning that began with such names as Alcuin, Anselm and the Venerable Bede.

III

Do we need to be reminded that the university in its origin was a continuation of the historic Church? It was founded upon faith in the reasonableness of things. Its master-word was Anselm's apothegm: "I believe, in order that I may understand." This marks a clean breach between the university of our tradition and the old Mediterranean cults. The Academy and Areopagus at Athens, itching to hear "some new thing," the vast archivism of the Museum at Alexandria, the state regimentated culture of the imperial schools of Rome—these had nothing to do with the gestation and birth of the modern university. They belong to a dead world and to temples that have been given to the bats and owls. We shall not find in these relics any habitable place for the men of the future.

The university at its beginning in the Middle Age—the morning of modern times—stood between the Pope and the Emperor, the spiritual and the temporal power, acknowledging both but confessing no unqualified allegiance to either. The great multitudes of grown men and women who flocked to the schools of Paris and Oxford, of Bologna and Salerno and the other famous centres of learning, were the pioneers of a civilisation more modern than the modernity we have known. The great universities were free and democratic cities—municipalities, alive with a fresh and cosmopolitan politics and governed for the most part, not by teaching faculties or the trustees of endowments, but by the student bodies. These academic cities had their own executive magistrates and courts of justice; and the idealism that pervaded them, the hunger and thirst after science and the humanities, got itself expressed somehow—with whatever of turbulence and temperamental excess—in terms of law and civil order.

Thus, in mediating between the contending and irreconcilable powers of the Middle Age—the Holy Catholic Church and the Holy Roman Empire—the university came to stand in the imagination of men for a militant idealism, a spirit of creative art that was not content to abide in cloisters but was determined, in spite of legal pedantries and sacerdotal superstitions, to conquer the common life of the forum and market-place.

To be sure it must be admitted that the true and original university-idea was constantly subject to obscuration. It battled like a strong swimmer against tidal currents that swept backward toward the sophistry and casuistry of the dead Mediterranean world. But the idea was indestructible. It lived, and still lives. It contains to-day a true portent and prophecy for the remaking of our shattered civilisation.

When Abelard was driven out of Paris and fled alone to the vacancy and obscurity of that pleasant Champagne country which is now gashed with the trenches that cut the world in two, he was followed in his exile by hundreds of the youth of Europe, who built their huts around his shack in the wilderness, that they might keep company with a man who faced life and nature with a naked mind. That I suppose is the university-idea in its simplicity, and to seize upon it is to understand democracy and to guess shrewdly of what manner of stuff the new world is to be made.

IV

The trench-diggers have, perhaps, thrown up the dust of some of the scholars of Abelard, but the spirit that actuated them is not dust. It was long since scattered abroad as prolific seed. It has become the germinal instinct of

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America. For the most characteristic thing about the political life of the United States is not its written constitution or its strife of parties, but its public school.

It should be borne in mind that the American public school is not a creature of the state. It has been begotten by spontaneous generation of the American spirit. The pioneers in their sweep across the Continent hardly bivouacked for a night without marking their pause and rest by an unbroken sentry-line of school-houses. They never cared overmuch for book learning and their characteristic heroes—Jackson, Lincoln and the rest—escaped the trammels of a liberal education. But the American pioneers believed intuitively, with Abelard and his men, in the organised power and authority of the unfettered mind—to conquer savages and tame the desert and the wilderness. They believed in the institution of the ideal as a fighting force.

Political parties and religious sects in America are a psychologic throw-back. They recall the mental abstractions of European culture and European quarrels. The quick inner life of our communities is religious and political in one breath; but it is merely tolerant or half contemptuous of theological dogmas and the rancorous divisions of political speculation. It does not admit the validity of centrifugal ideals. The idealism of America is turned earthward for the mastery of materials under the energetic hands of the imagination. Your real and typical American is romantic about realities.

V

If you would have evidence of the fact that America does not take seriously the kind of idealism that divides men and sets them against each other, but cares in its heart only for the kind that comes to order and unity in the spirit of creative art and science, you have but to observe that the school-house in small and unsophisticated communities harbours all homeless sects and parties on occasion, with a Trojan-Tyrian indifference. It is itself the object of ungrudging tax expenditure and is sure of shingles and paint, while the tabernacles of the divisive faiths have seasons of forlornness and are supported in decrepitude by fairs and festivals that levy a kind of reciprocative blackmail upon those who do not pretend to believe in them.

The point is that the American public school is an instinctive effort to consummate the work that the Middle Age began; for as the University of the Middle Age was moved by an impulse, deeper than the meditated purpose of any man, to find a middle term between an overstrained ideality and a distracted secularism, so it has come to pass that the American public school stands as an institution of reconciliation between the unpractical idealism of sects and parties and the unsocial and unscientific empiricism of "business."

To be sure our public school is as yet a merely tentative thing. It has not up to this time entirely succeeded in bridging the gulf—just as the old-time university did not entirely succeed. But it is something that the original university-idea—the idea that the common estate of the mind can be unified, and turned to the building of cities and the subdual of the earth—has in America been appreciated and appropriated by the mass of the people.

VI

This idea is the true germ-cell of modern politics. It is capable of generating a tissue that can spread across frontiers and form the organic filaments of a universal society.

The root-cause of the wars of nations and classes is extravagance of idealism. The violence that is done to sanity when the imagination is turned from the works of art and industry to follow the lure of an abstracted devotion, is revenged by economic meanness and manslaughter. Adam refused to "dress and keep the Garden" and preferred to ruminate upon the moral law. The consequence was moral confusion and a ravin of human

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tooth and claw that has culminated in the sack of cities.

It is in this sense that the Great War is attributable to economic causes. Our antebellum economics was monstrous and malignant. The idealism of the world had refused to invest itself in the economic process, and had left the vital business of the race to operate in a moral vacuum. Political and cultural ideals of rival nations and classes were irreconcilable because they had no focus in the earth-struggle, but flew to the four winds of heaven.

It cannot be too often repeated—for it is the heart of the Gospel of the Incarnation—that if we use the imagination in order to escape from reality there must needs be the devil to pay. It appears that the only right use of the miraculous faculty of word-images,—whereby we are able to conceive things that do not exist,—is to conquer the natural difficulties of existence, and make new things exist.

VII

This dare-devil affirmativeness of the human spirit is the quintessence of the university as Anselm and Abelard understood it. And those who think of the university as a store-house of pulseless and achromatic knowledge or as a bastion to defend the harassed frontiers of the *status quo,* are thinking in the manner of the Alexandrian archivists or the imperial scholars of Aurelian Rome. They do not understand the university—or the modern spirit that has come out of it to renew the world.

It is quite impossible to understand the nature of the university if one persists in thinking of it as one of the institutions of society. Its true character does not appear until it begins to be thought of as society itself—the generator of property and power, and the nourishing mother of the only kind of law and order that can possibly conquer the feuds of race and class and prevail over wide areas, under the complex conditions of modern commerce, finance and industrial technology.

VIII

The Great War announced the doom of balance-of-power politics—the kind of politics that begins by assuming the inevitable and perpetual disagreement of group-ideals and group-interests, and therefore proceeds to invent checks, balances and equilibrators in the vain hope of stabilising the flux of social forces. The solution of the problem of world-reorganisation turns upon the discovery or recovery of an authority strong enough to cross the lines between parties, classes and nations. We shall see that the university contains this principle of reconciliation if we take pains to get to the root of the thing—and have patience to separate its essential character from the perversions that have obscured its meaning. We shall find that the university is the world's best effort to normalise itself and that the advertisement of its true aims will draw response from what is deepest in human nature.

IX

Political chaos is not necessarily permanent, and the present parlous condition of civilised man is not incurable. But we must abandon our confidence in political machinery if we would turn the machinery of steel from the ways of death to the ways of life.

Hildebrand, Innocent, Ambrose of Milan and the other primary builders of the Church understood that the building of a cosmopolitan social order is at bottom a simple thing—however difficult. They knew that the difficulty of world order lay coiled in the quarrels of every village and in the mental confusion of every man. They knew that the stupendous structure of ecclesiastical catholicism would grow as gourds do, and would overgrow the stubborn prejudice of all the races—if a motive power could be set to work that was truer to the health and heart's-desire of average men than was the motive power of the Roman Empire.

The university, like the Church, was an attempt of elemental men to develop

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a universal social tissue out of a highly vitalised political germ-cell. They found a peculiarly effective way of countervailing the immemorial tendency to sentimentality and sordidness and of bringing men together in healing and fruitful relations to each other and to the material realities out of which we must wrest the stuff of life.

As in theory of common law it takes three disorderly persons to make a mob, so it is possible to say that three orderly men, standing related in a particular manner, exhibit the quintessence of any civil society. Thus in order to understand the nature of the social order that the university prefigures one has only to imagine a communion of three affirmative personalities—say a chemist, a physician and an engineer—conspiring and cooperating to advance the arts and sciences. They unite to escape from the natural rule of necessitousness and fatality and to live a life of spiritual origination and freedom. This conception of the germinal cell of the university society needs only to be rounded out with the understanding that each member has legal authority or governing power within the scope of his specialty and is interested, not altruistically but organically, in the increase of the power and authority of the other members. This follows, since an advance of the arts in any direction accrues to the benefit of all, and since the exploitability of nature is practically infinite. So that no private fortune is constricted by the growth of another.

Now, if we take this cellular unit and conceive it as expanded into a widespreading social tissue we shall find it suited to the genius of modern business.

X

It has happened to be a part of my occupation in recent years to go about the world in the service of the Department of Commerce at Washington, making observations on the maladjustment of the business organisation of several countries to their respective political systems. The reflection has forced itself into these observations that the Great War would not have been inevitable if the university had retained its original character as creator rather than creature of social law. If the vast body of modern business with its titanic technology, could have come into being with the generations that intervened between Anselm and Abelard, they and such as they would have understood, I think, that the university is by rights the informing and vitalising soul of great business. They would have known that great business without a soul must, by sheer heedlessness, wreck the framework of civilisation. Thus, it is one of the chief misadventures of history that the university as a social and political authority has been separated by a long age from the rise of big business.

XI

But it is the prerogative of the human mind to conquer time and correct the accidents of experience. The truth that needs now to sink into our hearts—the lesson that is being syllabled by "the dreadful and the just Eumenides"—is that the energy of idealism must be turned into the power of tools. It is seen that modern war is at bottom not military but industrial—a sheer wrestle of rival working systems to see which is greater in the realm of the creative spirit.

The people of England, France and the United States must now—on peril of the submergence of western culture—put aside their traditionary politics and grasp the truth that the working organisation of society is society itself—that the politics of business is the whole length and breadth of politics, and that outside of the spiritual mastery of materials there is no place for politics at all.

XII

The principal weight of the struggle against Germany now falls upon the United States. The human and material resources of this country, while not infinite, are adequate for the raising up of a power of art and science strong enough

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to impose a new law, a Pax Americana, throughout the circle of commerce.

The rule of the world belongs to the strong—to the masters of the arts whereby the energies of nature are put to the service of man, so that he can build cities or destroy them. It appears that the inheritance of the earth is awarded to the meekness of farmers, fishermen and mechanics and to the humble-heartedness of the artists and engineers who do not stand gazing into heaven. We must be patient to seek the aura of the infinite in the dust of the obdurate earth.

Let us grant that the world is ruled by force, but not by violence—for violence is weak. Wherever there exists concentrated force of arms or tools—though it may spend and waste itself in violence—we should perceive that it has not been won by violence; for violence does not consist of that composure of mind whereby the arts and sciences are advanced, and the elementary forces are made to pulse through the ordered wills of a multitude of men.

So now the time has come for America to play the leading rôle in the greatest of dramas. We must grasp the meaning of our part. We must understand that idealism, divorced from realism, makes wars but does not win them—that idealism without art and science can neither fight nor make peace.

In general we must understand that the separation of the conceptive faculties of mankind from its executive faculties is the original sin of the race and the spring of the spiritual confusion of the ages. And in particular we must perceive that the catastrophe of the second decade of the twentieth century is due—before and beyond all other causes—to a monstrous schism between the toplofty idealism of the state and the burrowing realism of business. The schism between business and policies was the chief and characteristic fact of the nineteenth century.

XIII

Civilisation was split in two by the rise of the business system. It knitted itself into the physical needs of men with an intimacy of personal relationship unexampled in any previous form of human association. It developed, through the new and marvellous agencies of credit-capital, contractualism and corporate organisation, powerful centres of social control that everywhere equalled or overbalanced the centres of legal and ostensible government.

Thus arose a social problem that absorbed all social problems into one. The problem that confronted the people of all countries at the threshold of the twentieth century was this: How shall we resolve the contradiction between the law of the courts and the law by which we get our living?

It was fondly supposed in America and elsewhere that the contradiction was superficial and could be patched up and smoothed out by the making of a few new statutes. It was not perceived—and alas! is not even yet perceived by most of us—that the contradiction is in its nature eternal, and so cannot be compromised. It cuts to the core of thought and the heart of life.

A national or international organisation for work is a new thing in history—and it cannot be understood otherwise than as a new and transforming politics that must necessarily and in the very nature of the case, challenge the authority and jurisdiction of the old politics. The contradiction between the two can be resolved only by the elimination of one term or the other. It is conceivably possible to destroy the political fabric of grand-scale business, to disintegrate the strong and delicate tissues of commerce and credit and abolish the massive structure of corporate industry. It is thinkable that the world of work might be uncrowned of its majesty and catholicity, might be made unpolitical by being reduced to the measure of mediæval trades-guilds and to the disjunctive units of the old craftsmen's economy. Thus we might—in imagination at least—get the genii back into the bottle and restore the peace of states.

But in truth it is not possible to get

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rid of the new-born world of work, for it is the kingdom of the creative spirit; its coming is a kind of apocalypse and the rubrics of its credit and commerce are graven into the cortex of the modern brain. To speak in simpler terms, it is sufficient to say that we cannot take out our telephones. It is morally impossible to do so. Therefore we are definitively committed to a life of complex artistry—and to the enforced mutuality of the machine. The new political power of organised production is here to stay.

XIV

The old politics is static, the new is dynamic. The old strives vainly for fixed foundations in the midst of the inevitable flux of life; it is false to nature as the Ptolemaic astronomy was false. The new politics on the other hand is Copernican; it gives up the vain quest for settled status and an absolute right; commits itself to grand orbits and to the kind of stability that comes of momentum. Or if one would have a more human view of the irreducible difference between the old political state and the new politics of business, it is to be found in the contrast between the spirit of the Old Testament and that of the New.

Germany has become the Adversary because she has undertaken, with a kind of infidel faith in the God of Joshua, to make the power of the creative spirit serve the old sacrificial altars. Germanism is a recrudescent Judaism. The most important and explanatory fact about modern Germany is that for forty years she made a thoroughgoing effort to solve the contradiction between business and politics by feudalising the universal forces of credit and commerce under the suzerainty of a transcendental state. It must be admitted that in England, France and the United States there grew up during this period a half-hearted commercial imperialism that dreamed of trying to do what Germany seriously tried. There is nothing distinctively German about the idea except that Germany was capable of the kind of Maccabean patriotism that was necessary to make a dead-set at it.

It was psychologically possible for Germans—but not possible for Englishmen, Frenchmen and Americans—to "Hebraise" their politics, in Matthew Arnold's sense of the word. They were able—and we were not and are not able—to think and feel in the manner and mood of the Old Testament. They submitted themselves to the categorical imperative of an inscrutable national law and to a Sinaitic covenant of peculiar duty and privilege. It is because of an atavistic persuasion that they are a chosen people of a divinely favoured breed, and that the capital of the holy fatherland is a kind of New Jerusalem, that the Germans have been hardened beyond compunction to spoil the Egyptians and fall so heavily upon the Hittites and the peoples of Canaan.

XV

To the eye of philosophy, when this tyranny shall be overpassed it will be plain that Germany was tempted by tradition and forced by circumstances to serve as a proxy and conscript for the whole family of nations in order that the cult of an exclusive nationalism might be made hateful. Germany has proved to the hilt that the universal contradiction between the working order and the old politics cannot be solved by making the ecumenic organs of credit and commerce minister to the separate pride and power of a single state. It is as if the Genius of History were saying of the wreck of Belgium and the sinking ships in the seas: Look, this is what happens to manufacture and trade and to the wide human communion of the bread and wine, because a nation has treated the tools of universal art and science as if they were the appanage of a chosen people!

XVI

It will be discovered before we are through with the lesson that a socialistic state is as unfit as a dynastic state to control the vital organs of great business.

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We shall perceive that modern business moves by a law that rests in the nature of things and the nature of man, and that this law cannot be administered by merely official persons—no more by the elected delegates of majorities than by oligarchs and kings. It must be executed by men of special and personal competency—by the organisers of industry, by shipmasters and by those who can draw a straight furrow in a field.

It is because America has always had some inkling of this truth that the tradition of Jefferson has restricted the jurisdiction of government and politics to about one-tenth of the area of life, and the tradition of Hamilton to about two-tenths. The implication is that the eight- or nine-tenths have been reserved for free enterprise and the development of organs of social self-control that do not depend for their validation upon the sanctions of politics or the police. In this free area the directive institutions of business have grown up and have become so powerful that they have in the past commonly dictated the decision of politics.

XVII

The irrepressible conflict between Germany and the western democracies turns upon a spiritual contrast that is dramatised in the fact that the democracies have tended, by dollar diplomacies and otherwise, to use the state as a tool of big business—while Germany has reversed those terms. Both tendencies are morbid, but the disease of the democracies is the distemper of a nobler and mightier health. It has come of a half-perception of the truth that the working organisation is a better vehicle of ideals and has a firmer grasp upon reality than has the official state. When we deny this we become—however unwittingly—apostate from the faith of our fathers. By doing so we turn our history to confusion and make Americanism meaningless. Moreover, such an apostasy, if unrepented, would surely lose the fight. One must be true to one's own genius or submit to effacement. It is not possible for America to prevail over Germany by extemporising a German attitude toward offices of state. On the contrary, we must make our working organisation sovereign and supreme.

England and France have failed to stem the Teutonic tide because the intimations of their European culture have made them less aware than we are of the truth that tools are greater than arms. They have so far shared the political superstition of Germany as to suppose that wars are mainly won by soldiers. England and France would be more formidable to Germany if they had found a way to make their working organisation self-governing and scientific. They militarised it. They hastened to abrogate the essential laws of business and to subject the working organisation to arbitrary laws.

We cannot win back what England and France have lost—by following the ways of their discomfiture. To prevail over Germany, we must deepen our allegience to our own instincts. America must hold fast to her primitive perception that political officialdom is not the spine of society. The officials who are greatest in American esteem are they who have known this, and so have used the arbitrary power of the state to stimulate the springs of enterprise and limit the scope of arbitrariness.

XVIII

To President Wilson the opportunity is given—in a measure unmatched in history—to take an arbitrary power into his hands and transmute it into free energy.

This self-immolation of arbitrariness is the redemptive act whereby an authentic democracy can most readily get its leverage under the burden of these times. Because of the unfitness of American business and politics to meet the stress of war, it came to pass that powers of vital reaction, which should have been distributed to ten thousand ganglia throughout the social body, were suddenly accumulated, like a rush of blood to the

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head, in one great office—the Presidency of the United States. Thus it is given to Mr. Woodrow Wilson to serve as the minister of the renunciation that is to redeem the world.

The notion that fighting-efficiency and high productive-power are best achieved by the elimination of personal wills and the mechanisation of the multitude under the hand of a super-philosophic demiurge is a puerility that we have inherited from Plato. This psychologic recoil to an age of the jab-iron and the distaff discounts two thousand years of growing science and socialised technology. It is an hypnosis that threatens to cancel the supreme chance of democracy and give victory to the Teutons—for in the degree that the Germans are masters of machines their social system has ceased to be mechanical.

If the high places of counsel at Washington were held by first-rate industrial engineers, such men as Mr. Harrington Emerson and Mr. H. L. Gantt, it would be explained to the country from a wealth of experience, that increase of working-power and fighting-power can be had only by increase of personal freedom; and that first-rate organisation for a factory or a commonwealth eliminates "the boss," clears a space of free origination and authority for the humblest workman and gets unity of action not through fear of punishment but through mutuality of interest. It is in the light of such considerations that the mission of the university-spirit should be made plain.

XIX

The development of modern technology has made autocracy absurd. For the higher powers of the machine-process cannot be evoked by autocrats, plutocrats or politicians. These powers can be brought into being and deployed on battlefields only by the conspiracy and concord of free creative men. It was not always so, but it has come to be so through the rise and development of a vast complex of co-ordinated working forces in which every man's bread and wine depends upon the common effort.

Modern civilisation is a kind of supernatural creation, a stupendous work of art, sustained from day to day against the assaults of nature and the dissolving chemistries of earth and air by a communion of personal courage and loyalty on the part of the masters of the machines. Everything flows. There are no fixed values. The stuffs by which we are nourished, clothed and housed, our transportation materials and all our wargear are a kind of effluence from the tireless and timeless spirit of creative enterprise. The things come and are gone—year by year. The Federal Census of 1910 showed that the annual manufactured product was far greater in value than all the capital invested in the process.

XX

If America is to prevail in the test of rival earth-powers it will be because America understands better than the states of Central Europe the meaning of mobilisation. It is a word of spiritual and prophetic import implying a definite abandonment of the strained political effort to maintain a fixed status of right and property, and a commitment of the whole fortune of society to the open road and the march. The most mobile society—the people weighted with the lightest baggage of economic and political tradition—will win.

All absolute rights of persons or property are being swept away. Vested interests are to be reconceived and ratified in terms of social function or public service. We are on the march against the Germans and must lay aside every impedamental weight of the past. And we shall not turn back to recover these incumbrances, for after the capitulation of our present adversary, we shall continue to be on the march against everything that obstructs or opposes the spirit of reconstruction.

The mobilisation of America is indicated by the socialisation of finance, commerce and the news. Upon this triple

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sovereignty of the modern order of business the Government at Washington has laid its constraining hand. Those who cry out for a return to the old political liberalism will be disappointed. We shall not go back to the sway of accident and class-interest in these matters. It is, however, urgently desirable that Washington should rationalise its imperative action. It needs to be made clear that the sovereignties of the bank, the market and the press, which have been taken away from unsocialised agencies and accumulated into central and official hands, are to be redistributed to local communities as soon as the communities can produce fit agencies of social authority.

XXI

The editor of the *London Statist* says we are coming to understand at length that modern finance is not an economy of money but of skills. Financial power is the power to give social sanction and support to the adventures of private enterprise, and thus to allocate and direct the productive abilities of the community. It is only in a secondary sense that finance has to do with money, or even with tangible tools and the ownership of them. It must be confessed, however, that this truth is not yet quite understood in Wall Street or Lombard Street. It is still supposed in those avenues of ancient but receding authority that money is power. It is supposed that ownership of the productions of yesterday confers a natural right to compose and direct the working forces of to-day. The supposition is preposterous.

It is a deplorable accident of history that finance got started wrong. It followed the tradition of the Fuggers and Rothschilds who lent money to embarrassed princess—and so fathered the socially destructive theory that finance consists in the manipulation of claims against commonwealths and the capitalisation of social debts and disabilities. Hence it came to pass that the Bank of England was founded, not upon the vital wealth or productivity of England, but upon the certificated inability of the English to pay their debts.

Even so in the United States to-day the financial columns of newspapers are full of a jargon that yields to no analysis of common reason. Current financial discussion is made uninteresting because it has no basis in science or the humanities. Indeed one may say that the mystery of uninterestingness is the peculiarity of the unsocial financial tradition that has now come to its day of judgment. Every other great power known to history has been edged with an aura of charm or splendour and has fortified itself with effulgent light. Among the forces that have moved mankind it was left to our antebellum finance alone to defend itself from intellectual intrusion and the assaults of rebels by swathing itself in siccate formulas against which the humanities recoiled with mental stupor and emotional fatigue. Stock-brokers' finance is as complex as theology—though the practicable finance of art and science is as simple as the Gospel.

XXII

Be it known, therefore, that the new and regenerative finance is the Socialisation of Skills. It is the art of putting private value-creating abilities together in such manner as to produce a public value-creating power of the highest possible efficiency. This implies that the values of yesterday must be preserved or reproduced in new forms. But it does not imply that the owners of yesterday's goods—who depend upon the working process for the preservation or recreation of their values—have any special right to direct the process or divert it to private ends.

A finance controlled by organised ownership for the purpose of laying the heaviest possible overhead charge of unearned incomes upon the general working-plant, is a work of "the wild asses of the devil" and is beneath the level of intellectual disdain.

For if the decisions as to priority of capitalisation and as to the interstitial adjustments of the parts of the working

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system are constantly made, not with reference to increase of creative power but only with regard to the collectibility of legal claims—the system can have no architectonic unity but only a legalistic unity. Its driving centre will lie not in the will of the engineer but in that of the policeman. It will consistently inhibit every motion of the creative mind that may carry the working process into new realms beyond the reach of the mortgagee. It will make an institution of poverty and disemployment; it will cleave a social chasm between wages and profits. Its overhead charges will constantly tend to exceed what it is physically possible for the plant to bear. All securities will be made insecure. There will be periodic attacks of industrial paralysis with progressive prostration, ending in *rigor mortis*—or an unquenchable fever of war. All this has been shown by bitter experience.

XXIII

At the present moment in the United States finance is striving toward simplicity and sanity by courses that owe much to instinct and little to reflection, and that are due in considerable part to exhaustion of the possibilities of wrongheadedness. The central office of American finance has already passed from Wall Street to Washington. It has become for the moment a function of that general receivership of all social powers —the Presidency.

The banks have relinquished their power to underwrite the railroads and the great industrial corporations and have loyally co-operated in the flotation of public debts that have absorbed the main volume of fluent capital. We are undertaking to spend twenty billion dollars a year to maintain the Government and prosecute the war—though the gross annual income of the nation, according to Professor Patten and other economists, is hardly more than thirty billions. This effort to do what cannot be done without regenerative improvement in our working organisation has taken from the banks their regulative power over industry and has caused a progressive scaling down of stock-market values to a total amount for the past year of something like ten billion dollars.

XXIV

We are in the midst of the revolution that sums up all revolutions. It is the revolution absolute—the passing of the consciousness of mankind from creaturehood to creatorship. In terms of politics this means that government by the Socratic discussion of abstract principles of right is passing away and is being superseded by a kind of government that neither Hobbes nor Locke nor Rousseau nor Montesquieu nor the fathers of the American Constitution conceived, to wit: *Government by authoritative appraisement of the relative value of persons, projects, commodities and events, with reference to the uses of life.*

This new kind of government is here. It is an accomplished fact. It has been called "the invisible government." A kingdom, coming without observation and as a thief in the night, broke into history in the middle of the last century. Because it came thus and had no prophets or philosophers to herald its coming, its portent has been misunderstood. The moralists and reformers of liberalism and socialism have regarded the invisible government of the working world as an entirely sinister thing, deserving only to be destroyed. They perceived that it did in fact administer the new social sovereignties—credit, commerce and the press—in a manner that was class-interested and unsocial. They did not see that government by appraisement of values is intrinsically stronger than any other kind of government—is in fact unconquerable. Thus it did not occur to them that the only possible solution of the social problem is to make the invisible government visible.

That is what is now taking place. Because of our stubborn misunderstanding of the process whereby the

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control of credit, commerce and the organs of intelligence is being transferred from unsocial centres to centres of social responsibility, there is danger of great damage to the legitimate claims of those who have invested their money and their moral and mental faith in the old order. Such is the warning that should be read in the present state of the securities market. We should make haste to transform our low-powered productive system, now overburdened with investors' claims, into a high-powered system that can sustain them. If we refuse to cancel the bad system we must cancel the claims that it is unable to bear. We shall enter into the new order without grave travail if we succeed in effecting the change before the honest debts of the old order have been written ruthlessly off the books.

XXV

It is not within the power of any man to resist the urgence of the great change. But it is within the power of the President of the United States to save us from confusion in the transition. In the spirit of his significant action at the beginning of the war when he appointed,—on nomination by the five national engineering societies,—a standing committee in every State to speak with authority concerning the war-worthiness of its industrial organisations, and in the spirit of his historic effort that created the Federal Reserve System,—it is possible for the President to institute in each of the twelve reserve districts a self-governing authority, to polarise the productive forces of the community and restore to the fluent life of the people the arbitrary power over the organs of credit, commerce and information that has drifted into his hands. It is possible for the President to reorganise the new industrial war powers at Washington in such manner that they shall have freedom and unity to correlate the twelve local authorities and act by requisition upon them.

By using his arbitrary power to crown and accredit the real masters of arts, and to set up new centres of intrinsic power, and organise enterprise, it is possible for the President to quadruple the productive ability of the United States or increase it by some higher multiple. He can let loose an energy for war or peace sufficient to command acceptance by the Germans and all other reluctant races of a new and regenerative order of the world.

This new order of the world, a thousand years overdue, is now precipitated upon us by the conjuncture of high technology with a devastating war that cannot be settled otherwise than by the development of an unprecedented civil polity that capitalises the inexhaustible resources of the imagination to increase the productive force of the machines.

The latent powers of organised art and science are practically infinite, and in their political development they will prove to be irresistible. The spirit of the university, turning its back upon the cloister and taking tools and weapons in its hands, will be revealed as the strong mother of the race to whom proud dynasties and rebellious mobs are only as little children.

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WAR AND RELIGION

BY ABRAM S. ISAACS

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men,
And men that they are brethren.
—*Bishop Porteus.*

AT FIRST thought there can be no necessary relation between war and religion except that of thorough antagonism. No ideas could be more contradictory. War spells destruction; religion, construction. Whatever their varied definition, war deals with the mechanics of slaughter, peace with the dynamics of the spirit. War is defiant, insistent, uncompromising; it will gain its point despite every sacrifice of blood and treasure. Peace restrains, revives, restores, gives fresh life and hope as a new world dawns of high possibilities. Yet the conflict of nations has been canonised, and the Almighty as the War Lord of Hosts confidently appealed to by the opposing belligerents for exclusive patronage. Places, too, dedicated to Him are gaily decorated with flags, which wave in defiance at banners that drape similarly edifices on the other side of the fighting line, while special services are held for victory in calm disregard of any embarrassment to the Disposer of events, whom each opponent claims as his own.

Mediæval blessings of arms and ancient sanctifying through sacrifices and burnt offerings can be readily recalled as indicating the influence of religion in war days, which still retains its hold on the modern world in an era of rampant strife. In our own time, with its greatly increased efficiency in the production of munitions on the one hand, and the remarkable co-ordination of benevolent agencies to heal the wounds of war on the other, how frequently is the very text of Scripture made a pretext for the butchery of our adversaries! Yet the Hebrew prophet proclaimed peace as precious sign of the Messianic age, and the old Mohammedan proverb warns solemnly that they who live by the sword shall perish by the sword. The gentle admonition—"love thy enemies"—was lost on Torquemada with all his holy dignities. Peace was an appropriate figure for the sculptured shrine, but manifestly out of place in the council chamber of pontiff and sovereign. It was Ruskin who wrote that modern war was worse than the savage's poisoned arrow.

Now one may understand how in the Israelitish conquest of Canaan, when practically uncivilised tribes, without machine guns or motor trucks, were pitted against each other, war and frightfulness were synonymous. Nothing else could have been expected at a period which lacked the indispensable factors that condition present-day progress. One might have excused Joshua and his successors had they employed poisonous gas or other inventions of that character, on the ground of their elementary stage of morality. Yet in the Mosaic traditional code were humane limitations of war's cruelty, several thousand years before The Hague Tribunal and the *pourparlers* of benevolent Powers in the full panoply of their self-righteousness. For example, in the sieges of cities, fruit trees could not be cut down for entrenchments. The newly betrothed were exempt for a time without being called slackers, while the owners of homes or vineyards which had not been dedicated were similarly relieved. Even the faint-hearted were excused before the battle.

Modern civilisation, of course, has mitigated in large measure the horrors of war, despite their occasional revival

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in more strictly scientific form, and we have grown to accept more cheerfully war's gruesomeness when we are assured that freedom and enlightenment are at stake. Religion, like liberty in Madame Roland's last historic utterance, has many crimes committed in its name, but none more bewildering than when used as a masque for less reputable purposes. How often, too, are patriotism and bombast made synonymous! The well-fed platform orator declares in his fervid apostrophe to human brotherhood that the nations are one, but they are still to exemplify such an ideal which awaits the complete banishment of monopolies in religion and trade, that have been practically the cause of all wars, whatever high-sounding names they have assumed.

Wars flourish, whether for political or commercial motives, if once pretentious masques are flung aside, so long as the world is swayed by the ethics of force, not the force of ethics. War persists as the most decisive factor in human affairs simply because no power can rival or supplant it or hold it in permanent check. How many expedients have been suggested to effect its overthrow! A system of international police is the latest, with stringent regulation for the offending nation that incites to conflict; but who will guard the guardians in their virtuous wrath? Some look to socialism as the restraining force, but that is still in its formative stage, and subject to curious conceits and delusions of its own, which must first be eradicated to ensure efficiency. Ruskin suggested that women relatives of fallen soldiers should perpetually wear black; humanity could not long endure such a silent reproof, apart from the fact that mourning does not add to feminine beauty.

More of us to-day build our hopes on democracy, which has become a word to conjure with; but all depends upon the character of its component parts. In a democracy are many democracies, and which has the right to the name? Exact definitions are difficult to make—here, too, there is much masquerade. It may become a tyranny more ruthless than the autocracy it would displace, as history has an unfortunate way of illustrating. In the rapidly changing drama of the nations, people and their spokesmen curiously resemble quick-witted stage supers, who now form the defiant mob, now stately society representatives, and now the pliant crowd that shouts for Cæsar or jeers at Brutus with equal readiness. One may point to religion in its usual meaning and at its current degree of dilution as the most effective agency to supplant war. Here, too, there is one inexorable prerequisite—it will have first to exorcise those open or secret hatreds and prejudices which keep alive war's undying flame, often *ad majorem gloriam dei.*

War is not an involuntary or unconscious process, as the successive stages of leaf, flower and fruit. In reality it is a clash of will power against will power. When a nation would impose its will power on another nation, without further check or consideration, war almost inevitably results. The problem is to control a nation's will power, and to direct it rationally to minimise the chances of conflict. Now a nation is no separate entity—it is an aggregation of individuals. If the individual is trained aright physically and mentally, and taught in addition the elements of genuine character, as is, for example, epitomised by Micah, loving mercy, doing justly, and walking humbly before God, there would be less likelihood of their flying at each other's throat at the first outbreak of passion as the only method of settling disputes.

Surely it cannot be impossible to learn the precious art of respecting each other's point of view, whether it be a question of creed or trade or territory. If this universal training be carried on for a term of years, and mutual consideration, the sense of justice, and those finer qualities that condition character in nations as well as individuals be made as integral a part of education as geography, mathematics, literature, or how to hold

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a rifle or raise potatoes, some return to national sanity would result, even if the plough would be at a premium and the spear lose some of its glitter. One must disbelieve wholly in human perfectibility or admit possibilities in the gradual improvement of our race. The record of some religious bodies—the Friends, for instance—shows convincingly how certain principles rigidly adhered to become identified with the life and character, if not stamped forever like soul-marks on the features themselves.

It is not irreverent to suggest that religion in its common meaning and practice has failed to realise its aims and has proved the slave of passions of which it should be the master. Whatever the character and variety of its ideals, there has been a deplorable lack of workable qualities. The history of religion is very much like the history of nations—it is the story of how one creed has striven to impose its will power and authority on another, approving and promoting wars which were no less savage because called holy. To-day the fangs have been drawn, although here and there the rattle persists, happily more and more faintly year by year. The separation of church and state and the growth of public opinion that wrong or right is learning its own power are significant and symptomatic. Even where ecclesiasticism survives it is largely formal or ornamental, inspiring as little fear as do the carved gargoyles which look down so threateningly from a sanctuary's walls.

Is the outlook hopeless then? Is humanity diseased and the old Adam too deeply rooted to be eradicated from the great mass of us, nations as well as individuals? Are we close to Armageddon and is this fair world, with all its beauty and goodness, its genius and strength, its ineffable grandeur and marvellous adaptations, to descend to utter darkness and death? Such gloomy forecasts are common at certain eras and as trustworthy as the weather prophecies in the old-time patent medical guide. Napoleon in his day was held to be Apollyon, to usher in a world catastrophe. A century later one hears about another war lord somewhere in Europe, forerunner of as dreadful a cataclysm. Napoleon in a curious Greek anagram, in successive decapitations of his name, was said to be a lion, going about destroying cities, just as the Kaiser is brought into fearsome connection with the mystic 666. The courtiers of James I, who discovered in "James Stuart" the anagram of "A just master" were not less logical. Are matters, then, so serious that we must take to the tree-tops, like the credulous New England rustics about the middle of last century, who in not overburdensome costume were ready to leap to heaven at the first shrill sound of Gabriel's trumpet to announce the dawn of a new world and the total destruction of the old?

Lowell made a sad blunder, perhaps, when in his enthusiasm he wrote that "still at the prophets' feet the nations sit." It is the soothsayer, not the prophet, who is heard nowadays, the diviner, not the divine. We get our ideas too often from the old mythology and its warring deities, and as we have no power to emulate them in heaven we transfer their atmosphere and attitude to earth. We make religion in large measure a matter of version and animadversion, while we associate warfare exclusively with battles and sieges. A broader definition is needed and an emphatic revolt from the tyranny of names.

Shall it not be our country's mission to do its share in solving the problem—our country, which has contributed so much to human happiness and which is now with united effort and matchless courage opening a new chapter in history? Shall its inventiveness and spirit of enterprise be confined to mechanics and trade and not advanced to the nobler realm of ethics that shall make democracy safe for itself as the nearest duty? Warfare is not limited to the use of rifle or cannon, the attack and the defence in field or at sea. Universal training must not end with the manual of arms.

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Our young people are to be taught as well certain old-time principles for the art of life as essentials in courses of study. Obedience, reverence, self-control, self-knowledge, the power of character, the positive qualities that make for true living, are no less vital objects of instruction. These determine our country's future to a greater degree than the size of our cities, the number of our mines and mills, our financial strength or territorial growth.

It is life that signifies the only kind of war which is continuous, without pause or truce. The most ruthless battlefield is within ourselves. Our thoughts and desires swing ceaselessly and relentlessly between good and evil. To curb the wrong impulse, to strengthen the wise resolve, to banish the hateful motive, to cultivate what is helpful and uplifting, to recognise our neighbour as brother, whatever his creed or condition, and to respect his point of view—all this should enter into the universal training of our American youth. Art, literature, science should be utilised to bring home such discipline as shall ennoble democracy, if it is to be the final stage in American growth, and make the world the better by our example.

And what part shall our country play in the problem of religion? With the character and conduct of its citizens thus moulded, and the foundation securely laid for national peace and happiness, religion and doctrine will have no harassing problems for us. According to Pope, all rational and disinterested people would be of one religion if they should talk together every day. Living and working together each day, with love and enthusiasm for the ideals of a common country, Americans will be of one religion, whatever its name, as its divine spirit renders strife impossible and impels the nation to lofty unselfish endeavour.

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THE PROFESSOR RECOVERS

BEING THE STORY OF AN IRRITABLE MAN

BY GRANT SHOWERMAN

THE Professor was ailing. I do not mean disabled and confined to his bed, but ill on his feet, which is in some respects a misfortune still worse; for in that case you get most of the disadvantages of being ill, with none of its compensations. The neighbours' wives never bring in jelly for a man merely ill on his feet, not even when he is a professor, and for him Mr. Carnegie's sympathy never reaches the pragmatic stage.

Of course he went to the old-school doctors, and of course he went from the old-school doctors to the druggists, and of course the druggists gave him expensive prescriptions of inexpensive remedies—reaching a maximum of high finance in the case of one prescription for which they charged him seventy-five cents, and which, after five indulgences, he discovered that he might himself have compounded at home five times at a total cost of fifteen cents and a quart of boiled water.

"Be careful; don't waste the water," said the Professor drily to his wife as she was making the tea, the evening he found the druggist out. "The war has struck the water supply, too. Water has gone away up." He resolved that if ever again muckraking became the fashion he would buy an instrument of his own and join the ranks of the rakers. He thought he knew one place where the muck promised well.

I said remedies. That was not quite accurate. They might possibly have been remedies had the Professor really had any of the diseases for which they were administered. But he was unfortunate, and had not.

Failing, therefore, to be cured by the old school, he went to the homœopaths, and the osteopaths, and the chiropractors, and the various healers and scientists, and the dietetists. He tried the grape cure, and the water cure, and sundry well-recommended patent medicines, discontinuing these last just in time to escape the patent medicine disease itself. Indeed, he tried every remedy which had ever helped any one of his friends, and every remedy which any one of his friends had ever heard had helped anyone else, and all to no avail.

Of course he did not omit the surgeons, especially as he sometimes had, or imagined that he had, or had had, or was on the point of having, a pain in the right side just below the line of the umbilicus. And of course the surgeons told him that, while they could not be absolutely sure it was appendicitis, they were willing to operate if he wanted to be satisfied it was not. They mentioned in a similar manner the sinus, the adenoids, and the tonsils. The dentists made like remarks about the teeth.

The Professor was not yet distracted beyond all power of reason. He said to his wife: "It seems to me that if anything is the matter with a man's teeth, or tonsils, or adenoids, or sinus, or appendix, they ought to speak up and say so. How can we afford all these luxurious experiments, I'd like to know, with the necessities of life, including boiled water (he smiled a dry smile), going up every day. We'd be in debt all our lives."

"You know you have had the stomach ache quite a few times this year," the Professor's wife answered.

The dry smile came again. "That's because we have had more good square meals than usual since they raised me that fifty dollars," the Professor said. "You see, I'm not used to it."

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This did not happen in one of the rich institutions where salaries go up to fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars, or even twenty-five hundred, and the professors have two gowns and everything handsome about them. The Professor and his wife concluded to let sleeping dogs lie.

Meanwhile the Professor went about with a lean and hungry look. He was filled with trouble and anxiety.

Seldom he smiled, and smiled in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.

Not that he was bitter. It only seemed so to some who did not know him. The fact is, he did the best he could, which was not very bad, and was really blameless, but very unhappy.

This was because he was a Christian gentleman with a stern sense of duty, and possessed of that highly disquieting and troublesome thing, a conscience. He believed that religion had something to do with daily converse and action, as well as with church attendance and contributions. He was also much given to introspection, which is a good servant but a bad master. This is equivalent to saying that his conscience was tyrannical. In still other words, the Professor was hard on himself. How it was that his conscience came to be an important factor in the situation, I shall now explain.

It was simple enough. Ailing people are commonly irritable, and, unless they have a great deal of grace, are likely to show it. The Professor was irritable, and the mantle of his grace was not sufficient to cover the sin. He was exceedingly irritable—with his family, with his friends, and even with strangers. It annoyed him to be contradicted (and some people in good health are like him), to be asked questions, and sometimes merely to be spoken to. Above all, he was irritated when asked to assent to remarks about the weather.

You see, the Professor was what is called "touchy." This is an expressive application of the word. In casting about for an appropriate simile, he conceived that in respect of his nervous system he was much like a man smitten from the sole of his foot unto his crown with the sorest of sore boils. The very slightest touch was painful; actual bumps were nothing less than maddening; and the expectation that he was going to be bumped was so constant and insistent that all his moments were filled with tribulation and unrest.

Thus it was that under the ill of continued physical discomfort he soon came to suffer even more intensely from mental and spiritual distress. He not only lost his natural gentleness and geniality, but became cheerless, morose, and even harsh. His temper—say, rather, his nerves—were beyond control. He was compelled to learn by experience, and with deepest grief and humiliation, the truth of the Apostle's words: how the tongue, that little member, was an unruly evil, full of deadly poison, and how no man could tame it. He tried the much recommended plan of counting one hundred before he spoke; but his tongue was so much more nimble than his memory that he miserably failed.

And it was not only the little member set on fire of hell that caused the Professor trouble. His hands and feet became unruly. The furniture began to suffer. The man who did their repairing remarked one day that the children must be a lively lot. The Professor himself noticed with alarm that drugs and doctors were not the only expense entailed by his complaint.

However, a few dollars for furniture was not the worst thing in the world, though the sacrifice was by no means pleasant. Furniture could be mended, and be made almost as good as new. Indeed, the Professor sometimes thought, as he contemplated the most precious of his wife's possessions, that age and decrepitude made furniture actually worth more. But even so, had it been at all within his power, he would have preferred to let the furniture acquire decrepitude in ways less undesirable. No,

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the worst thing about it was not the material hurt, but the spiritual.

For the Professor endured real suffering; being, as I told you, a very conscientious man. Guard against himself as he would, every day of his life he sorely hurt some member of his little circle. The result was, that little by little he arrived at a realising sense of the fact that both they and he himself were helpless against his irritability. Of course they understood his helplessness, and forgave him. But their wounds and his own smarted none the less; and, indeed, in the course of time, as the memory of his former gentleness and amiability began gradually to fade, they sometimes forgot, and blamed him, and even told him so.

With his friends the result was the same, except that with them it was more pronounced, and more speedy in its coming. And as for strangers, who knew nothing of his previous record, or of what had wrought the wondrous change, they exercised no charity whatsoever. The Professor was conscious of it all, but defenceless. The enemy was within his gates. Try as he would, he could not dislodge him. He could not be himself.

Himself? Here I come to a still more fruitful source of his woe. Remorse was not really the Professor's worst trouble; for, after all, for a long time he felt that he was not really to blame. Had not a famous Frenchman said that one was sometimes as different from himself as from others? But now an insidious doubt began to beset him. Who *was* himself? He had, to be sure, been a fairly good sort of man in the days of his health; but what of it? Most people *were* good in fair weather. You could not judge of real character without having it put to the test. There were plenty of people in the world who were good because they could not help it. They had nothing to urge them on to badness. They needed the refiner's fire, both as a test and as a discipline. . . . And here was *his* test, *his* refining fire, and at the first firing his material was found to be base. His house had been built on the sands; a little rain, and great was its fall. He never *had* possessed goodness that was genuine.

It was a disheartening conclusion, but inevitable for a man with so tyrannical a conscience and so logical a mind. The effect of his own ratiocination and conscience was not a little confirmed, too, by what he heard from the pulpit and read in his religious journal, *The Introspector*. Sermon, essay, and editorial dwelt with great insistence upon the sin of ill temper; it was a dreadful blemish upon character, and neutralised all that was excellent there. Men really *were* what their daily converse showed them to be; bursts of temper were indexes of your real self. Penitence, good resolutions, and aspiration were all well enough, but it was what you actually were in practice that counted. Anybody could *want* to be good. But *were* you?

Nor did the Professor's friends fail to do their little to sustain the verdict of his conscience. Seeing that his grief was very great, they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights. There are some activities from which men will not be restrained even by the fear of rheumatism and colds. Eliphaz the Temanite, an elder of his church, reproved him for the want of religion: now it was come upon him, and he fainted; it touched him, and he was troubled. Behold, happy was the man whom God corrected! And Bildad the Shuhite, a near neighbour, was also of opinion that the Professor's trouble was the judgment of God; and Zophar the Naamanthite, a faculty friend, assured him that the wisdom of God was unsearchable. Perhaps, if the truth were known, God exacted less of him than his iniquities deserved.

Miserable comforters though they were, the Professor received their words with even more than Job-like patience. Besides being conscientious, he was also humble. Whether his friends were right or wrong, though God should slay him, yet would he trust in Him. He summoned to himself all his religion and all

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his philosophy. He put on his whole armour.

It was a supreme effort, and it helped him. Against some of the wiles of the devil he was able to stand.

Sometimes, to tell the truth, the Professor felt impelled to confess, to himself if not to others, that both philosophy and religion seemed to work best when men were in good health and prosperous circumstances, or when it was a case of the Other Man. He recalled with a half smile the maxim of the cynical Frenchman: "We all have strength enough to endure the misfortunes of another."

But, though neither of his allies enabled him to overthrow completely his adversary, they afforded him some aid and comfort, as I have already said. He did not cease to do battle. He was a brave man, as well as an humble one. He would follow the advice of his friends. He would look upon his affliction as indeed a refiner's fire, and recognise in it an opportunity. He would train himself in the hard school of experience. To irritable as well as to wilful men,

> The injuries that they themselves procure
> Must be their schoolmasters.

He would by long self-discipline learn to keep his tongue from evil, and his lips from speaking guile. He would school all his members, and even his spirit, to patience. He might not be able to control with perfect success his temper, but he would at least teach himself not to allow it outward manifestation. If he could not change his spots, he would at least do what he could toward covering them up.

Now this involved to some extent the abandonment of a much cherished principle. The Professor had long held and preached that a man ought to be *natural,* and to let his impulses have their way, as much as was possible without interfering too greatly with the equilibrium of society. Frankness and sincerity were indispensable to any sort of profitable converse between individuals, or in society as a whole. It was no real kindness to tell an awkward friend that he had a graceful manner, or to compliment his neighbour's daughter on her piano-playing, or his wife on every culinary *camouflage* she achieved in the process of "using up."

This had been a fine principle in the days of health and cheerfulness, when most of the Professor's promptings had been good. But now that he had so many irresistible impulses to speak out and strike out at people and things, and now that there seemed visible and audible so many more things to speak out and strike out at, the principle became an embarrassment. If he should allow himself to be utterly sincere *now,* he foresaw that in a week's time he would have the whole community upon him and upon each other. He could not be responsible for the disruption of society. He owed something to his neighbour; and it seemed to him that his duty to them lay for the present in his neither telling nor acting the truth as he saw and felt it.

For here was another terrible consequence of his ailment. Whereas before this he had been well satisfied with his environment and thought all men a fine lot of good fellows, he now saw a great many flaws in human character, and a great many imprudences in human conduct. Having concluded that he had been deceived in his estimate of his own character, it was perfectly natural that he should begin also to suspect that he had not heretofore been clear as to the character of his friends. Manifestly, there was a great deal more of villainy in the world than he had realised.

So the Professor embarked upon the wide seas of insincerity, and even of duplicity. He kept his hands resolutely in his pockets, and curbed his tongue full many a time. He even succeeded once or twice in keeping his countenance from bringing his efforts to naught by playing substitute for that nimble organ. In the zeal of his caution, he often refrained from speaking an unpleasant truth, or from frowning, even when it was his Christian duty to do so. To do a great right, he did a little wrong.

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Only . . . it was not a little wrong that the Professor did. In his penitence for the sin of hasty temper, he began to go to the other extreme, and to say or do things positively mischievous. He began to give the children candy at all times of the day. He praised them for actual transgression. He interfered with their mother's discipline of them. When his wife brought him an egg just warmed up instead of hard-boiled, he would say that was exactly the way he wanted it, and tell her she was a jewel. Of course you could not expect people of their position to have a *real* "jewel." Ten minutes after a whirlwind of passion on account of the dressmaker's bill, he would come back with humble apologies and tell his wife she might order the twenty-nine-dollar hat she had liked so well. After spirited reproof of a friend for something really reprehensible, he would laugh with him at something worse by far.

You may easily see how all this corrupted the Professor's communication as well as his good manners, and how wretched it made him. For fear of one extreme he was forever flying to the other. For fear of being guilty of sin in himself, he bred sin in others. He was contributing to the ruin of his children's morals and digestion, paving the way for his own financial ruin, and wrecking whatever little confidence in him the general public still retained. He was full of contradictions, in speech, in action, in mood. Never was anything or anyone so inconsistent. He remembered some one like it from Horace:

Quod petiit spernit, repetit quod nuper omisit——

what his mood had demanded, it spurned, it asked again for what it had laid aside, it was as uncertain as the waves, it was out of harmony with every relation of life, it tore down, built up, changed the square to the round.

Not only did he wreck the confidence of others in him, but lost every sort of confidence in himself. He made so many mistakes in condemning too severely the faults of his friends, or in condemning what were not faults at all, and said and did so many deliberate falsehoods to make up for it, that he became utterly confounded. He began to doubt whether he had ever had anything like a clear perception of the truth. He gradually fell into the way of doubting even the elementary principles of conduct. All that he felt sure of was that he wanted to be a good man, that it was impossible, and that he was unhappy to desperation.

Heaven but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire.

To quote the Persian might be out of fashion, but the Persian was right. If the loss of health were responsible for the Professor's state, the recovery of it would mean heaven to him.

There were rare moments, to be sure, when the clouds of extreme wretchedness lifted for the moment, and he felt the genial sunshine of the goodness of God. He saw that he was not really a bad man. It was a power not himself that made for his unrighteousness. What appeared was *not* his real self; *that* was throttled and kept in subjection by a demon. His *real* self was his aspirations.

But more often the clouds returned after the rain. He continued to suffer, and his state went from bad to worse. He began to feel that he was unfit for human converse, that he ought not to have married. He wished he had lived in the Dark Age, and been a solitary monk in a cell, with nothing to do but repent. He even entertained thoughts of scourging. He began to hate the human machine he could not control. He was of all men most miserable. What he would, that did he not; but what he hated, that did he. He found a law, that, when he would do good, evil was present with him. O wretched man that he was! Who should deliver him from the body of that death?

What would have happened to the Professor in this natural, or unnatural, course of events, I am not able to tell

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you, because the course of events was interrupted. A queer thing happened. This is how it was:

Being no longer able to endure the awful condition his policy of repression and insincerity was bringing into being about and in him, the Professor determined to be once more honest and frank. The next time one of his healthy, good-natured, smug friends told him to hold his temper, he would not be meek and apologise; he would say to him, "Go to, I am already holding ten thousand times as much temper as *you* ever *dreamed* of holding!" So long as he felt like it, it should be nobody's business but his own that he had such a February face,

> So full of frost, of storm, of cloudiness.

He would frown as much as he chose; yes, he would rail! After all, the world was no better than it should be, and perhaps a man like himself was needed in the economy of Providence to tell it a few plain truths for its own good. The Lord had sent the hornet before. No more hypocritical smiles and phrases for him. If he could not change his own nature so as to be able to look with patience upon his environment, he would improve the environment by clearing out a few of its irritating features. He rolled up his sleeves—figuratively, of course—and spat on his hands. He was weary, and desperate.

And so, one not particularly bright morning, when one of his acquaintances met him and with effusive and offensive good cheer remarked that it was a perfectly gorgeous day, the Professor yielded obedience absolute to the impulse of the moment. He blazed back: "Rot! You lie, and you know it."

The other man, who was neither conscientious, nor Christian, nor desperate, but who was frank to a fault, responded in the old-fashioned way of the world. Being also as little scientific as he was conscientious, he struck the Professor in a region not recognised under the rules of sport as admissible territory. The result was that the Professor went down doubled up in horrible pain, grew rapidly worse, had to be taken to the hospital, and was found to be suffering from a bursted gall-bladder.

The gall-bladder the surgeons sewed up. That was to be expected. But the surprising thing was that they found also a half pint, more or less, of gall-stones, which of course they removed—together with all the mental, moral, and spiritual ailments from which their patient had suffered so much.

For the Professor recovered, and went home clothed and in his right mind. His flesh came back, and with it his spirits, and his geniality, and the affection of his family, and the esteem of his friends, and the respect of the community at large. He was once more a good man and a Christian, not afraid to tell the truth, confident in his own judgment, appreciative of the virtues of his friends, and properly blind to their faults. In short, he was as usual; excepting only that whenever he saw a man misbehaving himself, especially an irritable man, he never allowed himself to pass judgment on him until he had inquired at length about his gall-bladder.

Now, if this were a true story, the moral would be this: if you happen to be an irritable man, be guided by your impulses, not by your ideals. Because, if you do not somehow let the facts of your case be known, how are you ever going to be cured? If the Professor had been a real saint as to self-control, who knows how many gall-stones and how much depravity he would finally have accumulated?

But it is not a true story; and so, according to the recognised laws of court practice and graduate scholarship, which hold, or seem to hold, that a single misstatement or misplacement of detail vitiates the whole and proves that the ninety-nine per cent. of correct detail is of no consequence, you need not pay the slightest attention to the moral.

And now I will tell you wherein the story is not true. It was not really a mêlée of the kind I have described which restored the Professor to his lost estate.

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The fact is this, that it was the falling of the seats at an open-air performance of *As You Like It* in a public park which was the *deus ex machina* to loose the knot of his tragic situation, and he recovered damages in the amount of five thousand dollars.

What? A conscientious man accept five thousand dollars damages for an accidental injury bringing results for which, had it been within his power, he would gladly have given twice the amount? Was not that hypocritical, or at least, as they say in political circles, disingenuous? What about his oath—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? Flat burglary as ever was committed!

Not at all. You must remember that there were the surgeons to pay, and that in order to pay them the Professor had to have damages, and that in order to get the damages he had to put the case into the hands of lawyers. I am able to assure you in all candour that the Professor came off with no tainted money.

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1917

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

I BRING no wreaths of holly to the shrine
I keep for you within the troubled days;
No mistletoe I bring; no crown of bays.
Instead, I bring dreams that are yours and mine,
And will to fight for them. I take no wine
Of quick desires and of sweet delays
Of fancy wreathing mists near hell that sways
With might of conflict on each firing line.

And yet—and yet I dream of other nights
When hand in hand we watched the fire glow.
How red the days, how long and brave since then!
And so I face the morrow for the rights
Of firesides that love like ours may know,
Fostered by Peace and the good will of Men.

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NIGHTFALL IN THE TROPICS

After the Spanish of Rubén Darío (of Nicaragua, Central America)

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS WALSH

THERE is twilight grey and gloomy
  Where the sea its velvet trails;
Out across the heavens roomy
  Draw the veils.

Bitter and sonorous rises
  The complaint from out the deeps,
And the wave the wind surprises
  Weeps.

Viols there amid the gloaming
  Hail the sun that dies,
And the white spray in its foaming,
  "Miserere" sighs.

Harmony the heavens embraces
  And the breeze is lifting free
To the chanting of the races
  Of the sea.

Clarions of horizons calling
  Strike a symphony most rare,
As if mountain voices falling
  Vibrate there.

As though dread unseen were waking—
  As though awesome echoes bore
On the distant breeze's quaking
  The lion's roar.

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Chronicle and Comment

A World Organised

It is time to organise the world. The first step should be the creation of an Allied General Staff to co-ordinate the military strategy and to feed and munition the Allied armies with the single view of winning the war: the armies of the different nations should be considered merely as divisions of one great army without a single thought being given to so-called national aspirations, jealousies or political ambitions. The second step should be the effort to supply the civilian populations of the world with necessary food and fuel without favouritism and with the single aim of conserving their strength and their support of the necessary industries of a people under the burden of war. The next step should be a prompt and thorough governmental control of the production of public necessities, including food, fuel, transportation and other public utilities, with the aim of conducting these industries to obtain the maximum social value irrespective of dividends or any other private interest. Then there should follow the greatest step toward world organisation in the establishment of a world parliament to formulate those principles of international comity by which the nations may hope to maintain civilisation and secure the progress of the arts and sciences that man has built up in the only genuine, vital struggle—that against an inclement environment—to secure the amelioration of human conditions. These principles of international relationship should of course include no indemnities or territorial aggrandisements as the result of war, freedom of the seas, freedom of trade without any tariff restrictions—a protective tariff is almost wholly class legislation—colonisation with due respect to individual rights, no exploitation of peoples or natural resources for the benefit of a foreign holding country and so on.

To Penetrate the German Morale

We believe that such a world organisation supported by an international police—which, in effect, is what the Allied armies are to-day—will hasten the end of the war. There are two considerations that engender this belief. It is quite true that the German people may be so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of their Dynastic Establishment and all that it implies of world dominion and the exploitation of conquered countries, that they would prove impervious to any suggestion of a democratic nature from outside their own barrage lines; on the other hand, it is also possible to a certain degree that the formation of a world organisation would serve to increase the already heavy pressure against the German morale, especially when her people come to realise that, with a world league against her, Germany would no longer be fighting individual nations, the weakest of whom she could take one at a time to their undoing, but rather that she would be encircled with enemies equally strong at all points; and it is not wholly preposterous to hope that a certain element of insubordination in Germany would be encouraged to a definite effort to overthrow the Imperial Dynasty and set up a democratic government, especially if the world parliament could bring any measure of conviction to them of their own and their nation's security under the guidance of the world league.

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To Hasten Peace

But, irrespective of such possible influence, a world organisation would hasten the end of this war because it would immeasurably strengthen the Allied armies and so hasten the inevitable German military disaster. The success of German arms hitherto has been due to a centralised control of military and also industrial and financial effort. Wherever Austrian

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and Turkish armies have been operating, they have been as much under German high command as the divisions of Germans on the western front. The German method of co-ordinating a people's effort toward a single aim has been an object lesson to the nations, and in this respect Germany has already conquered the world. For to beat Germany we must adopt the very means she has herself so effectively developed and used, namely, the mobilisation of industry, business, credit, military operations, with the single aim of social efficiency. And when we organise the world on this basis, peace will be in sight—and more than that, for we may dare to hope for a permanent, world-wide peace, a peace of the peoples as against the unstable equilibrium of a peace of nations or of a class peace.

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The Old Order Changeth

For with the establishment of peace we may not unreasonably, in view of the present trend of events and of the protracted character of the war, look for the issuance and development of a new social order in the Western world—indeed, an inevitable social rejuvenation in the opinion of many thinkers and writers, at least in the pacifist countries of England, France and America. There issued out of the feudal system (a system at any rate of human relationships) an era of vast industrial development during which the right of private property became a legal fetish at the expense of the right to live, and the "divine right" of kings descended to the millionaire with little credit to the latter in view of the use to which he put it in the exploitation of life and natural resources to his own ends. The maintenance and enhancement of property values became the criterion of legal process, and private gain the motive and standard of honourable achievement. It was an era in which "Things" was in the saddle and it rode mankind headlong into this greatest cataclysm of history—an era that sponsored a social system that the late Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson called "the worst that man ever devised." And so the government that sprang up from this world order was a government that functioned in the interest of property, that operated to collect the paper claims against society held by its creditors. In England the creditors were the gentlemanly investors who framed the government, ran the nation, established legal precedents, conducted the legal processes and in short bent all the power of their nation in the interest of their class: the establishment, maintenance and collection of their property claims against the world. And at the same time the gentlemanly investors of England imposed their ideals, their standards, their "culture," upon the English-speaking world, to the extent indeed that a great parallel phenomenon was witnessed in this country during the same period. Just as sacred was the right of property, just as negligible the right of life, only instead of gentlemanly investors we have had with us always in this era, Big Business. Our government, municipal, state, and national, has been run for the protection of the rights of Business and for the collection of its claims. Tax-payers and stock-owners have been our privileged classes, credit and the tools of production have been at the absolute mercy of owners and their demands for dividends, while human life and natural resources have been just as ruthlessly exploited under the method of "charging what the traffic will bear"—and Government has supported, has indeed existed only in the interest of this system. This cult of "profiteering"—let us not deceive ourselves—is little less reprehensible than is the cult of force that found its logical conclusion in the predatory imperialism of Prussia.

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The Passing of Privilege

And so the Great War burst upon a world whose inverted social order—the exploitation of the many for the benefit of the few—rendered it totally unprepared for the emergency and for a time threatened to overwhelm it. But the vitality of the inextinguishable human spirit came to the

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rescue and rose superior to its system, to its own glory and the salvation of the world; and the men in the trenches are fast learning the value of life as against the value of property. Can it be that when those who have felt this thrill of the common needs of humanity, who have experienced the self-reliance and social solidarity engendered by a common danger, who have learned to appraise men by what they can *do* and not by what they *are*—can it be that when these men return to civil life they will be content again humbly to step into their niches as mechanical units in an impersonal, soul-destroying system? They will not do so, nor if the war lasts long enough is it likely that there will be any such system waiting for them. Already in England the gentlemanly caste is losing its grip. This is not a gentleman's war and the gentlemanly standards of personal bravery and individual prowess in warfare have operated seriously to diminish the ranks of their order. In their place the technological character of modern warfare is forcing to the front the scientific experts who have the latest highly developed skill in coping with the forces of nature, and at the same time the use of complex machines is enhancing the personal initiative and self-reliance of the vulgar man. The corollary of this change in the military is taking place in government personnel: the standards and aims of the leisure class have unfitted them for social thinking and as a result one great post after another in England's administrative departments is falling into the hands of men whose origins, methods of thinking and sympathies are founded in the common run of mankind. In this country no such obvious change is as yet in evidence, Big Business is still enthroned, but a sign of the times is the voluntary enlistment of many business and financial experts in the service of the nation's need—they are casting off the trammels of stockholders' claims and devoting their splendid capacities unselfishly in the development of social effectiveness in this war. Moreover, many industrial plants are being turned over to war work without any question of profit, the transportation of the country is being co-ordinated irrespective of the claims of dividends, some of the large metropolitan banks are announcing that credit will be extended for those enterprises only that enhance social values in the effort of war—all these are but surface indications of a developing, fundamental social shift.

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A New Era of Vitalism

For it is a great and fundamental change in the social order that is taking place. Instead of the dominance of the machine and the rights of property, it is a matter of common observation from many angles that an age of vitalism, of humanism, is fast approaching. The right of human life to live in an environment of health and happiness will be the criterion by which industry will be conducted, credit extended, new enterprises launched, legal decisions given. Imagine a lawyer rising in court to-day to declaim, "Your honour, I request a decision in favour of my client, for his case, while obstructing the property claims of the plaintiff, is determined by the higher justice due the health and well-being of himself and his family;" yet that is just the type of plea that will be made in the court of the future—and where it can be substantiated it will win its decision. Nor can we suppose in a folly of conservatism that the people of this country can witness the expenditure of one billion dollars a month for the prosecution of this war of destruction and not demand at the establishment of peace a proportionate expenditure *for the conservation of life and the amelioration of human conditions.* It is a demand that is inevitable and that will not be denied; for at the conclusion of this war the government that refuses the demands of Life as against the claims of Property, is likely to find itself speedily at the mercy of a revolution, quiet or otherwise, as the case may be. This war of ideas is going on all about us, behind the war of the armies, and

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the fortresses of the new theories will be the Universities (as Mr. Charles Ferguson maintains in his discussion of this theme in the leading article in this issue). A new philosophy will emerge —a philosophy that will be truer, deeper, more creative, more human than the mechanistic and venal philosophy which had its logical fulfilments in Prussian Militarism and Competitive Business. A new desire will motivate man's efforts: the desire for social service (which already claims many of the noblest statesmen and men of affairs in this country) as against the lust of profits. Government, with Business and Science, will become the religion of the modern man, the emotional centre of his life will be his office, his shop or his farm. Productive efforts for the betterment of man's conditions on a hostile planet will engage a much greater percentage of energy expended, largely through the elimination of waste, duplication and unemployment (it is estimated that under the present financial and economic system the manufacturing establishments of this country operate on the average less than half the time). And, too, the inner life of the individual must be enriched, purified, and opportunity must be accorded to all, irrespective of class, rank or sex, for the fuller development of personality through citizenship. Such, in brief, seem to be the as yet but dimly defined outlines of the new order as some social thinkers, statesmen and observers are grasping and formulating them—and it is a world order that must be pondered, worked out and, in so far as may be, guided by those who have the direction of the world's energies to a degree under their influence.

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Iowa's Bit

We are vastly interested to learn through the mediumship of Messrs. Reilly and Britton of Chicago that Iowa is making a bid for fame as a literary centre of this country. We had always understood that Indiana held the palm in this respect. With the publication of *Prairie Gold,* however, we must admit that our somewhat prejudiced faith in the Hoosier State is to a degree shaken, in favour of "the land of the singing corn"—which it seems is not Iowa's only product. The plough-horse has turned into a winged Pegasus, casting knowing looks upon the newly ploughed literary field, where such names as Hamlin Garland, Honoré Willsie, James Norman Hall, Allan Updegraff, Arthur Davison Ficke, Rupert Hughes, belting the literary world, amply justify his pride—for who has known before that these were Iowans? "Ding's" famous prairie farmer decorating the cover of the book now wears an author's quill behind his ear, and he smiles broadly over his latest achievement—his bushel basket brimming with gold for the Red Cross (in the interest of which the book is published). Tradition to the contrary, Iowa has plenty and to spare of literary inspiration for its authors and artists, as expressed in the following extract from *That Iowa Town* by Oney Fred Sweet, one of the fifty Iowan authors who contribute to *Prairie Gold:*

> According to the popular songs, we are apt to get the impression that the only section of the country where there is moonlight and a waiting sweetheart and a home worth longing for is down in Dixie. Judging from the movies, a plot to appeal must have a mountain or a desert setting of the West. Fictionists, so many of them, seem to think they must locate their heroines on Fifth Avenue and their heroes at sea. But could I write songs or direct cinema dramas or pen novels, I'd get my inspiration from that Iowa town.

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On Musical Litterateurs

For one imperfectly and only casually familiar with its infinite significance and technical complexity, the subject of music is a difficult subject to handle. We are presented with insipid sentimentalities, banal ecstasies, all manner of inept if well-meaning

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unsophistications. We recall the story of a clergyman extolling the sublimities(?) of Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony to a "rapt and attentive congregation." In view of the fact that this work (the most hysterically poignant conception of a congenital pessimist and neurasthenic) is, essentially, a negation of all that the Christian religion stands for, the clergyman's attitude appears, to say the least, incongruous. The professional musician must be prepared, moreover, to encounter such discrepancies in works of criticism. We lately read in Mr. Willard Huntington Wright's *Modern Painting* that "birds are not conscious of the metallic dissonances of diminished fifths." We can only imagine that consecutive fifths was what was intended, although what this has to do with birds we do not very clearly see. Mention might also be made of one of Sir Gilbert Parker's characters who "plays discords on a cornet." Assuming that "discord" implies an inharmonious juxtaposition of tones, and that a cornet is a solo instrument, we contend that Sir Gilbert's hero accomplished in this instance something approximating a supreme phenomena.

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Christine as a Critic

To our way of thinking, the salient feature of that much discussed and adroitly advertised book *Christine* is, precisely, its handling of this intensely technical subject. The musical opinions it expresses are indubitably the result of a subconscious reaction to the war (an apochryphal æstheticism, so to speak), and yet they possess that rare and indefinable sense of authoritativeness which, as we have said, we so seldom encounter. They are prejudiced opinions, they are (as we shall see) fundamentally fallacious, but they catch the tone of the professional musician with conspicuous discretion. As a matter of fact, they recalled to us, instantaneously and very vividly, the personality of Kathleen Parlow. On page 33 we find Christine enthusiastically endorsing the music of the Frenchman, Ravel. On page 57 we read as follows:

> It was that marvellous French and Russian *stuff*. [The italics are ours: "stuff" is highly significant.] I must play it to you, and play it to you until you love it. . . . People like Wagner and Strauss and the rest seem so much sticky and insanitary mud next to these exquisite young ones, and so very old; and not old and wonderful like the great men, Beethoven and Bach and Mozart, but uglily old like a noisy old lady in a yellow wig.

This from page 91:

> He says he thinks Wagner's music and Strauss's intimately characteristic of modern Germany: the noise, the sugary sentimentality making the public weep tears of melted sugar, the brutal glorification of force, the all-conquering swagger, the exaggeration of emotion, the big gloom. They were the natural expression, he said, of the phase Germany was passing through, and Strauss is its latest flowering—even noisier, even more bloody, of a bigger gloom. In that immense noise, he said, was all Germany as it is now, as it will go on being until it wakes up from the nightmare dream of conquest that has possessed it ever since the present Emperor came to the throne.

Objecting, on page 214 (although we cannot see why), to Siegfried's dying words, *Brunnhild heilige Braut,* and Tannhauser's dying, *Heilige Elisabeth, bitte für mich,* Christine observes that "much of the sentimentality seems to come from Germany, an essentially brutal place."

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Christine as a Hoax

Our point is that these observations, interesting though they may be, could not have been written previous to the outbreak of the war. The attempt that they make to reveal in a nation's art a microcosmic summing up of that nation's character (in this case a monstrous and diabolic character) is a precarious bit of psychical

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analysis that the genial Christine would hardly have attempted. In 1899 Romain Rolland, writing with an inspirational and clairvoyant perspicacity, predicted the premature decadence of Strauss. We quote a sentence pregnant with the spirit of prophecy: "His work (Beethoven's) is the triumph of a conquered hero, that of Strauss is the defeat of a conquering hero." But Rolland did not, could not in the very nature of the case, perpetrate the indiscretion of bracketing the names of Strauss and Wagner. That a writer as unusually intimate with music as our enigmatical author appears to be should have committed so flagrant a *faux pas* is proof of the existence of distracting circumstances—precisely the kind that the war has so prodigiously offered. The acute recorder of impressions has noted for years back a disquieting tendency in German art in the direction of a morbid over-emphasis of the monstrous, the bizarre, the shrill. Possibly the seeds of a genuine decadence may be noted in Hugo Wolf; certainly the art of Strauss is notorious for a kind of cruel ferocity, a rampant glorying in brutal and sinister exuberance. But we maintain that there is no justification whatsoever for the unfavourable diagnosis of Wagner's art that we find in *Christine*. Wagner is no more characteristically German than Shakespeare is characteristically English. In the one as in the other there is everything. The creator of the sublime last act of the *Walküre,* the creator of that inexpressibly sweet Sabbath morning mood prevalent in *Meistersinger,* is beyond all such immature aspersion. The book's illegitimacy would be demonstrated to us on this evidence if on no other.

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Of the Temperament of Degas

The history of French painting has been a story of renunciation—renunciation of line for the sake of colour, of colour for the sake of line, of solidity for the sake of values, vanity for the sake of perfection, and form for the sake of self-expression; renunciation as a dramatic gesture, renunciation as a theory, and renunciation as a painful necessity. No Frenchman has attained the well-rounded splendour of a Titian or a Rembrandt. Degas, whose death at the age of eighty-three has recently been announced, was no exception to the rule. There used to be those who accused him of having renounced his soul to the devil for the sake of a little skill with a brush, but the case was hardly as bad as that. He merely renounced, as an artist, all interest in the things that most surely differentiate man from the animals for the sake of a supreme knowledge of form—he remarked to George Moore, "These women of mine are honest creatures who have no interests that are not based on their physical condition"—and he gained not only this, but a richness of composition and of handling that have been rare in France. But beyond this he renounced the desire for fame, all the human touches by which the normal artist appeals to his public—"of inspiration, spontaneity, temperament—temperament is the word—I know nothing"—and in the last years of his life, society itself; and what he gained in exchange is not yet clear. His next of kin are Manet and Goya.

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The Prince of Parthia

In commemoration of the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the first and only professional production of *The Prince of Parthia,* in 1767, Professor Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, has issued a limited edition of what is called "the first printed American tragedy" in existence. It is from the pen of Thomas Godfrey, Jr., whose father was a friend of Benjamin Franklin, and the inventor of the quadrant. With assiduous pains Dr. Henderson has unearthed a mass of data about young Godfrey, hitherto buried. His chief contribution, however, is in revealing the culture of the times. Every locality in America has laid claim to early dramatic

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performances. New York, Williamsburg, Virginia, and Charleston, South Carolina, are all jealous of their early dramatice history. But for the first time Dr. Henderson has stated the legitimate claims of Wilmington, North Carolina, as one of the early centres of dramatic art in this country. While Godfrey was writing *The Prince of Parthia,* he moved to Wilmington, as a factor. He was immediately drawn into the culture of a patrician society. Many of the acquaintances made there afterward figure as subscribers to the Memorial Edition of Godfrey's poems and plays which was edited by Nathaniel Evans, a young minister, and which included a critical estimate by Dr. Smith, Provost of the College of Philadelphia, and an eulogy from the pen of John Green, the portrait painter. It must be remembered that Benjamin Franklin subscribed for twelve copies of this edition now treasured among bibliophiles. A large part of Dr. Henderson's researches, therefore, have to do with the most interesting state of society in Wilmington around 1767. While Godfrey's lyrics have been compared with Herrick's, and while his *The Prince of Parthia* shows that one of our first American dramatists had well ingrained the spirit of Restoration and Elizabethan drama, this Memorial Edition, chaste in cover design, and interesting in illustration, is chiefly to be commended because of the new field it has opened up to the student of American drama.

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Mr. Wells and Bishops

Aside from the religious aspects of the matter, some of us admirers of Mr. H. G. Wells are hoping that he will never again take a bishop or any other theological personage whatever for the central figure of a novel. From a merely literary point of view, the trouble with *The Bishop* seems to be that its leading character is far more meanly endowed than the leading characters of Mr. Wells's other novels. The bishop of the story is indeed not a human being at all. He is simply a bundle of humanitarian ideas, and rather a small bundle at that. This may be because Mr. Wells seems always to have regarded bishops as considerably below mankind in the scale of animal life. In one of his earlier novels, for example, he owns, or makes one of his heroes own, to a sort of sportsman's attitude toward bishops, as toward some kind of large and highly valued game or fish. He did not, if we recall the passage rightly, point out the faults of bishops or give any especial reason for disliking them. He merely referred in a pleasant, casual way to the killing of bishops as to a pastime in which almost any active, healthy, outdoor man might naturally like to take part. He said he would love to spend his life out in the open all day long spearing bishops. Apparently it no more occurred to him to mention the reason why than it would occur to a tarpon fisherman. Probably if anyone had asked, Why spear bishops? he would have responded simply, but with a show of temper, Why not? Mr. Wells is not the man to be pinned down to precise explanation in such matters. He knows what he likes in worlds, geological epochs, races, hemispheres, sex, countries, societies, and classes of men. He follows his impulse and lets it go at that. "The British Empire," said he once, "is silly, *silly* beyond words," and he brushed it away. He has often brushed away the British Empire in that manner, being too disgusted with it for any further words. He loses patience sometimes with the whole of civilisation. Civilisation and that sort of thing, said he at one time, "is all rot, absolute rot," and he passed to another subject. In short, Mr. Wells's ways are, as is well known, rather sweeping and he had swept aside bishops long ago. So when for controversial purposes he chooses a bishop for his central figure, you can hardly expect him to make a very lively human being of him. He had long since decided that bishops were not men.

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Theological Heroes

Another reason, perhaps, why Mr. Wells did not make a man of his bishop, as he did, for example, of Mr. Britling, is that he was so busy proving things by him as a bishop that he had no time to bestow on him as an individual. That is the great defect in the theological hero of fiction—the lack of any sort of personality. He is put together like a firecracker, which the author subsequently, for some controversial reason, will explode. Sometimes they go to pieces in becoming heterodox, sometimes they go to pieces in becoming orthodox, but they always do go to pieces and they never leave the reader any sense of personal loss. When the proof is done who cares what happens to the Robert Elsmeres? One has about as much sense of personal attachment to them as to the figure of an equilateral triangle after the demonstration is achieved. M. Paul Bourget makes his hero in *Le Démon du Midi* decay in morality as he declines in orthodoxy until he turns out almost as depraved as he is heretical. Mr. Wells makes his bishop advance in morality as he escapes from orthodoxy until he turns out almost as saintly as he is unitarian. Cease to be a bishop, says Mr. Wells, and you will cease to tell lies and overeat. Cease to be a strict Catholic, says M. Bourget, and you will at once run away with other people's wives. So bad an opinion of bishops has Mr. Wells, that it is not enough for his hero merely to get over being a bishop before he can see the light; he has to take a very powerful drug before the light breaks on him. So black a mendacity is in modernism, according to M. Bourget, that his hero once involved in it may never to his dying day see the slightest glimmer of the truth again. And so they go, one toward the light and the other away from it, but despite this almost mechanically perfect contrariety, they are in a personal sense identical, each being quite devoid of personality. The breath of fiction has not gone into them; only the substance of religious journalism. As to M. Paul Bourget it does not matter much, for he has never shown Mr. Wells's genius for creating characters. But to Mr. Wells's readers it means a loss. If all bishops look alike to him; if he really cannot imagine a bishop who is pleasantly or unpleasantly distinguishable in some way from bishops generally; if he must needs think of a bishop always as a type, never as an individual, as he would think, for example, of a potato, then it would seem wiser not to select one of them for the somewhat complex and subtle purposes of fiction.

* * *

Barnard's Lincoln

To those who have seen only the full-length photographs of the much-discussed Barnard statue of Lincoln, and whose emotions toward it range from abhorrence to disgust, the accompanying "close-up" of the head should bring a touch of consolation. Here, at least, is none of the ungainliness, the dishevelment, and the embarrassment that mark the body, and hardly a trace of the sublime indigestion which Don Marquis brought to our attention; the qualities that dominate this face are poise, gravity, and vision, and the slight fluctuations of expression to which it is subject tend only toward a greater nobility or a greater grief. We can only hope that a bomb, or some other modern version of the accidents that befel the masterpieces of the Greeks, will some day leave this head bodyless—and pray that the body may not be left headless. Yet the fundamental question in the case is not, Is it charming, or dignified, or noble; but, Is it true? And even the head is not the head of the photographs and paintings, or of the Lincoln that his friends knew. It is rather the head of a hero whom later generations have made a demigod, more nearly akin to Zeus than to Honest Abe—set on a body which has been degraded to a symbol. The question is whether we of an age which we used to call civilised prefer mythology or the truth.

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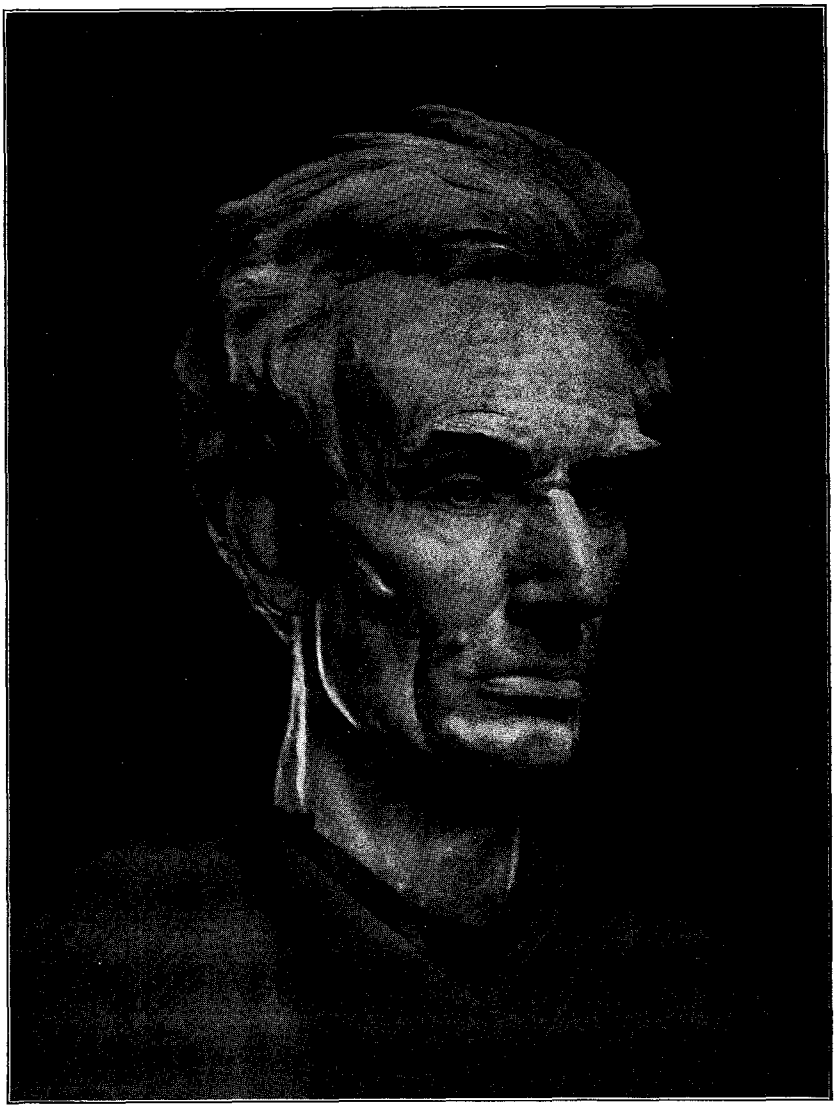

THE HEROIC BRONZE STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, BY GEORGE GREY BARNARD, WILL BE SET UP IN WESTMINSTER SQUARE, LONDON, TO COMMEMORATE THE HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA. THE STATUE HAS BEEN HIGHLY PRAISED BY FREDERICK MACMONNIES, JOHN SARGENT, IDA TARBELL (BIOGRAPHER OF LINCOLN) AND OTHERS

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Mrs. Atherton on the German Women

Gertrude Atherton has been intensely interested in the way in which war has affected women. In her *The Living Present* she relates her observations and experiences among the women of France. She is also interested in the problem of the German women and their relation to the war,

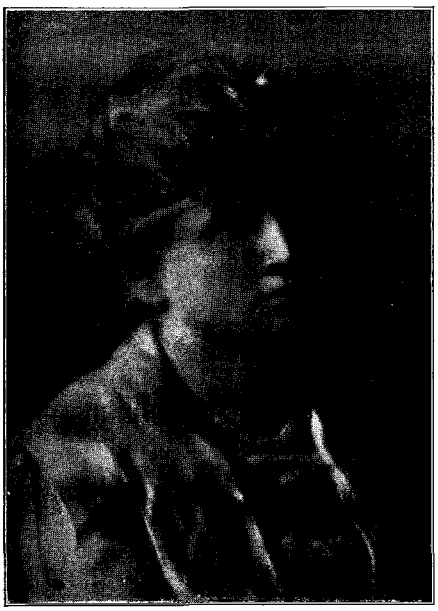

Photo by Clara Petzolett

THE LATEST PICTURE OF GERTRUDE ATHERTON. MRS. ATHERTON IS OF THE OPINION THAT ANY POSSIBLE REVOLUTION IN GERMANY WILL ORIGINATE WITH THE GERMAN WOMEN

and how they feel about it all. Do they support the Kaiser's cause as steadfastly as the men, or have hunger and privation for themselves and their children weakened their belief in the omnipotence and righteousness of their war-lord? Mrs. Atherton will have a novel dealing with this theme published in January. For the next issue of THE BOOKMAN she will have a contribution defending her argument that a revolution by the German women is by no means an impossible contingency. Mrs. Atherton is president of the American branch of a French relief organisation, *Le Bien Etre du Blessé,* and has been active in raising money for it in this country. This organisation supplies proper sick-room food to the wounded in the hospitals of France.

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Vanished Cathedrals of France

George Wharton Edwards has performed a public service for the generations to come with his two books, *Vanished Towers and Chimes of Flanders,* published last spring, of which mention was made at the time, and *Vanished Cathedrals of France,* issued last month. With his pen and with his pencil and brush, Mr. Edwards has captured in permanent form something of the beauty, the spirit of aspiring life, that flowered in the Gothic masterpieces of mediæval architecture, now lost to the world in material form forever. Gone are the Seven Churches of Soissons, Senlis, Noyon, Laon, Meaux, Rheims, St. Remi; these, says Mr. Edwards, are "such as man probably never again can match"; and gone are many of those picturesque little towns of the middle ages "filled with the grey old timbered houses—old in Shakespeare's day." But the memory of them will live and Mr. Edward's work is a splendid achievement to that end. The many pictures are beautifully reproduced in colour and in black and white.

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Hugh Gibson Speaks

If not the most important, certainly one of the most interesting books that has come out of the war is Hugh Gibson's *Journal.* Mr. Gibson was the Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels at the outbreak of the war and to our good fortune was possessed of the diary habit. From day to day he entered his observations and impressions of the many incidents that befell him in his grave duties during those first portentous days for the world and all through that first year of war that saw the desolation of Belgium. Because of his official position he was in constant touch with those directing the

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operations of the Belgians, and when the invaders came of the Germans, he was constantly in the midst of events that changed the character of our western world, and he knew, often at first hand, of the crimes that made Germany the unclean of nations. It is a simple recital, jotted down from day to day, with no straining after effect, no hysteria, and no hasty judgments. He saw events in the light of human relationships, he described them sanely, easily, often with a boyish humour. Altogether Mr. Gibson's book is a faithful "journal" of the early days of Belgium's agony upon which historians will rely when the final indictment against Germany is drawn.

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The Allies Confer

As we go to press, announcement is being made of America's representation in the coming Allied conference. This is the most important and, for the time being, the most promising step that our government could take. It means *organisation* of the Allied war machine and the proper co-ordination of effort on all the fronts against Germany and combined effort in that far vaster field of the production of supplies behind the fighting men. It is a conference to consider only the methods of warfare to be pursued with the single aim of defeating the common enemy, and our representatives go to it in the spirit of full co-operation by our country along all the necessary lines. It is a great step, and, if the plans are consistently laid and followed out, will hasten our victory over German arms. And now cannot we follow this military conference with a political conference to formulate the *aims* of the war, the principles and ideals of democracy for which the civilised world is battling against brute force? Russia called for such a conference in vain—and Russia is in the midst of civil war and probably lost to the Allied strength as a result. To insure the unfaltering support of the underlying *peoples* of the world (upon whom the burden of war ultimately rests) for this crusade, its aims must be kept on a spiritual plane and assurances given against imperialism on the part of the Allied military establishments and against profiteering on the part of the capitalist class. A clear declaration on these heads, a genuine, resounding summons to mobilise the idealism of the peoples for this greatest crusade of history, would help solidify the psychic as well as the material force of the world in an unbroken front against German domination—it might save Russia to the Allied cause, and it might also weaken German morale, as we suggested above, by reaching the souls of those Germans many of whom cannot be wholly barbarians or wholly slaves to their all-mighty Dynasty.

HUGH GIBSON, AUTHOR OF "A JOURNAL FROM OUR LEGATION IN BELGIUM." MR. GIBSON WAS SECRETARY OF THE LEGATION WHEN THE WAR SWEPT THROUGH THE COUNTRY AND HE WITNESSED MANY OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE GERMAN OCCUPATION

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PERSONAL MEMORIES OF WALT WHITMAN*

BY ALMA CALDER JOHNSTON

MY ACQUAINTANCE with Walt Whitman began in 1874, when his book, *Leaves of Grass,* was sent to me by the man whom I afterward married. The work held me; yet at times it filled me with nervous repulsion, and I would throw the volume to a top shelf and rush from the house to a nook in the forest, feeling that I would not, could not, touch it again. "My words itch at your ears till you understand them," he had said. Sometimes a sentence would fill me with sublime exaltation; fogs of doubt would roll away, and the eternal light of faith make "Not the good only, justified: what men call evil also justified."

Inspired with gratitude for the enlightenment his words had given me, I wrote to Walt Whitman, but received no reply. I think I did not ask nor expect one, but in my letter I said I hoped some day to see him. A year or more passed; then, while I was attending the Centennial in Philadelphia, a friend, Caleb Pink, called one Sunday morning to take me to Whitman's home in Camden. I was silent during the journey, hoping, fearing, considering phrases with which to introduce myself. My escort was also a stranger to Whitman, with a vague sympathy for him,—eccentric man and so-called poet. My heart was palpitating, my nerves tingling, and every sense was alert as we entered the little house. Crossing the narrow hall, I saw through an open door, seated in an armchair, the large grey-clad figure I had pictured; the dome-shaped brow, the smiling eyes, the snowy hair and beard. I paused—my nervousness quite gone—feasting my eyes, warming my heart,—when lo! he stretched out his great hands, calling "Alma!" and instantly I was clasped in his arms and given the hearty kiss that welcomes a kindred spirit. The greeting was so spontaneous and simple that its utter unconventionality seemed the most natural thing in the world. It was Walt Whitman!

We spent many hours together in after years, when he was Mr. Johnston's guest and mine. He had become "Uncle Walt" to the children I mothered. Besides the photographs he had taken of himself with them another picture is as vivid to me:—I see him walking up and down in the morning sunshine, the trees of Central Park, opposite our door, for a background, a baby boy in his arms, his white beard mingling with the yellow curls.

He was an industrious worker, having learned by unflinching energy "the divine power to use words." The floor of his room was strewn with scraps of paper,—turned envelopes, the blank spaces of erased manuscript, the backs of old letters,—all bore his patient scribblings; thrift, and the habits formed in days when paper was dear, had made him economical. Newspapers from which extracts had been cut, books reviewed, and to be reviewed, lay everywhere. He never had a table large enough—I am not sure any table could have been made large enough—so the floor served the purpose. On occasion, I would appear with basket and broom. "Now, Alma! Now, Alma!" he would exclaim with uplifted hand; and the same arguments that had always been urged before, on the necessity of a "clarin' up," the same yielding, with reservations by each of us, the same apprehensive watchfulness on his part, with much raillery and audacity on mine, would send his bushy

*Certain passages in this article appeared in the volume *Walt Whitman, as Man, Poet and Friend,* and are here reproduced by permission of the publisher, Mr. Richard G. Badger (Boston).—EDITOR'S NOTE.

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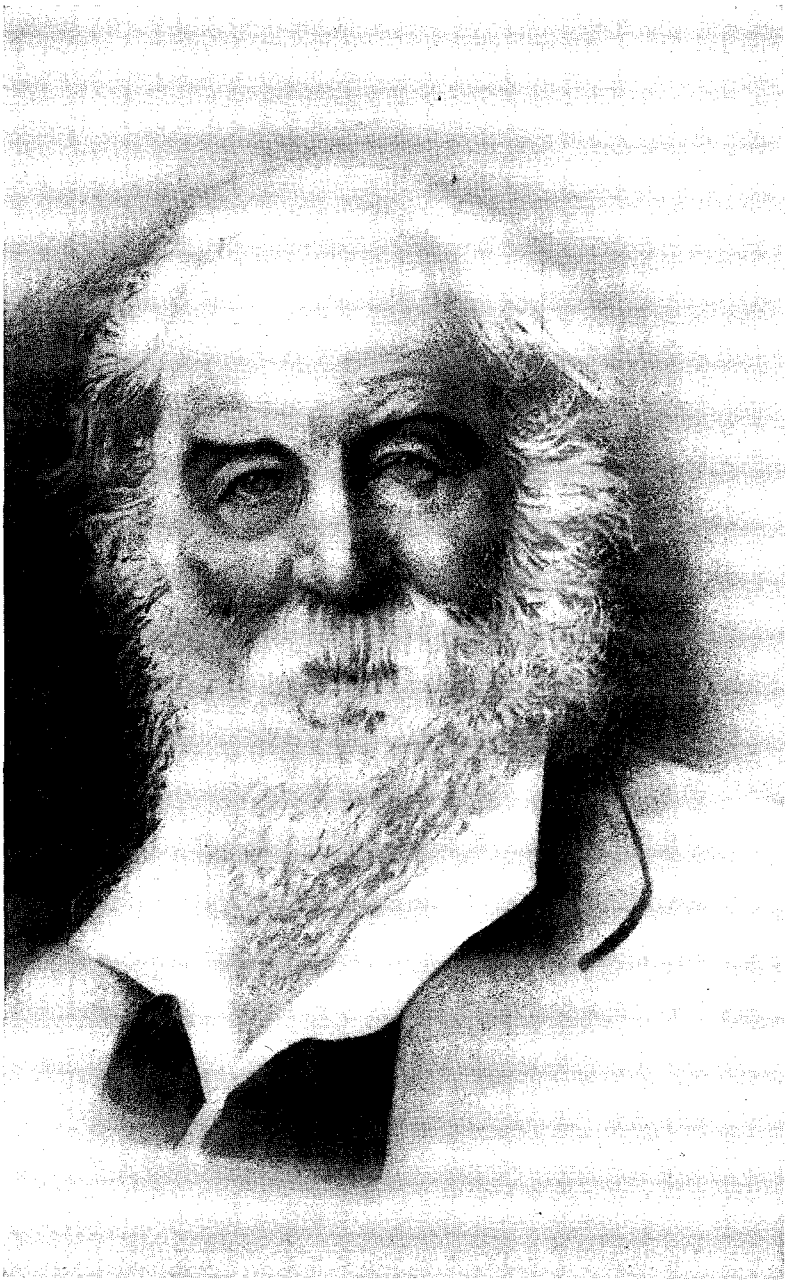

BY UNKNOWN PHOTOGRAPHER. THE PICTURE WAS FOUND BENEATH WHITMAN'S CHAIR, SOMEWHAT CRUMPLED, AMID OTHER PAPERS, BY WILLIAM INGRAM, A QUAKER OF PHILADELPHIA, WHO LOVED WHITMAN THE MAN AND FREQUENTLY VISITED HIM WITH GIFTS OF FRUIT AND THE LIKE. INGRAM WAS A CONDUCTOR ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD DURING ANTEBELLUM DAYS

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eyebrows up into a pointed arch, while his blue eyes danced with amused alarm.

One day, from among the scraps about his chair, which I placed before him, assorted, I read a couplet at which I exclaimed, "Uncle Walt, you have written these lines at least a dozen times, and each time made them worse!" Taking the papers and reading them in turn, he looked up with the whimsical smile I loved to provoke, and said, "Do you know, Alma, I have been trying to work the pretty out of that!" Whereupon I tried to persuade him that to work the rhyme out of a stanza which naturally rhymed, was as big a piece of affectation as to hunt for jingles to end prosy paragraphs. Another time, in all seriousness, I ventured to criticise the title and the opening line of one of his most virile poems.

"What you really mean, Uncle Walt," I boldly declared, "is *'Woman waits for me.'* By making it *a woman,* you put a most objectionable barrier before a great truth, and naturally, timid souls will shy at it; the road is not so easy, when one is in pursuit of truth, that the Leader himself should put hurdles in the way."

Our discussion had begun in desultory fashion at breakfast, and we had lingered after the table was cleared and the other members of the family had gone their various ways, to business and to school

PEN-AND-INK SKETCH OF WALT WHITMAN BY GEORGE W. WATERS, OF ELMIRA, NEW YORK, GIVEN BY HIM TO MRS. ALMA CALDER JOHNSTON, IN WHOSE NEW YORK HOME BOTH POET AND ARTIST WERE FREQUENT GUESTS

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Our conversation turned to modern education, upon which his views were frequently radical. He was impatient of time and effort given to the study of foreign languages, to the neglect of the wealth of expression lying unused in our own, although he did not disapprove of picturesque foreign phrase or of slang that grew out of unwonted conditions. He resented forms that repressed originality. "It seems to me," he said, "the present style of education is all wrong. Children should first develop physically, they should learn to love Nature, become familiar with Nature, get into harmony with Nature's laws, absorb sunshine and air. I think everybody loves Nature, though he may not know it.—Let's get out the old nag and go for a drive!"

I recall that as we drove along a country road in the unfrequented ways beyond Central Park, I suggested that a recognition of Nature's laws was all that was required for an acceptance of his poems, *Leaves of Grass,* and that the simile he used most frequent to illustrate the growth of thought ought not to prove offensive, since ideas were conceived, nourished, born in language and sent out to propagate their kind without anyone being shocked by the process. And so, in that much-maligned poem, *A Woman Waits for Me,* the impersonal woman might be considered quite philosophically, if the wording were put a trifle differently.

His elbows on his knees, his hands loosely holding the reins over what he termed "the old nag," as she walked through a bit of woodland, the poet's look was on the horizon. After my bold assertion of his mistake, I waited a long time in silence for reply. At last he straightened up, tightened the lines, started the mare at her best gait, and in the clear upper tone of his many-keyed voice, said, "Alma, there is a good deal in what you say." I made no answer, but I was greatly elated, for I was weary of explaining to his opponents the large truth behind his words. Since he was then at our house revising the 1882 edition of his poems, I anticipated the omission of the objectionable particle of speech. But the poem remained unchanged by him, *A Woman Waits for Me!*

This reminds me of a gathering of writers in our library on the arrival of the news that Whitman's publishers, Fields and Osgood, had broken their contract with him. During his stay in Boston at the time of their acceptance of *Leaves of Grass,* he had written frequently to us of his enjoyment of the hospitality of Emerson, Alcott, Longfellow. His gratification deepened at the printing of the revised edition. "Everything is just as I like it," he wrote me in the long and descriptive epistle that preceded the postcard heralding his return to our house in New York. Then came the blow of disappointment: yet, though he was baffled, beaten, uncertain what his next move should be, he was the same cheery guest he had always been. His friends and admirers, however, were not so philosophical as he; they did not hesitate to condemn the stupidity, the treachery, the short-sighted policy of the "double-distilled villains" who could reject such poems as *A Woman Waits for Me.*

Nevertheless, there was some argument among them, as to whether, for the sake of the rest of the work, the eighty lines to which the publishers objected, had not better be sacrificed; whether they were really essential to the whole, or whether conventionality might not better be somewhat catered to, considering the spirit of the age. Since a double standard of morality for the sexes was almost universally accepted, might not the assumed modesty of society be somewhat indulged?—Or should it be defied?—A flood of words poured forth: the younger men left their seats and all talked at the same time; in the vehemence of their argument, they quite forgot the presence of the author of the contested lines. To me, as I stood shadowed in the hall, his face was a study. He turned his head toward one speaker after another, his manner quite impersonal, though deeply interested, while the dis-

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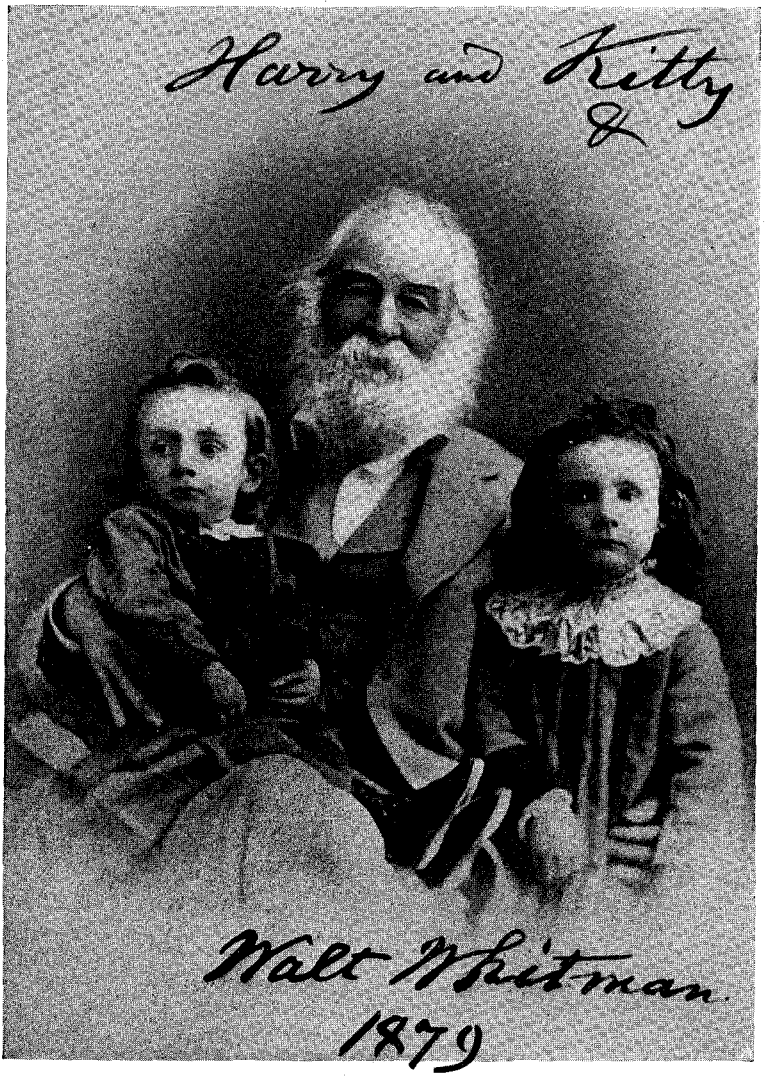

WALT WHITMAN WITH TWO OF THE JOHNSTON CHILDREN. WHITMAN WAS FOND OF CHILDREN AS THEY WERE OF HIM. ONE LADY RECALLS VISITING THE JOHNSTON HOME AND SEEING HIM IN A CHAIR HEMMED IN BY LITTLE ONES

cussion continued to deal with truth and his work, until one of the young men broke out, "But what does Walt say? Let's hear from Walt!" Leaning forward, he cried in his clear, vibrant voice, "Why, boys, *that's* what it's all for!"

The matter was beyond argument; he had worked for truth alone; like a revelation they comprehended it. He had long since declared: "I have read these lines to myself in the open air. I have tried them by stars, rivers. I have dismissed whatever insulted my own soul or defiled my body. I have claimed nothing for myself that I have not carefully claimed for others on the same terms." The decision had long before been rendered to himself; the judgment was now

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announced to others; there was no appeal. Each of the "Literary Chappies," as he smilingly called them, took Walt Whitman's hand in good-night clasp and quickly went away.

Nothing so impressed me in all our intercourse as his *universality:* In all our familiar chats it seemed as if the Spirit of the Universe were represented. Large and small, strong and weak, sick and sound, wise and unwise, joyous and melancholy,—everything was included in his identity. In caressing our children, it was as if he embraced and kissed childhood; in addressing me, he spoke to womanhood.

In *Miriam's Heritage,* a story written by me before my marriage and published by Harper Brothers, a headline quotation from Whitman had, by a printer's error, been made to say, "Have I not said the Universe has nothing better than the best woman?" When I later showed him my work and lamely apologised for what appeared a lack of comprehension of his lines "The Universe has nothing better than the best Womanhood," I was relieved to have him remark smilingly, as he handed the book back to me, "Maybe that is what I meant, after all!" He often seemed to invite my criticism; and since the severest fault-finding brought only that sudden uplift of the brows and that quizzical smile to his eyes and lips, my audacity was often tempted into expression. One instance was connected with the lines:

> Let the preachers of creeds never dare to meditate alone upon the hills, by day or by night!
> If one ever did once dare he is lost!

I declared it should read, "The creed is lost." The only verbal reply I can recollect ever receiving is that already mentioned, when I would have the prophet and defender of womanhood express its universal rather than its individual demand.

The claim of individuality pressed him closely. He saw that the danger of socialism lay in the absorption of identities, and troubled himself little about its politics, or, indeed, the politics of any party; they were each but a part of the All, and a state of necessary ferment from which was to come the wholesome government by and of and for individuals "fit for these States." "Remember," he had enjoined, "government is to subserve individuals."

> I say an unnumbered new race of hardy and well-defined women is to spread through all these States.
> I say a girl fit for these States must be free, capable, dauntless, the same as a boy.

His ready adaptation to place and people made him an ideal guest; always prompt at each family gathering, always radiantly cheery, kindly, communicative; always scrupulously neat in person—putting his bedding to air and his clothing into place, before leaving his room in the morning. He was usually traceable from the early shower-bath to the breakfast-room by his song. It seemed as if he rose, lilting some melody. As he went about his chamber he chanted in tenor voice some psalm, or some vagrant thought he was putting into rhythm, or perhaps, a half-remembered ballad. His voice would rise to exultancy, pause abruptly, or drop as suddenly to a low, murmured refrain, as the exigencies of dressing seemed to require attention. Occasionally he demanded help in a lusty call for "Al!"; whereupon Mr. Johnston, or his eldest son, Albert, would hasten to lend a youthful hand to the partially paralysed body, which had poured its vigour into the suffering soldiers of our Civil War. With his strength the poet had also spent all the money and time at his disposal; to give back what we could, in return for such sacrifices, was to us a happy privilege.

It is a pleasure to read in *Specimen Days* (page 113) Whitman's reference to this visit: "In old age, lame and sick, pondering for years on many a doubt and danger for this Republic of ours—fully aware of all that can be said on the other side—to find in this visit to New York and the daily contact and support of its myriad people on the scale of the ocean

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and tides, the best, the most effective medicine my soul has known. After many years (I went away at the outbreak of the Secession War, and have never been back to stay since), again I resume the crowds, the streets I know so well."

On the occasion of another visit, in the midst of his record of street scenes, water views, saunterings in Central Park, and meditations on what he called "top-loftical" phases of wealth—not to be envied or admired—he describes with graphic pen (page 136) his being a guest of Sorosis, when this earliest of women's clubs went down the Bay on the tug *Seth Low,* to accompany its president, Jennie June Croly, on her departure for Europe. Although he was quite reluctant to accept the invitation from the club, which, as member and officer, I had urged upon him, his pleasure at the gratification afforded by his presence, was unmistakable. Then he suddenly tired of it and retreated to the pilot house, remaining there until luncheon was served.

At table, we were delighted by an unexpected witticism from the Good Grey Poet when, in response to the demand for a speech, he declined to follow a Mrs. King and a Mr. Prince, since he himself was a plebeian! But the applause that greeted it drove him into his shell again, and he made no allusion to the social part of the trip in a newspaper article which he sent to me, entitled, *A Gossipy Letter from Walt Whitman,* published July 3, 1878, in the *New York Times.* His habit of viewing "Walt Whitman" impersonally, made unexpected and undesired notice of himself embarrassing to him. To him, all persons, peoples, including himself, represented qualities, principles, types. He was enthusiastic over the appearance of the "young fellows" on board the training-ship *Minnesota,* as specimens of American manhood,—as "a splendid proof of our composite race." I wonder if there are now any of those youths who recall his visit on May 26, 1879!

About this time two accidents occurred at our house that might have tried his nerves. Entering his room one morning, I noticed an odour that made me sniff the air, saying, "Something has been burning here, and it is not tobacco!" (Walt Whitman never touched tobacco.) "I thought I smelled smoke when I got up to put out the light," he answered, rather ruefully, adding, "I read myself to sleep." "And I tell you what else you did, Uncle Walt," I responded, laughing. "You twisted the window curtain into a rope and tied it up as far as you could reach—oh, you've done that before!—and the wind tossed that knot over the gas globe, and away went that curtain in a flash!"

To see the embarrassed droop of his majestic figure, and the plaintive look, so child-like, on his dignified face, was irresistibly funny, and I laughed till he feebly joined me, as he looked up at the tinsel threads still hanging from the blackened gilt cornice. I assured him that I was glad he had slept soundly, for had he seen that swift blaze he would have had a fright. "Now," I added, "we will have the piece of oriental gauze taken down from the other window, and you shall have the unveiled sunshine you love!"

The bric-a-brac and other ornaments of a guest-room, which he termed "gimcracks," had been removed before he came; now he gazed unhindered at the squatter settlement that reached to our vine-covered back-yard fence, and beyond that to the block-away terminus of the Fourth Avenue surface cars (which made going down town easy for him), and farther on, to the horizon, where sparsely filled squares stretched to the East River; all this lay unscreened before him. Goats, geese, chickens, and innumerable children wandered over the grass about a whitewashed cabin, which was always being undone and made over —a neat and not unpicturesque huddle of a dwelling, full of uncounted children, with whom we were sufficiently intimate to hail cheerily, when their doings were, or were not, to our liking, and who cheerily saluted the kindly old man who

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smiled and waved his hand to them from the open window.

The second accident came nearer being serious than the first. I was at my desk in a neighbouring room, when I heard a tremendous crash. Rushing through intervening doors and passages, I found Walt Whitman standing ashy white, and the huge pier-glass which had filled the space between the windows lying in a thousand fragments on the floor. In falling, it had struck the foot of the bed, the table, and the chair in which he had been sitting at his writing.

"You are not hurt? You are not hurt?" I kept gasping, while I looked at the heap of débris—the slivers of thick glass, the fragments of carved wood, the chunks of plaster of Paris—"You are not hurt?"

"No, no, not a bit! I heard it slip and jumped from under. I don't see why it should fall!" *I* did. He had been using its supporting marble shelf for a foot-rest, just as the children had not infrequently used it for a seat. I tried to smile, but turned faint, with thinking of what might have been! Getting his hat, I insisted on our leaving the house until the muss be cleaned up, and jestingly taking him by the shoulders, with a weak pretence at giving him a strong shake, I said, "It is plain to be seen you are a much nimbler old gentleman than we take you for. Now understand this, if you say one word about broken mirrors, or a third thing's going to happen, or even allude to such ideas as signs and omens, I shall call you a *superstitious old humbug!*"

At that time the residences on Fifth Avenue ended abruptly at Eighty-sixth Street; just beyond, the grassy knolls of an old fruit orchard had become a rural beer garden. Leaning somewhat heavily on my shoulder, he crossed the street with me, and then, seated on one of the benches beneath a gnarled old apple-tree, we told each other stories of "when I was young," and from well-stored memories drew poems learned long ago. Robins hopping at our feet, and goats scrambling on the rocks above our heads, were our only observers. As sunlight faded, we returned to the house, where order had been restored. A water-colour scene on Long Island shore, by Silva, covered the broken spot in the wall where the mirror had hung. The incident, never mentioned, was apparently forgotten, and I am sure Walt Whitman enjoyed the simplicity thereafter established in his room.

On the occasion of his visits, there were usually other guests in the house, mostly young folks, who now proudly recall "the time they met Walt Whitman." Each evening, groups of personal friends and specially invited acquaintances, among them artists, actors, musicians, and writers, came and went. Whenever Whitman was weary of the admiration they gave him—and that was often early—he would rise with gentle dignity, wave a farewell and, leaning on his cane, leave the room. The guests would soon leave and the house be quiet for the night; as there was no traffic on the avenue, all was still until the vegetable wagons rolled in from the truck gardens not far out—and then we listened for the poet's morning song.

In each prolonged talk with Walt Whitman, when his exalted viewpoint had been attained, one had clearly the consciousness that "All exists from some long previous consummation." Not infrequently he turned the vision of his telescopic soul to the future of America. In his later publications, I find many passages that were displayed to me in embryo. His largeness of view, his recognition of the "inherencies of things," and the consequent acceptance of events and reconciliation with them, became to me a lasting inspiration. No lines of his, no sentences ever recorded, mean more to me than these, which include and harmonise the Predestination of Calvin with the Free Will of Wesley: "Each of us inevitable," "Each of us limitless," in which the seeming fatalism is balanced by universality; and, "Whatever can possibly happen at any time is provided for," which opened the way for that glorious declaration:

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Though I come to my own in a thousand or ten million years,
I can take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.

It was waiting with his "equal cheerfulness" that, accompanied by Samuel Loag, of Philadelphia, I found him in the winter of 1885, in poverty, ill, and alone. The day was stormy, the streets were icy, and it was with great difficulty —in fact, after several full-length tumbles by us both—that we reached the house in Mickle Street, Camden.

Our first rap brought no response, but a second was answered by a voice from an upper window, calling, "Come in! Come in!" Looking up through the mist of the descending sleet, we saw the venerable face of Walt Whitman leaning out above us. His room, littered with more than the usual number of papers scattered about, was cold. The remains of a meal stood on a chair. I looked toward the arm-chair; above two blankets loomed the head I loved and revered. To keep back emotion, I made a great fuss about the general untidiness of the place, while Mr. Loag rebuilt the fire. It was already late afternoon and our time was short. I was glad I could manage to brew some tea, and equally delighted to make the old, slow, quizzical smile play again over his beloved face.

Then Mr. Loag and I began some serious questioning. "It is not so bad as it looks, Alma," the poet replied. "I have a nice young fellow coming in every morning to get me up and make breakfast, and he comes back every afternoon as soon as his bank closes and gets me my supper; and we have some good talks together, he and I. Don't think I'm deserted!"—for I was on my knees sobbing beside him. "I can't stand it, Uncle Walt. I will not! I am going to take you home with me!" But I found him, even though tearful in sympathy with my grief, quite inflexible. Life in New York had become too strenuous for him.

"Don't think I wouldn't enjoy it, but those literary chaps won't let me alone. It is all good, but there is too much of it! I'm a kind of curiosity in New York. Folks keep coming every day and every night to see me, and it sort o' uses me up." The arched point in his brow, the whimsical smile, pacified me. "And here nobody bothers you by cleaning up!" I said, quite ashamed of my outburst. "Well, I will let you alone if you will have a housekeeper." After some arguing, he consented, and soon was made comfortable for the remainder of his days; for it was ignorance of his condition and not indifference that had caused temporary neglect. Not long afterward, I met the "nice young fellow," Horace Traubel, who so faithfully ministered to Walt Whitman in his hours of greatest need.

A letter lies before me written in the poet's large, open hand, and dated,

328 Mickle Street, Camden, N. J.,
March 4, '85.

DEAR, DEAR FRIENDS:

Your letter comforts and touches me deeply, and I am not sure but it would be a good arrangement not only for me but for all 'round. But for the present I shall keep on here. Alma, I have had a friend move in, Mrs. Davis, strong and hearty and good-natured, a widow, young enough; furnishes me my meals and takes good care of me. . . . I am feeling quite well for me as I write this. I shall never forget your kindness and generosity to me. I am in good spirits as I finish this. Love to Al. and May, and all.

WALT WHITMAN.

I visited him repeatedly while Mary Davis devoted herself to his care. He enjoyed being the host, and I ate of his corned beef and cabbage and berry pie with good relish. At my last visit, he sat by the window of his sitting-room in the arm-chair he afterward willed to us. He was then very feeble. We had talked disconnectedly — with eloquent pauses—of immortality, of the indestructibility of things physical and things spiritual; of "things that cohere and go forward and are not dropped by death"; of Death disassociated from disease as

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Life is ever disassociated from disease; of Death as feminine, a Strong Deliveress. Yet we were not unmindful of the insight, the comprehension, the experiences, that weakness and pain bring to the Soul, and so accounted valuable a long and intimate acquaintance with Death—familiar contemplation giving new knowledge of Life.

"I do not know what is untried and afterward," I quoted, "but I know that it is sure, alive, sufficient." He nodded his head. I rose to leave him. We knew our hands clasped and our lips touched for the last time. When I left home, I had resolved there should be no tears. "My rendezvous is appointed," I murmured, as I kissed him. "The Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms."

Pausing on the opposite sidewalk, I returned the salute of his hand, uplifted in the open window. The horse-car came. It was empty, and the woman of me broke down! Struggling with handkerchief and purse, I yet glanced at the conductor's face. He brushed the back of his hand across his eyes.

"You've been a-sayin' good-bye to Walt Whitman? I know him," he said.

AMERICAN PAINTING VERSUS MODERNISM

BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

In a preceding article* attention was called to the remarkable appreciation that has taken place during the last quarter of a century in the monetary value of American painting. The records, carefully studied, reveal a kind of gradual growth that may neither be refuted nor ignored. Inveterate disparagers of American painting will, no doubt, dismiss this for a negligible factor. If they take the trouble to argue the matter at all, they will probably point out the fact that great art and popularity are often incompatible, and that popularity, as represented in the concrete terms of dollars and cents, is a negative rather than an affirmative indication. In the present instance, however, the thing they overlook is the fact that American painting, as represented by Inness, Martin, Fuller, Blakelock, Homer, Twachtman, was no more immediately accepted by the common comprehension—was no more immediately popular, in other words, than the Barbizon men or the Impressionists. The surface aspects of an Inness, a Martin, a Winslow Homer, a Fuller are not of a kind that would endear them to the cursory contemplation of the persons that were buying art in this country twenty-five years ago. From the contemptuous disregard in which these painters are held by our radical reviewers, one would think their work consisted of nothing more than pretty sentimentalities conventionally conceived and, for the most part, ineptly executed. As a matter of fact, a moment's consideration of the external records of American painting will discover all the symptoms by which we may detect the valid artistic activity—the long period of undervaluation and neglect, the laborious and heart-breaking overcoming of a public obtuseness, the eventual growth of a general recognition, an individual patronage. Personally, I am convinced that if we were to disregard all æsthetic criterions, and view the matter merely from the speculator's standpoint of fifty per cent. common sense and fifty per cent. instinct, we should be persuaded that American painting is founded on something more substantial and permanent than the mere whim of naïve and uncultivated picture buyers. No rational mind can fail to admit a significance in the con-

**American Painting,* by Mr. Buchanan, in the September Bookman.—Editor's Note.

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spicuous tenacity with which American painting has held its own during the last dozen years in the face of a veritable flood of foreign competition and a degree of spurious and hysterical excess in proclamation and practice unparalleled in the history of art. As I have repeatedly pointed out, practical testimony to this effect is supplied us in the auction-room records of the last eighteen years.

This, however, is a subordinate and external aspect of a matter that must, in the last analysis, be approached from the standpoint of an abstract æstheticism. What we are trying to get at is whether or not American painting possesses a value sheerly æsthetic and quite apart from all inveigling graces or adulterations of an extraneous and invalid nature. In other words, does American painting possess a characteristic, individual and indispensable integrity of its own, or is it, as so many would have us believe, a mere sterile replica of the art of the past?

It is perfectly obvious that a question of so vast and complex a nature cannot be answered offhand. As a matter of fact, any attempt to answer it at all must begin by delving deep down into the fundamentals of art's philosophy. Certain basic points of view must be revealed, and through a study of precedents and trends certain standards must be formulated by which we may compare these points of view and attempt to value them the one above the other. A mere contemptuous condemnation or a fatuous indorsement, without the corresponding support, in either case, of a reason why, will not get us anywhere, for the *outré* intemperance of the one is no less harmful in its vulgarity and superficiality than is the asinine jingoism of the other. The question of whether American landscape painting, as represented, let us say, by Inness and Martin, Weir and Murphy, is a valuable elongation of the ideals of Barbizon plus the vivifying colour influences of Monet and the domestic point of view of the Dutchmen, or whether it is, as before stated, a mere repainting of the history of paint, an inexcusable and valueless retrogression, depends entirely upon which one of two points of view you happen to indorse. For example, if art is a perpetual progression, if the Continental æsthetics of the last quarter of a century have been the outcome of a spontaneous desire to express a genuine emotion through the medium of new art forms, and if it be essential that art, to be a vital, indispensable art, must constantly create new art forms—well then, American painting is hopelessly and indefensibly bad, and no amount of patriotic ardour or personal enthusiasm can make it anything else. A composite paraphrasing of what its innumerable detractors would probably say about it, if they could be cornered into giving it their attention, might read as follows: American painting is expressing itself through borrowed mediums. It remains substantially rooted in methods and a point of view that the world has outgrown these fifty years. It has failed to represent its age or to accomplish anything approaching a national synthesis, and it is still firmly rooted in the old vice of representation.

All of which is—according to the way you look at it—undoubtedly and incontrovertibly true. A person may—the present writer, for example—believe that from the standpoint of an elegance and a dignity of demeanour (by which is meant that indefinable poise, that unmistakable air of good breeding which we call, for want of a better word, classical), to say nothing of beauty of texture and substance (by which is meant the question of a dexterous manipulation of paint), American painting can hang side by side with the best painting of a like nature that the world has so far produced, whether it be—to choose at random—a Turner, a Corot or a Chardin still life. It would be difficult to demonstrate that Inness, at his top notch, fell short of the apocalyptic and prodigious vision of a Turner, that a still life of Emil Carlsen's was inferior in quality to a Vollon, a Chardin, a Cézanne or a Manet, that a canvas of Murphy's

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failed to compete with, to excel even, the exquisite and miraculous witchery of a Corot. But granting all this—and we must not hesitate to claim as much—we may yet admit that however this type of painting successfully parallels the best accomplishments of the past, it not only fails to supply us with a new development but fails, as well, to supply us with even a counterfeit semblance of modernity, as modernity (that by-word of reproach, no longer tolerated by those to the manner born!) is understood in our complex and exorbitant day and generation.

It is therefore obvious (I repeat for the sake of emphasis) that if we accept the point of view commonly held and proclaimed by the extremists, we can no longer tolerate American painting as represented by Inness, Homer, Martin, Murphy and so on. These painters shall have ceased to exist for us as anything more than pleasing manifestations of an obsolete era wherein we allowed ourselves a facile response to pretty sentimentalities of mood and to rudimentary exhibitions of pictorial dexterity. If we turn, for example, to the records of French art during the last fifty years—for the sake of exactness let us go back to 1863, the year of the famous "Salon des refuses" and that notorious performance of Manet's "Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe"—we encounter a degree of intense, precipitant and audacious art activity compared to which our native endeavours appear in the light of kindergarten diversions and exercises. Apprehended in chronological order or cumulatively, the effect of these years of perpetual technical ramification, theoretical controversy, emotional crescendo is overwhelming. All the more reason why a warning should be sounded. One's brain, reeling under the repeated impact of a continually heightened complicatedness and vehemence of expression, succumbs, perhaps, to a kind of too servile acceptance of each and every effort regardless of said effort's individual intrinsic importance. Cowed and stupefied by the kaleidoscopic sequence of events, one's feeling for proportion is lost, and the individual artist assumes a protuberant significance that he does not necessarily possess.

I would urge this point upon the attention of the reader. The dominant characteristic of modern art has unquestionably been the exorbitant and unprecedented pace at which it has progressed, and the transient and unsustained quality of its various phenomena. The times are prolific to the point of prodigality with individual talent; but why, we ask, is the talent of to-day so often the mediocrity of to-morrow? We are not prejudiced. As a matter of fact, it is questionable if, in our eagerness to welcome the new talent, to acclaim the vital revelation, we do not go to the extreme of a too gushing hospitality, and accord recognition with too amiable an abandon. We have reversed the traditional attitude of criticism; we are no longer antagonistic to the new, rather are we over tolerant of it and too kindly disposed toward it. One reason for this is that we have learned so well the lesson of the egregious critical stupidity of the past that we are swung to the other extreme in sheer self-defence. Another reason is the tremendous activity of modern journalism which, subsisting as it does on the new, seizes with avidity the latest manifestation, however inconsequential, and proceeds to read into it an importance that it neither deserves nor possesses. The result is that the intrinsic measure of the progress attained is all out of proportion to the amount of hub-bub and much ado about nothing that is raised by press-agent, reporter and journalist. For example, our finite intelligences can hardly conceive of a more acute and audacious musical manifestation than is furnished us in the extraordinary figure of Leo Ornstein. Well, even so, the mere fact that his music is a new and a very strange kind of sound does not make it a better kind of sound than the sound of Wagner's music or Chopin's or Bach's or Beethoven's. To take another instance, Strauss, hailed less than a score of years ago as a veritable

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ultimate in music, unquestionably represents a valuable and permanent contribution to his day and generation, and yet with all his strivings, aided by a vastly augmented orchetsra, and with all his natural propensity for the observance and the expression of the sinister, the shrill, the monstrous, he has not penned a page that competes in emotional eloquence with the last movement of Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony or the working-out section of the first movement. As an expression of an uncontrollable hysteria, this music, composed a quarter of a century ago, yet remains the high-water mark of music's unique ability to express an intolerable and excruciating anguish. From the superficial viewpoint, the enormous efforts of Stravinsky, Schonberg and Ornstein, to say nothing of so titanic a striving as the "Zarathustra" of Strauss, appear to mark an advance upon the music of Tchaikovsky and Richard Wagner; the appreciative listener, however, will find their dimensions empty of substance, their intricacy a false intricacy, their vehemence of expression a mere sterile over-emphasis.

The reader may say, What has all this to do with American painting? Well, I am trusting that the title of this article, "American Painting versus Modernism," may partially justify this unconscionable meandering. It is obvious that the status of American painting can only be determined through a comparison with the accepted artistic manifestations of recent years, the conspicuous feature of which is, as previously stated, the bewildering rapidity with which one artistic endeavour has been supplanted by another. It will be observed that the prestige of each succeeding individual case has been largely conditioned by and superimposed upon a repudiation and a disparagement of its predecessors. Now the thing we cannot help asking ourselves is whether or not this process of perpetual supersedure is the inevitable reflex of a legitimate need, or whether it represents the spurious forced draught, so to speak, of premeditated, mechanical and very self-conscious idiosyncrasies of expression. I myself incline to the belief that painting, unquestionably the least potent and perhaps the most facile of the arts, is, of all the arts, the one most susceptible to cheap and sophistical exploitation. If the metamorphosis of art from Corot to Cubism, Futurism, Synchronism and so on is a legitimate, irrevocable progress, and if the extravagant estimates placed upon Manet, Monet, Renoir, Matisse, Cézanne and so forth are justified, then the last fifty to seventy-five years are the most pregnant in the history of art. But we have reason to suspect the validity of these highly inflated estimates—which is not, for a moment, to ignore their claims upon our attention. It is questionable if these men are great in proportion to the amount of discussion and eulogy that has grown around them. The case of Monet, for example, is typical. Monet, hailed not over a dozen years ago as a veritable last word in landscape painting, is seen, in the light of contemporary judgment, to have failed signally to accomplish the very thing he set out to do. It was the ever perspicacious Mr. George Moore who first called attention to a peculiar paradox obviously inherent in Monet's canvases. This painter, identified in the common consciousness with the rendering of "light and air," fails to convey as satisfying a sense of "light and air" as may be found in the classical sobriety of Corot or—a humble instance—the dainty mellifluousness of Cazin. The painting of Monet is a kind of colour stenography, an attempt to report the snap, shimmer and sparkle of a live nature as opposed (presumably) to the conventional nature of the studio. The important thing to observe is the indubitable fact that Monet's system of painting (the juxtaposition of pure colour in a myriad of stitches and dashes) not only fails to convey an adequate sense of light and air but results in a kind of surface that is, to say the least, highly unpleasant. Monet's colour sense and his elimination of shadow are his important contributions, and no landscape painting

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since his time has failed to profit by them. But these characteristics may be found in his water-lily series, where his technic is approximately no different from the technic of Corot. We see Impressionism to-day as an acute emphasis of a rather unsubstantial colour scheme at the expense of structural solidity. Debussy is its musical equivalent, a man who, in his preoccupation with certain super-subtle effects of tone, has failed, so to speak, to cultivate a body to his work. Our point is that the admiration supplied by the unthinking for Monet's technical processes is all out of proportion to the results attained by his various experimentations.

The thing that most arrests our attention in any consideration of modern art is the modern artist's excessive engagement with formula and theory. That these formulas and theories are often peculiarly his own, and that they possess a certain superficial sense of novelty is not necessarily to justify them. The all important question is, Has inspiration kept pace with technical inventiveness? Is the significance of the thing said commensurate with the manner of the saying? We may take it as axiomatic that if a development in art, however beautiful in itself, is not an absolutely imperative adjunct of the matter in hand, it is inherently false, shallow and inconsequential. Just here we touch, I think, the essential fallacy of modern art—the premium that it has placed upon the originality of the means used regardless of the fact that the inherent predisposition of the point of view may find its adequate fulfilment in what you may call a conventional medium. In other words, manner and means have tended to become an end in themselves whereas they should remain a means to an end. A form has been arbitrarily imposed upon the artist by theory and preachment rather than by the dictates of inspiration. He has grown, consciously or otherwise, to adopt his matter to his form rather than his form to his matter. A trivial case in point was furnished by the Cézanne exhibit held last winter in New York City. No one possessing the slightest claim to æsthetic receptivity could have failed to recognise the merits of Cézanne's magnificent handling of still life. On the other hand, one could not fail equally to deplore the fact that Cézanne's treatment of landscape, as represented in this particular exhibit, was identical with his treatment of still life. The result was a collection of canvases from which every vestige of charm was excluded by the rigourous application of a method absolutely antithetical to the matter in hand. It will hardly be denied that the dominating interest of the out of doors is atmospheric phenomena, and the aim of the entire modern school of landscape has been in the direction of a constantly heightened effectiveness in the appreciation and the rendering of atmospheric effects. The canvases in question were of a kind that would have been considered obsolete and dead as door-nails if they had been the work of a native artist; painted by Cézanne they were accepted as possessing some hieratic significance, and attention was called to "organisation" and "structural significance." As a matter of fact, they were merely ugly and uninteresting, giving every indication of having been painted in accordance with a system rather than as the result of a spontaneous susceptibility.

"A picture is finished," said Whistler, "when the means by which it has been produced have disappeared." All art, with a very few exceptions, is a premeditated striving toward a preconceived goal, but the satisfactory art conceals all traces of its labour, projecting itself as a sheer emotional and sensuous force. In asking us to consider the theories through which it has evolved itself, modern art demonstrates its deficiency. Mannerism, that arrant usurper, holds the centre of the stage, so to speak, distorting the purpose of art, which is, we some of us aver, to convey a recognisable and universally comprehended emotion. The art of Richard Wagner is probably the greatest exhibition of premeditation

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and "organisation" we have so far had. For sustained, logical, inevitable development, concentrative energy, juxtaposition of contrast, poignancy of implication, it probably marks the heights to which the art of mortal man has attained. But it may be enjoyed for its sheer primal qualities of expression and representation without a thought of the inexhaustible significance that lie, like a system of veins, cross-currents, nerve conduits, below its surface. A cubist drawing, on the other hand, obscures whatever legitimacy of intention it may possess, by the preponderance of its sheer novelty of form, thus appealing not to our æsthetic sense but, instead, to the inferior emotion of curiosity.

I have consciously gone to considerable lengths in this desultory survey of the very modern preoccupation with standardised formulas and spurious intricacies of expression, for I believe with all my heart and soul that the greatest handicap art has to contend with—the force most making for decadence in art—is this tendency toward an over-valuation of manner and means. Contemporary art boasts that it has emancipated itself from the conventional shackles of classical expression. It forgets that it has merely bound itself to other conventions no one whit less artificial and stereotyped, that it has jumped, so to speak, from the frying pan into the fire. As a matter of fact, present day art is the most self-conscious that the world has ever known. It is theorising itself to death over what our boudoir æstheticians are pleased to call "movements," "trends," "time spirits" and so on. All this sort of thing tends to distract the attention, which should be directed not upon surface eccentricities of expression, but, instead, upon the intrinsic worth of the thing expressed and the essential intentions of the artist. The superficial comprehension, for instance, in abandoning itself to the shallow but undeniably gratifying prettiness of Monet, Sisley or Pissarro, experiences something of that kind of excited inflation of its self-esteem that it might experience in embarking upon some naughty and surreptitious sort of adventure. Its focus, distorted by excited explanations—explanations too often made up, as the expression has it, out of whole cloth—unthinkingly assumes that these pictures represent an intrinsic superiority over the landscape painting of a Daubigny or a Corot. The thing that is eternally lost sight of is the fact that we are comparing two methods of painting where we should be comparing two points of view. The difference in their technical processes arises from the difference in what these men are trying to get at. Both achieve their separate ends through means peculiarly suited to the expression of the matter in hand. The thatchings and minute juxtapositions of colour inseparable from some Monets could not have recorded the motionless grey-green world of fading evening lights that absorbed the attention of Corot. If Monet's intention had been to record nature as Corot saw it, he would, no doubt, have been compelled to adopt Corot's methods of painting. Concrete evidence of this is supplied us in Monet's fog pictures—the couple, for instance, in the Catholina Lambert sale of a few seasons back—where his methods were substantially the same as the methods of Corot or of Murphy. Whatever of superiority in solidity of substance, distinction of design and atmospheric verisimilitude exists between such a picture of Monet's and Murphy's handling of the subject is all in favour of the American painter.

Once we have disabused our mind of the common error of confusing mere novelty of expression with intrinsic significance, we shall realise that American painting, whatever its individual merits, need not be dismissed as negligible even though it has remained substantially grounded in the methods and manners of Barbizon and Impressionism. A moment's consideration of the arts of literature and music will convince us that the use of an established form is no more necessarily an indictment of an art than the use of a bizarre, complex and un-

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familiar form is an indorsement. To dismiss the painting of Inness or Murphy or Weir or Tryon simply because it expresses itself through the medium of Barbizon or Impressionism would be as absurd as it would be to dismiss the genius of Rupert Brooke simply because it reaches its finest development in the conventional medium of the sonnet. We do not reject the sonnet form merely because it was utilised by Shakespeare and Keats any more than we reject the C major Scale merely because it was utilised by Bach and Beethoven. Surely there can be no inherent quality peculiar to the art of painting that compels it to repudiate precedent in its commendable endeavours to develop its individuality. In the other arts the normal inter-relationship between the means of expression of a hundred years ago and the means of expression of to-day is accepted as a matter of course. The large and dominant moments in music and literature unmistakably and strikingly resemble one another. In Chopin at his greatest we hear the idiom of Bach; in Wagner and Richard Strauss—the superior Strauss of the opening measures of "Heldenleben"—we hear the stark diatonic outspokenness of Beethoven. Brahms, unquestionably the most recent of the great composers, deliberately confined himself to classical and archaic modes, and Tchaikovsky conceived and executed one of the world's two greatest pieces of emotional music through the conventional medium of the symphony. Indeed, if we were to apply to music the criterions that our progressives apply to painting we should be compelled to readjust our entire scale of values. We should be compelled, for example, to rate Mozart above Beethoven, Chopin—perhaps the most sheerly original genius that music has produced—above Wagner, Grieg above Brahms, Ornstein and Debussy above Richard Strauss. The absurdity of this will be at once apparent. The former men are the greater pathbreakers, the greater originators, but the latter men are the greater organisers, the greater visions, the greater intellects.

We may safely assume that whereas originality is an important factor in art it is, by no means, a determining one. Over this point there should be not the slightest misconception. In expressing itself through borrowed mediums, American painting has merely done what Brahms and Tchaikovsky, Strauss and Wagner did in music. That it should be taken to task for adhering to older points of view and methods of expression is explained, I believe, by the fact that painting—essentially a decorative art, rather than an emotional or an intellectual one—tends to accord a disproportionate amount of consideration to form at the expense of matter. Possibly I attach too great an importance to this explanation; for my part I am convinced that it is the cause of most if not all of that vast amount of critical instability and discrepant appraisal that we meet with in this art. The equitable intelligence should accept the possibilities of progress, but it need not do this at the expense of older and, I dare say, indispensable points of view. American painting has adhered to the ideals and the methods of the past solely and simply because the impelling impulse that has led it to put brush to canvas is substantially identical with the impulse back of the Barbizon men and the Dutch landscape painters. We know this impulse to have been a spontaneous and unsophisticated reaction to the characteristic phenomena of a local and highly personal nature. The primitive simplicities and bucolic sentimentalities of this point of view could no more be expressed through the medium of Cubism, let us say, than the evanescent vapourings of Debussy could be expressed through the medium of a brass band. The thing likely to be lost sight of is the fact that the spirit actuating the Continental æsthetics of the last quarter of a century has been diametrically opposed to the point of view at the basis of American painting. I myself believe that said Continental point of view has been largely the reflex of an

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effete and artificial state of mind, not, necessarily, insincere, but often to the last degree inconsequential. We cannot expect painting—an inanimate art—to compete with the emotional potency of music, the articulate dynamics of the written or the spoken word, but we are surely not excessive in asking that, if it would detain us to any considerable extent, it supply us with a weightier attitude of mind than may be found in much modern painting. The ridiculous and intrinsically shallow doctrine of abstract æstheticism (popularly known as art for art's sake) must not intimidate our distrust of an art based exclusively upon an external and transient materialism. Were Renoir, for instance, all that his enthusiastic admirers claim him to be (and this, precisely, amounts to calling him one of the world's greatest painters), it would, nevertheless, be difficult for some of us to see in his sum-total, so to speak, anything more than a rather pulpy prettiness, a somewhat too cloying voluptuousness not altogether unalloyed with vulgarity. To turn from the facile gratifications of this very obviously sensuous glamour to the bleak countenance, epical energy and blank verse of a Winslow Homer at his best (a painter chosen for considerable abuse by some of our exotic æsthetes) is to go from the trivialities and piquant graces of the boudoir into the great, eternal windy spaces of the world. Which is not to disparage Renoir—unquestionably the richest colourist of modern times. I would merely urge upon the attention of those people who see in the antithetical attitudes of a Homer, a Martin, an Inness, a Murphy merely a parochial preoccupation with archaic points of view expressing itself through the fallacious medium of representation that there is room in art for both types of painting, and that the merits of both types should be recognised for what they individually represent. An intolerant rejection of either the one point of view or the other is merely an evidence of an unstable critical capacity.

A few words of recapitulation. American painting stands or falls on the validity or the invalidity of the charge brought against it to the effect that it has expressed itself through borrowed mediums, through out-moded forms. It has been the endeavour back of this article to jot down a few random illustrations of the essential falsity of this radical point of view. There are two kinds of artists—those who create new art forms and those who develop the possibilities of art forms already existing. Both kinds are indispensable. That American painting has appropriated foreign methods and manners is not the point—the point is the fact that it has applied these methods and manners with consummate felicity. It has created nothing, but it has beautifully elaborated and solidified tendencies that in others appear trivial and ineffectual by comparison. I have absolutely no hesitancy in saying that the value of Monet's influence upon American landscape painting far surpasses the intrinsic individual worth of any one or a dozen of Monet's pictures. Hang a Monet or a Pissarro or a Sisley by the side of a Hassam, a Weir, a Lawson, a Murphy, and my meaning is at once apparent. The French painters exhibit a certain superficial dexterity, an undeniable finesse, but you will remark that the effect is all on the surface. Turn to the Americans and note that beneath an equal shimmer and beauty of surface, there exists a deeper body of paint that does for the surface of the picture very much what the sustaining pedal of a piano does for the melody. In other words, the sense of weight and strength and solidity is maintained, qualities indispensable to the creating of that indefinably fine and satisfying poise which we instinctively recognise as the precious and untransferable possession of the superior and extraordinary artist. Viewing a Weir at his top notch, we contend that no one has observed more keenly—with, as it were, a more tremulous receptivity—and rendered more finely this silver shimmer of heat and leaves and simmering fields under a blurred blue sky heavy with heat. Here is a living sense of atmospheric

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values, the equal of Impressionism, combined with a dignity of design and a solidity of structure that Impressionism neglected in its superficial and reportorial avidity. Viewing a Murphy at his top notch, we contend that landscape painting has nothing to show of a beauty superior to this "Indian Summer," this somnolent ecstasy of orange and gold and grey, the very silence of which seems musical, where slow smoke rises, a crow calls. Or once again, this edge of a woods with an arid soil sloping away to distant hills faintly purple. Note the deft and incomparable draughtsmanship shown in the rendering of the anatomy of the various trees, the tangle of bared branches against the sky with their various delicacies of colouring, violet, blue, purple. And note, in concluding, that this living luminosity, this pungent veracity is accomplished without a sacrifice of an inner body of quivering, sensitive paint, rich and resonant and impeccably unobtrusive. In this assimilation and conservative application of tendencies that in others are exercised to a disproportionate degree we find, I think, the essential significance and justification of American painting.*

The sympathetic observer of American painting will note that it records the natural phenomena of its locality with a degree of deft, delicate and inspirational verisimilitude unparalleled in landscape painting up to this time. Its point of view concerns itself with the homely, frugal aspects of naked and disconsolate areas, of arid uplands, of November hills ambling out under a sullen, morose sky. Its inspiration has come to it over amiable meadow lands or out of the mystification of old forests. To sum up, it has remained essentially simple in a world grown essentially complex. Critics condemn its preoccupation with nature's brooding periods, her twilight glimmerings, her mists violet and blue and grey. Were their point of view logically formulated and enforced, we might imagine some future edict forbidding oncoming generations from painting mists or mornings or twilights. In other words, human nature's inveterate inclinations must be denied simply because mists and dawns and twilights are old-fashioned and subjects only for "representative" painting. The absurdity of this is manifest. The aim of all vital art is not now and never has been to create mere abstractions; it is a reproduction of what one sees, an expression of what one has felt. We have only the right to ask that this personal revelation be communicated to us with the highest degree of beauty of handling. That art is great art in which what we conceive to be beauty is miraculously and perfectly mated with what we believe to be truth. In other words, the sheerest loveliness of workmanship combined with a basic and an eternal emotion. That this tentative and experimental definition will most certainly be rebuked and ridiculed in certain quarters does not in the least deter me from advancing it. I cannot believe, for example, that a Manet is coequal in dignity and enduring significance with a Michelangelo; that a Renoir and a Degas—exquisite technicians both of them—are to be compared to a Turner or a Corot. And the distinction between these men is to be found, I firmly believe, in the trivialit of the modern point of view, its casua and indiscriminate acceptance of a highly sophisticated externality. In basing itself on a poetic and semi-spiritualised recognition and conception of nature, American painting, consciously or otherwise, elected itself the guardian of the traditional and reverential attitude of the past in an age of cheap smartness, vulgar over-emphasis and—its essential characteristic, I repeat—theoretical and premeditated self-consciousness. Which is not for a moment to imply that a Murphy, a Tryon or a Weir are not laboriously, painstakingly self-conscious.

*The writer has especially in mind the picture owned by Mr. James G. Shepherd, exhibited recently at the Union League Club, New York City. If this picture had been signed by Claude Monet it would be called a great picture and would sell for between ten and twenty thousand dollars in the open market.

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What is meant is that the ultimate intention of these men is to express, simply and persuasively, a recognisably beautiful sensation. To have combined the most acute and penetrative accuracy of perception with a decorative beauty of so sheer a loveliness that we should accept it if for nothing else than its abstract perfection, to have remained, in other words, firmly rooted in a frank, stark native soil, and to have conveyed a sense of living reality without a loss of that kind of exquisite equilibrium, that inspirational fusing of components that marks the perfect manner, is the notable achievement of American landscape painting. It has adhered to the belief that the subject of painting is a visible world, a world whose concrete line and bulk possess an objective stability. It has believed that the art of painting may not emancipate its vision so conclusively from the actualities of existence that it shall cease to convey something approximating a recognisable visualisation of their fundamental aspects. Moved to paint by the primitive impulses of awe and gratification, it has sought to reproduce the spirit and the physical characteristics of its environment. In its best efforts it achieves an indispensable equilibrium, becoming characteristically cosmic rather than characteristically local, without, at the same time, a sacrifice of its inherent identity. This synthesis admittedly finds its greatest expression in the works of Inness. That it has failed to compete with the obscure complexities and ramifications of much contemporary painting is, as I have repeatedly pointed out, an inevitable result of its legitimate and sincere preference for the simple appeals of hill and plain and lonely lands and rustic simplicities. It has believed that it could convey a more precious and actual indication of a group of birches, a line of elms, a tangle of apple trees, a cluster of old barns, the slope of autumn hills, the barren sweep of rough, uncultivated uplands through the medium of an idealised reproduction than it could possibly convey through the medium of Cubism or Futurism or any other ism. It has remembered that the most acute, vehement and sincere impulse must subordinate itself to a sort of common meeting-ground, and that this common meeting-ground must be, to a greater or less extent, an accepted reality, sublimated in great art, coarsened and imposed upon in art of a lower level of excellence. To eliminate a basis of objective actuality in painting is to open the gates to chaos and demoralisation, for, in the last analysis, there must be a recognised standard for a starting point, and this starting point can be none other than the world as it is rather than as the artist individually conceives it to be. A futurist picture may undoubtedly express the feelings of each individual futurist; for us it may be and very probably is absolutely barren of any meaning whatsoever. American painting has chosen to express itself through the medium of imitation rather than through the medium of individual anarchy.

To say that it is not characteristically national is to commit a critical nuisance. Art is never characteristically national. Note the significant fact that people will condemn American painting for its lack of a national character and, in the next breath, advance for pre-eminent consideration the merits of Whistler or Miss Mary Cassatt, two painters demonstrably alien to this country through every fact of environment and influence. Surely critical discrepancy can go no further. American painting is as characteristically American as Turner is characteristically English, or as Monet (who, when you come right down to it, merely popularised and watered, for general consumption, Turner's later period) is characteristically French. As a matter of fact, no painting is more permeated with a native spirit than is the painting of Inness, Wyant, Fuller, Homer, Murphy and Weir. These pictures are all but redolent with the very odour of the American countryside; they represent, I think, the heart and soul of this country's innate spiritual and sentimental identity. Last season, when the superficial throng flocked sheep-like to the Zuloaga exhibit,

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there was much talk about this matter of nationalism, and, of course, Zuloaga was held up as a model of what our painting ought to be and failed of being. The same thing happened in 1910, when the Sorolla craze was on. It is the old story, succinctly and memorably summed up by our admirable Mr. Goldberg in his justly famous phrase, "They all look good when they are far away." As a matter of fact, it is open to question whether Mr. Zuloaga's "nationalism" possesses any sharper degree of salience than the "nationalism" of our thrice-admirable Mr. George Bellows. Parathentically speaking, the obvious impossibility of reconciling the half-baked fallacy of nationalism in art with the high-falutin' demands for "pure" painting (a sheerly abstract painting), shows us the danger of attempting to formulate hard and fast criterions and standards of qualification. We need hardly urge the incontestable fact that art is the expression of an individual, not a nation; that it is primarily concerned with an expression of self, and only incidentally concerned with an expression of locality. Even so, it is not entirely irrational to contend that the work of Inness, Homer and Murphy (the three painters who are, to my view, the three finest and most indispensable painters of their kind that the country has produced) is unmistakably and unforgettably unique. Taking them at their best they can hang in any company.

In concluding I wish to anticipate a possible objection to the effect that I have limited myself to an indorsement of a bare half dozen American painters. I have been compelled to do so. The fact that there are hundreds of painters of extraordinary excellence in this country—all worthy of honourable mention—must not deter us from our honest attempt to emphasise those projections of an individual and distinctive merit that appear to us to possess the superior significance. In the nature of things, the supreme excellence is rare. It should be our duty to emphasise it. I do not claim that the painters I have mentioned are great painters in the exact sense of that much abused word. Debussy is not a great composer nor is W. B. Yeats a great poet—names to conjure with, both of them. I merely say: taking American landscape at its sum total—taking, let us say, Inness, Martin, Murphy, Weir, Tryon, Lawson at their representative best, we shall possess a degree of excellence unexcelled by any landscape painting the world has produced. Personally, I think the explanation of this lies in that unique fusing we observe in American landscape painting of the highest degree of decorative decorum and the highest degree of accuracy of observation. No landscape painting has accomplished, I believe, a more intimate and vivid rendering of nature. That it is painting that will ever attain a world-wide prestige, I very much doubt; but I emphasise the fact that this is owing largely to the economic position it occupies. Precedent has decreed that America should import art. Europe is interested in selling us her pictures, not in buying ours. All of which has absolutely nothing to do with the intrinsic artistic worth of the American painter.

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THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

THE NAME

WHEN I come back from secret dreams
  In gardens deep and fair,
How very curious it seems—
  This mortal name I bear.

For by this name I make their bread
  And trim the household light
And sun the linen for the bed
  And close the door at night.

I wonder who myself may be,
  And whence it was I came—
Before the Church had laid on me
  This frail and earthly name.

My sponsors spake unto the Lord
  And three things promised they,
Upon my soul with one accord
  Their easy vows did lay.

My ancient spirit heard them not.
  I think it was not there.
But in a place they had forgot
  It drank a starrier air.

Yes, in a silent place and deep—
  There did it dance and run,
And sometimes it lay down to sleep
  Or sprang into the sun.

*"*The Masque of Poets" is made up of the following contributors: Thomas Walsh, Witter Bynner, Margaret Widdemer, Amelia Josephine Burr, Anna Hempstead Branch, William Rose Benét, Sarah N. Cleghorn, William Alexander Percy, Christopher Morley, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Vincent O'Sullivan, John Gould Fletcher, Grace Hazard Conkling, Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, Harriet Monroe, Edgar Lee Masters, Arthur Davison Ficke, Bliss Carman, Alfred Kreymborg, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lincoln Colcord, William Stanley Braithwaite, Conrad Aiken, Josephine Preston Peabody, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Abbie Farwell Brown, Maxwell Bodenheim, Amy Lowell, Charles Wharton Stork, Edward J. O'Brien. The series has continued throughout the year, and in the January or February number, the poems, given hitherto anonymously, will be listed with their authors' names.*

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The Priest saw not my aureole shine!
My sweet wings saw not he!
He graved me with a solemn sign
And laid a name on me.

Now by this name I stitch and mend,
The daughter of my home,
By this name do I save and spend
And when they call, I come.

But oh, that Name, that other Name,
More secret and more mine!
It burns as does the angelic flame
Before the midmost shrine.

Before my soul to earth was brought
Into God's heart it came,
He wrote a meaning in my thought
And gave to me a Name.

By this Name do I ride the air
And dance from star to star,
And I behold all things are fair,
For I see them as they are.

I plunge into the deepest seas,
In flames I, laughing, burn.
In roseate clouds I take my ease
Nor to the earth return.

It is my beauteous Name—my own—
That I have never heard.
God keeps it for Himself alone,
That strange and lovely word.

God keeps it for Himself—but yet
You are His voice, and so
In your heart He is calling me,
And unto you I go.

Love, by this Name I sing, and breathe
A fresh, mysterious air.
By this I innocently wreathe
New garlands for my hair.

By this Name I am born anew
More beautiful, more bright.
More roseate than angelic dew,
Apparelled in delight.

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I'll sing and stitch and make the bread
In the wonder of my Name,
And sun the linen for the bed
And tend the fireside flame.

By this Name do I answer yes—
Word beautiful and true.
By this I'll sew the bridal dress
I shall put on for you.

ANIMALS

What animal you are
or whether you are
an animal, I
am too dumb to tell.
Some moments,
I feel you've come out of the earth,
out of some cool white stone
deep down in the earth.
Or there brushes past
and lurks in a corner
the thought
that you slipped from a tree
when the earth stopped spinning,
that a blue shell brought you
when the sea tired waltzing.
You might be a mouse,
the dryad of a woodpecker,
or a pure tiny fish dream;
you might be something dropped from the sky,
not a god-child—
I wouldn't have you that—
nor a cloud—
though I love clouds.
You're something not a bird,
I can tell.
If I could find you somewhere
outside
of me, I might tell—
but inside?

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TWENTY STARS TO MATCH HIS FACE

Twenty stars to match his face,
All the winds to blow his breath.
In the dark no eye can trace
Life or death.

The word came, and out he went,
Heard the unseen flutterings
Of wings that showed the dream he sent,
The song he sings.

Twenty stars to match his face,
The sea-foam, his permanence—
There is no wind can mark his place
Here, or hence.

CHLOE TO AMARYLLIS

That you are poor, that I grow old,
It matters not. Our battles hold.
The lovely, undisturbèd things
Are left for our rememberings.

Kings' houses; graves out on the downs;
Shop windows in great ancient towns;
The rooks tossed up the rosy sky
Out of the vicarage garden high;
The minster tower poignant with years
That shook the dusk as though with tears.

Scraps of old music dewy-clear
Haunt us each turning of the year;
When fields are coloured like a stone,
A thought of April can atone;
Of cowslip flowers golden small
Under a windy village wall.

That you are poor, and I grow old!
But memories keep; but battles hold:—
The footspace snatched from quaking mire;
From dying dreams the undying fire;
And when we trod the perilous land,
The god all ready to our hand.

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THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

John Masefield—new wine in old bottles—back to Chaucer—the self-conscious adventurer—early education and experiences—"Dauber"—Mr. Masefield's remarks on Wordsworth—Wordsworth's famous Preface and its application to the poetry of Mr. Masefield—"The Everlasting Mercy"—"The Widow in the Bye Street" and its Chaucerian manner—his masterpiece—"The Daffodil Fields"—similarities to Wordsworth—the part played by the flowers—comparison of "The Daffodil Fields" with "Enoch Arden"—the war poem, "August 1914"—the lyrics—the sonnets—the novels—his object in writing—his contributions to the advance of poetry.

PART III

POETS are the Great Exceptions. Poets are forever performing the impossible. "No man putteth new wine into old bottles . . . new wine must be put into new bottles." But putting new wine into old bottles has been the steady professional occupation of John Masefield. While many of our contemporary vers librists and other experimentalists have been on the hunt for new bottles, sometimes, perhaps, more interested in the bottle than in the wine, John Masefield has been constantly pouring his heady drink into receptacles five hundred years old. In subject-matter and in language he is not in the least "traditional," not at all Victorian; he is wholly modern, new, contemporary. Yet while he draws his themes and his heroes from his own experience, his inspiration as a poet comes directly from Chaucer, who died in 1400. He is, indeed, the Chaucer of to-day; the most closely akin to Chaucer —not only in temperament, but in literary manner—of all the writers of the twentieth century. The beautiful metrical form that Chaucer invented—rime royal—ideally adapted for narrative poetry, as shown in *Troilus and Criseyde,* is the metre chosen by John Masefield for *The Widow in the Bye Street* and for *Dauber;* the only divergence in *The Daffodil Fields* consisting in the lengthening of the seventh line of the stanza, for which he had plenty of precedents. Mr. Masefield owes more to Chaucer than to any other poet.

Various are the roads to poetic achievement. Browning became a great poet at the age of twenty, with practically no experience of life outside of books. He had never travelled, he had never "seen the world," but he was brought up in a library, and was so deeply read in the Greek poets and dramatists that a sunrise on the Ægean Sea was more real to him than a London fog. He never saw Greece with his natural eyes. In the last year of his life, being asked by an American if he had been much in Athens, he replied contritely, "Thou stick'st a dagger in me." He belied Goethe's famous dictum.

John Masefield was born at Ledbury, in western England, in 1874. He ran away from home, shipped as cabin boy on a sailing vessel, spent some years before the mast, tramped on foot through various countries, turned up in New York, worked in the old Columbia Hotel in Greenwich Avenue, and had plenty of opportunity to study human nature in the bar-room. Then he entered a carpet factory in the Bronx. But he was the last man in the world to become a carpet knight. He bought a

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copy of Chaucer's poems, stayed up till dawn reading it, and for the first time was sure of his future occupation.

John Masefield is the real man-of-war-bird imagined by Walt Whitman. He is the bird self-conscious, the wild bird plus the soul of the poet.

To cope with heaven and earth and sea and hurricane,
Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,
Days, even weeks untired and onward, through spaces, realms gyrating,
At dusk that look'st on Senegal, at morn America,
That sport'st amid the lightning-flash and thunder-cloud,
In them, in thy experiences, had'st thou my soul,
What joys! what joys were thine!

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. They do indeed; they see them as the bird sees them, with no spiritual vision, with no self-consciousness, with no power to refer or to interpret. It is sad that so many of those who have marvellous experiences have nothing else; while those who are sensitive and imaginative live circumscribed. What does the middle watch mean to an average seaman? But occasionally the sailor is a Joseph Conrad or a John Masefield. Then the visions of splendour and the glorious voices of nature are seen and heard not only by the eye and the ear, but by the spirit.

Although Chaucer took Mr. Masefield out of the carpet factory even as Spenser released Keats from the apothecary shop, it would be a mistake to suppose (as many do) that the Ledbury boy was an uncouth vagabond, who, without reading, without education, and without training, suddenly became a poet. He had a good school education before going to sea; and from earliest childhood he longed to write. Even as a little boy he felt the impulse to put his dreams on paper; he read everything he could lay his hands on, and during all the years of bodily toil, afloat and ashore, he had the mind and the aspirations of a man of letters. Never, I suppose, was there a greater contrast between an individual's outer and inner life. He mingled with rough, brutal, decivilised creatures; his ears were assaulted by obscene language, spoken as to an equal; he saw the ugliest side of humanity, and the blackest phases of savagery. Yet through it all, sharing these experiences with no trace of condescension, his soul was like a lily.

He descended into hell again and again, coming out with his inmost spirit unblurred and shining, even as the rough diver brings from the depths the perfect pearl. For every poem that he has written reveals two things: a real knowledge of the harshness of life, with a nature of extraordinary purity, delicacy, and grace. To find a parallel to this, we must recall the figure of Dostoevski in the Siberian prison.

Many men of natural good taste and good breeding have succumbed to a coarse environment. What saved our poet, and made his experiences actually minister to his spiritual flame, rather than burn him up? It was perhaps that final miracle of humanity, acute self-consciousness, stronger in some men than in others, strongest of all in the creative artist. Even at the age of twenty, Browning felt it more than he felt anything else, and his words would apply to John Masefield, and explain in some measure his thirst for sensation and his control of it.

I am made up of an intensest life,
Of a most clear idea of consciousness
Of self, distinct from all its qualities,
From all affections, passions, feelings, powers;
And thus far it exists, if tracked, in all:
But linked, in me, to self-supremacy,
Existing as a centre to all things,
Most potent to create and rule and call
Upon all things to minister to it;
And to a principle of restlessness
Which would be all, have, see, know, taste, feel, all—
This is myself.

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Although the poem *Dauber* is a true story—for there was just such a man, who suffered both horrible fear within and brutal ridicule without, who finally conquered both, and who, in the first sweets of victory, as he was about to enter upon his true career, lost his life by falling from the yardarm—I cannot help thinking that Mr. Masefield put a good deal of himself into this strange hero. The adoration of beauty, which is the lodestar of the poet, lifted "Dauber" into a different world from the life of the ship. He had an ungovernable desire to paint the constantly changing phases of beauty in the action of the vessel and in the wonders of the sea and sky. In this passion his shy, sensitive nature was really stronger than all the brute strength enjoyed by his shipmates; they could destroy his paintings, they could hurt his body, they could torture his heart. But they could not prevent him from following his ideal. "Dauber" died, and his pictures are lost. But in the poem describing his aims and his sufferings, Mr. Masefield has accomplished with his pen what Dauber failed to do with his brush; the beauty of the ship, the beauty of dawn and of midnight, the majesty of the storm are revealed to us in a series of unforgettable pictures. And one of Edison's ambitions is here realised. At the same moment we *see* the frightful white-capped ocean mountains, and we *hear* the roar of the gale.

Water and sky were devils' brews which boiled,

Boiled, shrieked, and glowered; but the ship was saved.
Snugged safely down, though fourteen sails were split.
Out of the dark a fiercer fury raved.
The grey-backs died and mounted, each crest lit
With a white toppling gleam that hissed from it
And slid, or leaped, or ran with whirls of cloud,
Mad with inhuman life that shrieked aloud.

Mr. Masefield is a better poet than critic. In the New York *Tribune* for January 23, 1916, he spoke with modesty and candour of his own work and his own aims, and no one can read what he said without an increased admiration for him. But it is difficult to forgive him for talking as he did about Wordsworth, who "wrote six poems and then fell asleep." And among the six are not *Tintern Abbey* or the *Intimations of Immortality*. Meditative poetry is not Mr. Masefield's strongest claim to fame, and we do not go to poets for illuminating literary criticism. Swinburne was so violent in his "appreciations" that his essays in criticism are adjectival volcanoes. Every man with him was God or Devil. It is rare that a creative poet has the power of interpretation of literature possessed by William Watson. Mr. Masefield does not denounce Wordsworth, as Swinburne denounced Byron; he is simply blind to the finest qualities of the Lake poet. Yet, although he carries Wordsworth's famous theory of poetry to an extreme that would have shocked the author of it—if Mr. Masefield does not like *Tintern Abbey,* we can only imagine Wordsworth's horror at *The Everlasting Mercy*—the philosophy of poetry underlying both *The Everlasting Mercy, The Widow in the Bye Street,* and other works is essentially that of William Wordsworth. Keeping *The Everlasting Mercy* steadily in mind, it is interesting, instructive, and even amusing to read an extract from Wordsworth's famous Preface of 1800. "The principal object, then, proposed in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them throughout, as far as was possible in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature; chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate

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ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature."

When Wordsworth wrote these dicta, he followed them up with some explicit reservations, and made many more implicit ones. Mr. Masefield, in the true manner of the twentieth century, makes none at all. Taking the language of Wordsworth exactly as it stands in the passage quoted above, it applies with precision to the method employed by Mr. Masefield in the poems that have given him widest recognition. And in carrying this theory of poetry to its farthest extreme in *The Everlasting Mercy,* not only did its author break with tradition, the tradition of nineteenth-century poetry, as Wordsworth broke with that of the eighteenth, he succeeded in shocking some of his contemporaries, who refused to grant him a place among English poets. It was in the *English Review* for October, 1911, that *The Everlasting Mercy* first appeared. It made a sensation. In 1912 the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature awarded him the Edmond de Polignac prize of five hundred dollars. This aroused the wrath of the orthodox poet Stephen Phillips, who publicly protested, not with any animosity toward the recipient, but with the conviction that true standards of literature were endangered.

It is unfortunate for an artist or critic to belong to any "school" whatsoever. Belonging to a school circumscribes a man's sympathies. It shuts him away from outside sources of enjoyment, and makes him incapable of appreciating many new works of art, because he has prejudged them even before they were written. Poetry is greater than any definition of it. There is no doubt that *Marpessa* is a real poem; and there is no doubt that the same description is true of *The Everlasting Mercy.*

In *The Everlasting Mercy,* the prize-fight, given in detail, by rounds, is followed by an orgy of drunkenness rising to a scale almost Homeric. The man, crazy with alcohol, runs amuck, and things begin to happen. The village is turned upside down. Two powerful contrasts are dramatically introduced, one as an interlude between violent phases of the debauch, the other as a conclusion. The first is the contrast between the insane buffoon and the calm splendour of the night.

I opened window wide and leaned
Out of that pigstye of the fiend
And felt a cool wind go like grace
About the sleeping market-place.
The clock struck three, and sweetly, slowly,
The bells chimed Holy, Holy, Holy;
And in a second's pause there fell
The cold note of the chapel bell,
And then a cock crew, flapping wings,
And summat made me think of things.
How long those ticking clocks had gone
From church and chapel, on and on,
Ticking the time out, ticking slow
To men and girls who'd come and go.

These thoughts suddenly become intolerable. A second fit of madness, wilder than the first, drives the man about the town like a tornado. Finally and impressively comes the contrast between the drunkard's horrible mirth and the sudden calm in his mind when the tall pale Quakeress hypnotises him with conviction of sin. She drives out the devils from his breast with quiet authority, and the peace of God enters into his soul.

From the first word of the poem to the

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last the man's own attitude toward fighting, drink, and religion is logically sustained. It is perfect drama, with never a false note. The hero is one of the "twice-born men," and the work may fairly be taken as one more footnote to the varieties of religious experience.

I have been told on good authority that among all his works Mr. Masefield prefers *Nan, The Widow in the Bye Street,* and *The Everlasting Mercy.* I think he is right. In these productions he has no real competitors. They are his most original, most vivid, most powerful pieces. He is at his best when he has a story to tell, and can tell it freely in his own unhampered way, a combination of drama and narrative. In *The Everlasting Mercy,* written in octosyllabics, the metre of *Chrismas Eve,* he is unflinchingly realistic, as Browning was in describing the chapel. The *Athenæum* thought Browning ought not to write about the mysteries of the Christian faith in doggerel. But *Christmas Eve* is not doggerel. It is simply the application of the rules of realism to a discussion of religion. It may lack the dignity of the *Essay on Man,* but it is more interesting because it is more definite, more concrete, more real. In *The Everlasting Mercy* we have beautiful passages of description, sharply exciting narration, while the dramatic element is furnished by conversation—and what conversation! It differs from ordinary poetry as the sermons of an evangelist differ from the sermons of bishops. Mr. Masefield is a natural-born dramatist. He is never content to describe his characters; he makes them talk, and talk their own language, and you will never go far in his longer poems without seeing the characters rise from the page, spring into life, and immediately you hear their voices raised in angry altercation. It is as though he felt the reality of his men and women so keenly that he cannot keep them down. They refuse to remain quiet. They insist on taking the poem into their own hands, and running away with it.

When we are reading *The Widow in the Bye Street* we realise that Mr. Masefield has studied with some profit the art of narrative verse as displayed by Chaucer. The story begins directly, and many necessary facts are revealed in the first stanza, in a manner so simple that for the moment we forget that this apparent simplicity is artistic excellence. The *Nun's Priest Tale* is a model of attack.

A poure widwe, somdel stope in age,
Was whylom dwelling in a narwe cotage,
Besyde a grove, stonding in a dale.
This widwe, of which I telle yow my tale,
Sin thilke day that she was last a wyf,
In pacience ladde a ful simple lyf,
For litel was hir catel and hir rente.

Now if I could have only one of Mr. Masefield's books, I would take *The Widow in the Bye Street.* Its opening lines have the much-in-little so characteristic of Chaucer.

Down Bye Street, in a little Shropshire
town,
There lived a widow with her only son:
She had no wealth nor title to renown,
Nor any joyous hours, never one.
She rose from ragged mattress before sun
And stitched all day until her eyes were
red,
And had to stitch, because her man was
dead.

This is one of the best narrative poems in modern literature. It rises from calm to the fiercest and most tumultuous passions that usurp the throne of reason. Love, jealousy, hate, revenge, murder succeed in cumulative force. Then the calm of unmitigated and hopeless woe returns, and we leave the widow in a solitude peopled only with memories. It is melodrama elevated into poetry. The mastery of the artist is shown in the skill with which he avoids the quagmire of sentimentality. We can easily imagine what form this story would take under the treatment of many popular writers. But although constantly approaching the verge, Mr. Masefield never falls in. He has known so much sentimentality, not merely in books and plays, but in human

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beings, that he understands how to avoid it. Furthermore, he is steadied by seeing so plainly the weaknesses of his characters, just as a great nervous specialist gains in poise by observing his patients. And perhaps our author feels the sorrows of the widow too deeply to talk about them with any conventional affectation.

I should like to find some one who, without much familiarity with the fixed stars in English literature, had read *The Daffodil Fields,* and then ask him to guess who wrote the following stanzas:

A gentle answer did the old Man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew;
And him with further words I thus bespake,
"What occupation do you there pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you."
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes.

"This will break Michael's heart," he said at length.
"Poor Michael," she replied; "they wasted hours.
He loved his father so. God give him strength.
This is a cruel thing this life of ours."
The windy woodland glimmered with shut flowers,
White wood anemones that the wind blew down.
The valley opened wide beyond the starry town.

And I think he would reply with some confidence, "John Masefield." He would be right concerning the second stanza; but the first is, as everyone ought to know and does not, from *Resolution and Independence,* by William Wordsworth. It is significant that this is one of the six poems excepted by Mr. Masefield from the mass of Wordsworthian mediocrity. It is, of course, a great poem, although when it was published (1807, written in 1802), it seemed by conventional standards no poem at all. Shortly after its appearance, some one read it aloud to an intelligent woman; she sobbed unrestrainedly; then, recovering herself, said shamefacedly, "After all, it isn't poetry." The reason, I suppose, why she thought it could not be poetry was because it was so much nearer life than "art." The simplicity of the scene; the naturalness of the dialogue; the homeliness of the old leech-gatherer; these all seemed to be outside the realm of the heroic, the elevated, the sublime, —the particular business of poetry, as she mistakenly thought. The reason why John Masefield admires this poem is because of its vitality, its naturalness, its easy dialogue—main characteristics of his own work. In writing *The Daffodil Fields,* he consciously or unconsciously selected the same metre, introduced plenty of conversation, as he loves to do in all his narrative poetry, and set his tragedy on a rural stage.

It is important here to repeat the last few phrases already quoted from Wordsworth's famous Preface: "The manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature." If Mr. Masefield had written this preface for *The Daffodil Fields,* he could not have more accurately expressed both the artistic aim of his poem and its natural atmosphere. "The passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature." In this work, each one of the seven sections ends with the daffodils; so that no matter how base and truculent are the revealed passions of man, the final impression at the close of each stage is the unchanging loveliness of the delicate golden flowers. Indeed, the daffodils not only fill the whole poem with their fluttering beauty, they play the part of the old Greek chorus. At the end of each act in this steadily growing tragedy, they comment in their own incomparable way on the sorrows of man.

So the night passed; the noisy wind went down;

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The half-burnt moon her starry trackway rode.
Then the first fire was lighted in the town,
And the first carter stacked his early load.
Upon the farm's drawn blinds the morning glowed;
And down the valley, with little clucks and rills,
The dancing waters danced by dancing daffodils.

But if, consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Masefield in the composition of *The Daffodil Fields* followed the metre and the manner of Wordsworth in *Resolution and Independence,* in the story itself he challenges Tennyson's *Enoch Arden.* Whether he meant to challenge it, I do not know; but the comparison is unescapable. Tennyson did not invent the story, and any poet has the right to use the material in his own fashion. Knowing Mr. Masefield from *The Everlasting Mercy* and *The Widow in the Bye Street,* it would have been safe to prophesy in advance that his own Enoch would not show the self-restraint practised by the Tennysonian hero. Reserve and restraint were the trump cards of the Typical Victorian, just as the annihilation of all reserve is a characteristic of the twentieth-century artist. In the *Idylls of the King,* the parting of Guinevere and Arthur was what interested Tennyson; the poets of to-day would of course centre attention on the parting of Guinevere and Lancelot, and like so many "advances," they would in truth be only going back to old Malory.

"Neither in the design nor in the telling did, or could, *Enoch Arden* come near the artistic truth of *The Daffodil Fields,*" says Professor Quiller-Couch, of Cambridge. I am not entirely sure of the truth of this very positive statement. Each is a rural poem; the characters are simple; the poetic accompaniment supplied by the daffodils in one poem is supplied in the other by the sea. And yet, despite this latter fact, if one reads *Enoch Arden* immediately after *The Daffodil Fields,* it seems to be without salt. It lacks flavour, and is almost tasteless compared with the biting condiments of the other poem, prepared as it was for the sharper demands of twentieth century palates. We like, as Browning thought Macready would like, "stabbing, drabbing, *et autres gentillesses,*" and Mr. Masefield knows how to supply them. Yet I am not sure that the self-denial of Enoch and the timid patience of Philip do not both indicate a certain strength absent in Mr. Masefield's wildly exciting tale. Of course Tennyson's trio are all "good" people, and he meant to make them so. In the other work Michael is a selfish scoundrel, Lion is a murderer, and Mary an adulteress; and we are meant to sympathise with all three, as Mr. Galsworthy wishes us to sympathise with those who follow their instincts rather than their consciences. One poem celebrates the strength of character, the other the strength of passion. But there can be no doubt that Enoch (and perhaps Philip) loved Annie more than either Michael or Lion loved Mary—which is perhaps creditable; for Mary is more attractive.

One should remember also that in these two poems—so interesting to compare in so many different ways—Tennyson tried to elevate a homely theme into "poetry"; whereas Mr. Masefield finds the truest poetry in the bare facts of life and feeling. Tennyson is at his best outside of drama, wherever he has an opportunity to adorn and embellish; Mr. Masefield is at his best in the fierce conflict of human wills. Thus *Enoch Arden* is not one of Tennyson's best poems, and the best parts of it are the purely descriptive passages; whereas in *The Daffodil Fields* Mr. Masefield has a subject made to his hand, and can let himself go with impressive power. In the introduction of conversation into a poem—a special gift with Mr. Masefield—Tennyson is usually weak, which ought to have taught him never to venture into drama. Nothing is worse in *Enoch Arden* than passages like these:

"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.

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Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, "and he,
This pretty, puny, weakly little one,—
Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home
again.
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

One of the reasons why twentieth-century readers are so impatient with *Enoch Arden,* is because Tennyson refused to satisfy the all but universal love of a fight. The conditions for a terrific "mix-up" were all there, and just when the spectator is looking for an explosion of wrath and blood, the poet turns away into the more heroic but less thrilling scene of self-conquest. Mr. Masefield may be trusted never to disappoint his readers in such fashion. It might be urged that whereas Tennyson gave a picture of man as he ought to be, Mr. Masefield painted him as he really is.

But *The Daffodil Fields* is not melodrama. It is a poem of extraordinary beauty. Every time I read it I see in it some "stray beauty-beam" that I missed before. It would be impossible to translate it into prose; it would lose half its interest, and all of its charm. It would be easier to translate Tennyson's *Dora* into prose than *The Daffodil Fields.* In fact, I have often thought that if the story of *Dora* were told in concise prose, in the manner of Guy de Maupassant, it would distinctly gain in force.

No poet, with any claim to the name, can be accurately labelled by an adjective or a phrase. You may think you know his "manner," and he suddenly develops a different one; this you call his "later" manner, and he disconcerts you by harking back to the "earlier," or trying something, that if you must have labels, you are forced to call his "latest," knowing now that it is subject to change without notice. Mr. Masefield published *The Everlasting Mercy* in 1911; *The Widow in the Bye Street* in 1912; *Dauber* in 1912; *The Daffodil Fields* in 1913. We had him classified. He was a writer of sustained narrative, unscrupulous in the use of language, bursting with vitality, sacrificing anything and everything that stood in the way of his effect. This was "red blood" verse raised to poetry by sheer inspiration, backed by remarkable skill in the use of rime. We looked for more of the same thing from him, knowing that in this particular field he had no rival.

Then came the war. As every soldier drew his sword, every poet drew his pen. And of all the poems published in the early days of the struggle, none equalled in high excellence *August 1914,* by John Masefield. And its tone was precisely the opposite of what his most famous efforts had led us to expect. It was not a lurid picture of wholesale murder, nor a bottle of vitriol thrown in the face of the Kaiser. After the thunder and the lightning, came the still small voice. It is a poem in the metre and manner of Gray, with the same silver tones of twilit peace—heartrending by contrast with the Continental scene. It is the only poem thus far written about the war which I feel certain will survive.

How still this quiet cornfield is to-night;
By an intenser glow the evening falls,
Bringing, not darkness, but a deeper light;
Among the stooks a partridge covey calls.

The windows glitter on the distant hill;
Beyond the hedge the sheep-bells in the
fold
Stumble on sudden music and are still;
The forlorn pinewoods droop above the
wold.

An endless quiet valley reaches out
Past the blue hills into the evening sky;
Over the stubble, cawing, goes a rout
Of rooks from harvest, flagging as they fly.

So beautiful it is I never saw
So great a beauty on these English fields
Touched, by the twilight's coming, into awe,
Ripe to the soul and rich with summer's
yields.

The fields are inhabited with the ghosts of ploughmen of old who gave

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themselves for England, even as the faithful farmers now leave scenes inexpressibly dear. For the aim of our poet is to magnify the lives of the humble and the obscure, whether on land or sea. In the beautiful *Consecration* that he prefixed to *Salt-Water Ballads,* he expressly turns his back on Commanders, on Rulers, on Princes and Prelates, in order to sing of the stokers and chantymen, yes, even of the dust and scum of the earth. They do the work, and others get the praise. They are inarticulate, but have found a spokesman and a champion in the poet. His sea-poems in this respect resemble Conrad's sea-novels. This is perhaps one of the chief functions of the man of letters, whether he be poet, novelist or dramatist—never to let us forget the anonymous army of toilers. For, as Clyde Fitch used to say, the great things do not happen to the great writers; the great things happen to the little people they describe.

Although Mr. Masefield's reputation depends mainly on his narrative poems, he has earned a high place among lyrical poets. These poems, at least many of them, are as purely subjective as *The Everlasting Mercy* was purely objective. Rarely does a poem unfurl with more loveliness than this:

I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills
Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain;
I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,
Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain.

In *Tewkesbury Road* and in *Sea Fever* the poet expresses the urge of his own heart. In *Biography* he quite properly adopts a style exactly the opposite of the biographical dictionary. Dates and events are excluded. But the various moments when life was most intense in actual experience, sights of mountains on sea and land, long walks and talks with an intimate friend, the frantically fierce endeavour in the racing cutter, quiet scenes of beauty in the peaceful countryside. "The days that make us happy make us wise."

As Mr. Masefield's narratives take us back to Chaucer, so his *Sonnets* (1916) take us back to the great Elizabethan sequences. Whether or not Shakespeare unlocked his heart in his sonnets is impossible to determine. Wordsworth thought he did, Browning thought quite otherwise. But these sonnets of our poet are undoubtedly subjective; no one without the necessary information would guess them to come from the author of *The Everlasting Mercy.* They reveal what has always been—through moving accidents by flood and field—the master passion of his mind and heart, the worship of Beauty. The entire series illustrates a tribute to Beauty expressed in the first one—"Delight in her made trouble in my mind." This mental disturbance is here the spur to composition. They are experiments in reflective, meditative, speculative poetry; and while they contain some memorable lines, and heighten one's respect for the dignity and sincerity of their author's temperament, they are surely not so successful as his other work. They are not clearly articulate. Instead of the perfect expression of perfect thoughts—a gift enjoyed only by Shakespeare—they reveal the extreme difficulty of metrically voicing his "trouble." It is in a way like the music of the *Liebestod.* He is struggling to say what is in his mind, he approaches it, falls away, comes near again, only to be finally baffled.

I do not think Mr. Masefield has received sufficient credit for his prose fiction. In 1905 he published *A Mainsail Haul,* which contained a number of short stories and sketches, many of which had appeared in the Manchester *Guardian.* It is interesting to recall his connection with that admirable journal. These are the results partly of his experiences, partly of his reading. It is plain that he has turned over hundreds of old volumes of buccaneer lore. And humour is as abundant here as it is absent from his best novels, *Captain Margaret* and *Multitude and Solitude.* These two books,

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recently republished in America, met with a chilling reception from the critics. For my part, I not only enjoyed reading them, I think every student of Mr. Masefield's poetry might read them with profitable pleasure. They are romances that only a poet could have written. It would be easier to turn them into verse than it would be to turn his verse-narratives into prose, and less would be lost in the transfer. In *Multitude and Solitude,* the author has given us more of the results of his own thinking than can be found in most of his poems. Whole pages are filled with the pith of meditative thought. In *Captain Margaret,* we have a remarkable combination of the love of romance and the romance of love.

In response to a question asked him by the *Tribune* interviewer, as to the guiding motive in his writing, Mr. Masefield replied: "I desire to interpret life both by reflecting it as it appears and by portraying its outcome. Great art must contain these two attributes. Examine any of the dramas of Shakespeare, and you will find that their action is the result of a destruction of balance in the beginning. It is like a cartful of apples which is overturned. All the apples are spilled in the street. But you will notice that Shakespeare piles them up again in his incomparable manner, many bruised, broken, and maybe a few lost." This is certainly an interesting way of putting the doctrine of analysis and synthesis as applied to art.

What has Mr. Masefield done then for the advance of poetry? One of his notable services is to have made it so interesting that thousands look forward to a new poem from him as readers look for a new story by a great novelist. He has helped to take away poetry from its conventional "elevation" and bring it everywhere poignantly in contact with throbbing life. Thus he is emphatically apart from so-called traditional poets like Stephen Phillips, William Watson, and Alfred Noyes, who brilliantly follow the Tennysonian tradition, and give us another kind of enjoyment. But although Mr. Masefield is a twentieth century poet, it would be a mistake to suppose that he has *originated* the doctrine that the poet should speak in a natural voice about natural things, and not cultivate a "diction." Browning spent his whole life fighting for that doctrine, and went to his grave covered with honourable scars. Wordsworth successfully rebelled against the conventional garments of the Muse. Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Browning are the poets who took human nature as they found it; who thought life itself was more interesting than any theory about it; who made language appropriate to the time, the place, and the man, regardless of the opinion of those who thought the Muse ought to wear a uniform. The aim of our twentieth-century poets is not really to write something new and strange, it is to get back to those poets who lived up to their conviction that the business of poetry is to chronicle the stages of all life. This is not the only kind of poetry, but it is the kind high in favour during these present years. The fountain-head of poetry is human nature, and our poets are trying to get back to it, just as many of the so-called advances in religious thought are really attempts to get back to the Founder of Christianity, before the theologians built their stockade around Him. Mr. Masefield is a mighty force in the renewal of poetry; in the art of dramatic narrative he goes back to the sincerity and catholicity of Chaucer. For his language, he has carried Wordsworth's idea of "naturalness" to its extreme limits. For his material, he finds nothing common or unclean. But all his virility, candour, and sympathy, backed by all his astonishing range of experience, would not have made him a poet, had he not possessed imagination, and the power to express his vision of life, the power, as he puts it, of getting the apples back into the cart.

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CONTEMPORARY POETRY

A GROUP OF THE AUTUMN BOOKS*

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

THE first fact that impresses itself in looking over the autumn books, is the almost complete absence of *vers libre*. Whereas attention for the past three years has been focussed almost wholly upon it, and discussions of technique have usurped all other considerations,—the inevitable reaction against this emphasis upon form seems to have set in.

There was nothing startling in the *vers libre* movement, save the work of the extremists. It had all been done before, and done so much better, that had it not been for the canny advantage taken of its advertising features, it would never have become a storm centre. When Henley wrote *vers libre* built upon magical strophes and with rhythmic nuances so subtle that they gave to free verse all the beauty of lyric utterance,—no furore was created by the fact; for the poets of the nineties did not write prefaces nor label as "new" what had come back from antiquity in the eternal recurrence of art. Free verse has existed from the beginning of literature. It is new only in so far as it is modified by the particular era, or as the poet may shape it to some personal expression. The return to the primitive, the attempt to get back to the primary elements of art, is always taking place and recording itself in revolutionary epochs. When a form persists until it has become crystallised and has no further fluidity, the revolutionist comes to break the mould into which it has hardened. Form is released, made free to shape again: made fluid, to recrystallise. All movements in poetry begin in revolt, in reaction against the conventional, until, in turn, the new movement becomes artificial and the primitive is again invoked.

The revolt of the Romanticists against the Classicists in English poetry is duplicated in the present movement. It is merely the recurrence of the cycle, the hour in which the moulds shall be broken; but the new revolt differs from the old in that Romanticism was a cry for beauty, for emotion, for imagination, for the unique expression of personality. It was primarily a movement of temperament, though creating such revolution in form. The form came as the natural result of the new liberty, and came with such variation that poetry flowered into a rich diversity rather than conforming again to some arbitrary standard.

There is not the slightest doubt that the modern insurgent will tell you that he is seeking the same liberty; but if the movement is one of temperament, why the entire emphasis upon form? If he has something unique to express—some emotion, some vision, some sense of beauty wholly his own—why blur this individuality by banding together in cults and writing after a formula? A given number of people deliberately achieving effects by certain trade-words, such as "hardness," "concentration," "externality,"—only succeed in obliterating the quality by which alone art is of value. Temperament cannot be prisoned in a

*Some Imagist Poets. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Lines Long and Short. By Henry Fuller. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Book of Self. By James Oppenheim. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Grenstone Poems. By Witter Bynner. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Answering Voice: A Hundred Love Lyrics by Women. Selected by Sara Teasdale. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Love Songs. By Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Voice in the Silence. By Thomas S. Jones, Jr. Portland: Thomas B. Mosher.

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formula, and the poet who can minutely analyse his processes will find that the soul of the matter has escaped him. The outstanding fact of Imagism is its self-consciousness; its emphasis, in season and out of season, upon its technique. Not differentiation but conformity is the actual result of what was vaunted as liberty. In the *Imagist Anthology* the work might almost be interchangeable, and one closes the book with a purely composite sense of it. Not that the composite technique lacks its individuality, one has a distinct impression of Imagism as a cult, but the majority of the poems might be signed by the same name for all the impression they convey of the personality, the differentiating self, of the writer.

Released from the arbitrary confines of Imagism, Amy Lowell stands out as the vital individuality, the really creative and versatile mind of the group. It is as absurd for her to confine herself within the limits of the Imagist cult as it would be to put a hobble skirt upon the Winged Victory! Miss Lowell now and then returns to the Imagist manner, as in the "Lacquer Prints" in the 1917 Anthology, but this is merely to emphasise how far beyond it she has travelled. The "Lacquer Prints" are delicate etchings, but Miss Lowell's genius is far more at home in "Bombardments" and "Hammers." If nature has given one power, versatility, unique perception, and so sentient a keenness to all the outer world as Miss Lowell possesses; has, in short, so individualised her, why should she cloud it by association with less creative minds, or limit it by a name?

The 1917 Anthology is warmed by certain human notes such as the war poems of Richard Aldington; the fine portrait of Lincoln by John Gould Fletcher and the "Little Heddon" and "Soldiers," by F. S. Flint, which grip your heart. Imagism is so purely intellectual that the sensation of having your heart gripped by one of these poems is a novel one. In the work of H. D., for example, one has the same æsthetic pleasure that he would have in looking at green jade, clear and cold and pure. The jade is flawless, it is carved in clean-cut, unswerving lines. It has undeniable beauty, but it is the beauty of a crystal, a beauty without soul.

Life must be the final revelation and it is because of their immediate touch with humanity that Robert Frost and Edgar Lee Masters stand out in such contrast to the Imagists. The autumn brings no new offering from either but both have gone far to shape the trend of the period.

Deriving from "Spoon River," adopting what one might term the shorthand of fiction, Henry Fuller, the novelist, gives us *Lines Long and Short.* Without Edgar Lee Masters's power to burn to the quick with the caustic of satire, he has yet the trained, clear-seeing eyes of the psychologist, the sense of human values of the novelist, and his people are real and unforgettable. The man who put off living until life would have none of him, stands out in particular relief. In spite of the finished handling of his material, one cannot escape a derivative feeling in the book. As in all books reminiscent of Frost and Masters, the second-hand suggestion is here.

For a first-hand and revealing book written in free verse, a significant offering of the autumn, we have *The Book of Self,* by James Oppenheim. Much more akin to Whitman than to any of the later writers, Mr. Oppenheim is learning to follow Whitman's advice—to "destroy the teacher." In his earlier books the Whitman suggestion sometimes obscured his own personality, but a personality so vivid as that which animates *The Book of Self* could not but break through all form and make itself felt in its own manner. Mr. Oppenheim writes too much—the weakness of many a poet—and *The Book of Self,* coming so soon after *War and Laughter,* suffers in some points by comparison with it; yet here is a book that strips away all subterfuge, evasion and palliation in which humanity is cloaked and revestures it in truth. Immense eagerness, curiosity, wonder at the miracle of life, surges through the

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book like mounting waves. Life is as keen to this poet as the sting of brine on the lips. One takes a quick, full breath when he reads James Oppenheim and rejoices in this life, at once so sordid and so splendid. Mr. Oppenheim goes about seeing and thinking. We have no one else with just this quality of penetration, this ability to turn before your eyes the shifting kaleidoscope of life and to show you that every turn brings out a design. We have seen nothing on the war, for example, more searching than "1914—and After," where the balance is so finely adjusted and a really great and creative peace forecast.

Greater restraint in production and a sharper focus of theme, to obviate the cosmic tendency of his mind,—these are necessary to the artistic side of Mr. Oppenheim's work; but we are not disposed to cavil at the poet who makes us think, nor who in his highest moments stirs us with something of the fire of Hebraic prophecy.

We have been waiting for some time for a lyric collection from Witter Bynner, but what with dramas, translations, lectures, and all the interests of these teeming days, not to mention the interval given to the writing of *The New World,* —we had begun to despair of it. But here it is—*Grenstone Poems,* taking us again to that mystical, if not mythical village in the New Hampshire hills, of which we know only that "Monadnock leads the way." At the very outset of Mr. Bynner's work, Grenstone River went singing through it, and Celia, like Matthew Arnold's Marguerite, was the spirit of the mountains. We have sometimes thought Celia was indeed a spirit, a symbol, and not a mortal maid. We suspect her to be the Dream-Woman, the ideal of love rather than its human embodiment. In *The New World* she is the golden voice resolving all discords. She is Wisdom, uttering itself in love. She walks with light feet on the mountains and the morning breath stirs her hair "like wind in golden rod." She makes nature and the soul one:

> Where mountains are, door after door
> Unlocks within me, opens wide,
> And leaves no difference in my heart
> From anything outside.

One does not realise her as a woman but as Loveliness, as Revelation, and when she dies there is the same physical unreality. One has entirely a mystical sense of it—that Beauty, once apprehended, must always remain as a presence. In the *Grenstone Poems* the same thing is true. While they are built into a sequence, leading always to Celia, she eludes one at the last. One never overtakes her. From the standpoint of art, too, the poems that commemorate her are by no means the best. Such a sequence should constantly deepen and grow poignant, one should be held by the emotion of experiences like these, whereas many of the poems in the closing sections of the book seem like early work, lacking that finality that Mr. Bynner in his most characteristic work always possesses. The mistake has been made that poets almost universally make, of putting in much that is ephemeral and irrelevant to the real soul of the book, thus obscuring that precious and intrinsic quality—personality. Mr. Bynner possesses this quality to a marked degree; let us seek to detach it.

It lies, I think, in his power to concentrate. For the true, the typical, flavour of his work, one must turn to the briefest poems, to those that pack into a few lines something of eternal import. Take, for example, the first stanza of his poem, "The Fields"—now trodden by war:

> Though wisdom underfoot
> Dies in the bloody fields,
> Slowly the endless root
> Gathers again and yields.

What suggestion in this final couplet! Blake might have said it, or Emerson. What pains we seem to take to stamp out wisdom, the very spirit of life, which carries on the evolution of the race! And with what eternal persistence this

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spirit renews itself in man. Complementary to this thought is another equally fine:

Whether the time be slow or fast,
Enemies, hand in hand,
Must come together at the last
And understand.

No matter how the die is cast
Nor who may seem to win,
You know that you must love at last—
Why not begin?

This is unanswerable. The gist of the whole matter is here. We expect humanity to be great enough to love and forgive and conciliate in far-off milleniums—evolution will take care of that. But evolution, as Mr. Bynner implies, is only the pace at which you and I move, so—"why not begin?"

All through Mr. Bynner's poems one comes upon these sudden flashlights of truth; momentary, but momentous, illuminations, as if a traveller on a dark road flashed at intervals a lantern to guide his way. Many of Mr. Bynner's short poems have more beauty than these, but we have chosen them to show his creed. It is, then, in an epigrammatic lyric, of a peculiar pith and pungency, and often informed with a whimsical humour, that Mr. Bynner seems to me to be most wholly himself. The fine essence of humour is, indeed, all through the book and is a part of its spiritual quality, for it is the humour of tolerance and understanding. There is, too, a wide inclusive sympathy; a genuine love of striving, stumbling, but always engaging, humanity. The book sweeps in too much, as a whirling wind of autumn gathers up an eddy of leaves, but the wind is a mountain breath that stimulates and that is the chief concern. It would hardly do justice to Mr. Bynner not to give one poem of a more intimate quality and charm, so here is "The Mystic." Having included this poem in one of my anthologies, a college professor wrote to ask me what it meant. I never answered, for I did not know. It may be wisdom and it may be folly, but it is beauty, and beyond that one need not pry:

By seven vineyards on one hill
We walked. The native wine
In clusters grew beside us two,
For your lips and for mine,

When, "Hark!" you said—"Was that a bell
Or a bubbling spring we heard?"
But I was wise and closed my eye
And listened to a bird.

For as summer-leaves are bent and shake
With singers passing through,
So moves in me continually
The wingèd breath of you.

You tasted from a single vine
And took from that your fill—
But I inclined to every kind,
All seven on one hill.

Sara Teasdale who, during all the period in which poetry has been so industriously trying to make itself prose, has gone on singing; and who, during the period in which poets were moved by the passion of sociology, was moved only by the passion of love,—reaffirms her faith both in song and love in two volumes of the autumn. Miss Teasdale had but to appear in the field of poetry to conquer it, for all the world loves a singer, as all the world loves a lover, and the union of the two is invincible. This autumn Miss Teasdale brings out a volume of her own, selected partly from former books and presenting partly new matter, a volume called *Love Songs,* and in addition to this gives us an anthology of one hundred love lyrics by women, under the attractive title of *The Answering Voice.*

The anthology reaches back into the middle of the nineteenth century. Prior to that time women had scarcely the courage to break through convention and write a sincere and impassioned love song. Nothing is so scarce in literature as really moving and inevitable love poetry. We do not get a Burns once in a century. Such a poem as, "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast," will unlock the

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founts of tenderness while the English language lasts. Only now and then can any poet forget his art in the rush of his emotion. But when those rare moments come, the miracle happens and art is created with the fire within it that never burns out. This is the case with one of the earlier poems in Miss Teasdale's anthology, with the old, heartbreaking lines by Dinah Mulock Craik, "Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas!" No cry was ever more poignant. One turns the pages of this admirable little anthology, where women have voiced all phases of love from the lighter to the graver, where the psychology of love is in every way revealed,—and comes suddenly upon this old poem with its utter reality. At once he is moved to tears and re-lives it as if it were a personal experience. The poem that can, after long familiarity, hold the power to move you, has in it that something that conscious art can never attain; something that dwells, for example, in the old ballads like "Helen of Kirconnel."

Naturally Mrs. Browning and Christina Rossetti stand out conspicuously in the anthology, and A. Mary F. Robinson, whose "Songs From an Italian Garden" haunt one like a pervasive perfume. Alice Meynell in "Renouncement"; Laurence Hope, with all the fervour of the "India Love Lyrics"; Lizette Woodworth Reese, with virginal reticence; Edith Thomas, whose "Passer-By" is at once so brief and so memorable,—these and many others whose work is well known are represented by excellent selections. But Miss Teasdale has not taken away the joy of discovery by giving us only poems already belonging to us. We are the richer by many lovely things unknown before, and while all anthologies have their heights and their levels, one wanders through this one with few disappointments and with an almost constant sense of charm and beauty.

For the sharpest contrast, perhaps, in the book, let us quote Rosamund Mariott Watson's "Requiescat" and Emily Dickinson's "Choice." The former is sensuous, infinitely sad, steeped in the mood of the nineteenth century; the latter is crisp and stark, with something of challenge, as of a Puritan first daring to confess she loved at all. "Requiescat" says,

Bury me deep when I am dead,
  Far from the woods where sweet birds sing;
Lap me in sullen stone and lead,
  Lest my poor dust should feel the spring.

Never a flower be near me set,
  Nor starry cup nor slender stem,
Anemone nor violet,
  Lest my poor dust remember them.

And you—wherever you may fare—
  Dearer than birds, or flowers, or dew—
Never, ah me, pass never there,
  Lest my poor dust should dream of you.

And Emily Dickinson declares:

Of all the souls that stand create
  I have elected one,
When sense from spirit flies away
  And subterfuge is done.

When that which is and that which was,
  Apart, intrinsic, stand,
And this brief tragedy of flesh
  Is shifted like a sand;

When figures show their royal front
  And mists are carved away,—
Behold the atom I preferred
  To all the lists of clay!

There is no question which of these two poems is the more original; the one bites like the bleak New England wind; the other, though less original, has something of the beauty and sadness which we find in Celtic poetry. Both have their own finality and not the least interesting part of this anthology is the opportunity it offers one to compare the work of women in their most intimate expression.

The only quarrel we have with *The Answering Voice,* is that we do not find in it any of Miss Teasdale's own poems, an omission for which we forgive her only because she has made them accessi-

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ble to us in the new volume of *Love Songs*. Here is the impulsive, wholly unconscious charm that belongs to everything Miss Teasdale writes. Indeed, the word "writes" is a misnomer, for these poems seem always to have been created by the lips and not the pen. And the reader soon finds them upon his own lips, for they are poems that become so quickly a part of the memory that one no longer needs to look for them upon the printed page. This is the lyric test; only poems which have at once music and magic become so instantly the possession of the reader.

Miss Teasdale is like a sensitive instrument responding to every emotion of life. These brief songs seem to be improvisations, catching the mood before it can depart. If a sonnet is a "moment's monument," much more are these lyrics which give you feeling while it is yet keen and alive, as in "Message":

I heard a cry in the night,
  A thousand miles it came,
Sharp as a flash of light,
  My name, my name!

It was your voice I heard,
  You waked and loved me so—
I send you back this word,
  I know, I know!

In all of these poems there is a flame, a flame that is unquenchable as a torch blowing in the wind. The accumulative effect of them is one of joy. Even the "Songs Out of Sorrow" serve but to enforce the truth that happiness is inherent and regenerative, the inner health of life. It is hinted here in the "Wood Song":

I heard a wood thrush in the dusk
  Twirl three notes and make a star—
My heart that walked with bitterness
  Came back from very far.

Three shining notes were all he had
  And yet they made a starry call—
I caught life back against my breast
  And kissed it, scars and all.

This period has few lyric poets like Sara Teasdale. She is the Elizabethan of to-day: one of the purest and clearest voices in our poetic literature.

Ten years or more ago we found a small volume of verse by a young poet whom we did not then know, and glancing casually through it came upon the lines:

Across the fields of yesterday
  He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play—
  The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully
  Once he has crept within,
I wonder if he hopes to see
  The man I might have been.

A lyric so crystallised, putting so much into so little, is not found in every casual survey of a book, and examining more carefully *The Rose-Jar,* by Thomas S. Jones, Jr., we found it to be a book quite out of the common, a book of a beauty restrained and elusive, a beauty which we could not always capture in words—but why should one profane a subtle thing by definition? Time went on and brought several volumes by Mr. Jones, all deepening and enriching, until they attracted the attention of that diviner of spirits, Thomas B. Mosher, who inaugurated his *Lyra Americana* series with *The Rose-Jar.* This autumn he adds to the series another and maturer book by Mr. Jones, *The Voice in the Silence.*

Reading the poems consecutively, one has the feeling of withdrawing deeper and deeper into some still place; a hush is upon everything, as if one entered into a sanctuary. It is a quiet altogether mystical, as if invoked for us by one who had found the serene beauty at the heart of life. It is the mood which comes upon one who wanders alone into a wood, dreaming in a still, autumnal peace. A line of Mr. Jones which has always seemed to me of especial beauty suggests it all: the line in which he declares that

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Here in the silence one may ever find
That last strange peace whose name is loneliness.

These are pregnant words in a little compass, words speaking of that solitude which is the deepest companionship because it is at once self-realisation and a sense of the immanent Spirit. James Lane Allen opens an appreciative introduction to the book with the words, "The one whole song of this poet"—and one not familiar with Mr. Jones's work would wonder at the expression. But it is aptly made, for it is "the one whole song" that we realise in *The Voice in the Silence*—the unity of the poems and the singleness of the ideal that shaped them.

Using the objective as a base, the poems are immediately transmuted into the subjective. They are written out of experience that has subtilised and passed into a spiritual effect. As in the work of certain painters, one is conscious only of the atmosphere and not of the detail, these poems give one the aura, the radiation, and not alone the fact. They may sometimes seem too subtilised, too refined in their apprehensions, but blending in "the one whole song" they affirm a definite creed of life, the creed of one wholly dedicated to his ideal and obedient to the vision. "In Excelsis" is perhaps the highest note in the book and the one where restraint gives place to ecstasy; where the poem is created from the immediate joy of life and youth and nature, all given as an oblation to the divine. But as this poem is too long for us to quote, the lines to "The Great Poets" may be substituted. They recall to me the picture of the Libyan Sibyl with the mystic book:

As great-winged angels they must seem to me
The land was very fair, yet very strange,
No words had touched the lonely mystery
Of hill and valley and the seasons' change.

I walked alone—yet dreamed that one might bring
Some day, somehow, the words that then would tell
The wished-for answers to my questioning,
A miracle to solve the waiting spell.

Then they like great-winged angels with a book,
Written in golden words on every page,
Came one by one and gave me, with the look
That I had sought so long, this heritage:

The truth in law and beauty, and the lore
Of all the dreams that had come true before.

One finds often in Mr. Jones's work a kinship to Arthur Upson, whose early death was so regrettable—something of the mellowness of Upson's words, the golden clarity as of light through stained glass. Mr. Jones has done an admirable group of sonnets upon Upson in a former book, and the "Elegy," a beautiful Sapphic in this book would seem to have been written to him. There is, too, the same sense of nature as a refuge and the constant seeking for the eternal in the evanescent, that characterised Upson. These things are suggested in the lyric "Dusk at Sea" with which we must take leave of Mr. Jones's book:

To-night eternity alone is near:
The sea, the sunset, and the darkening blue;
Within their shelter is no space for fear,
Only the wonder that such things are true.

The thought of you is like the dusk at sea—
Space and wide freedom and old shores left far,
The shelter of a vast immensity
Sealed by the sunset and the evening star.

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SCIENCE AND LEARNING IN FRANCE*

BY ALBERT SCHINZ

THE book which bears this title means to be a manifest, and is the outcome of a fine example of American initiative. It was planned by a far-sighted man whom America has already placed high on its roll of eminent citizens, and who has now added a new leaf to his laurel wreath: Dean Wigmore, of Northwestern University Law School, and who was chosen President of the American Association of University Professors in 1916. The idea of *Science and Learning in France* came to Dean Wigmore a few months only after the Great War had broken out and as the deep moral, social and political significance of it all appeared with frightful clearness to the observer's eye. Something had gone wrong, tremendously wrong, in the world which allowed such gigantic horhors to come to pass. We had been led astray completely: so this challenge to civilisation was the outcome of the much heralded German culture—contempt for sworn treaties, savage methods of warfare, lust for domination by brute force! So this was the efficiency so highly praised—the efficiency of Atila, Gangiskan and Nero! And let no one say that the war was the deed of one small military class. At the very beginning of the hostilities, the manifest of the "Ninety-three German Professors" allowed no doubt that German scholarship meant to be solidary with militarism, approved of the violation of Belgium, approved of atrocities "to hasten the end of the war." As to the standing of the German people with their Kaiser, it may be called loyalty or stupidity, it is equally shocking either way. From such quarters our country, our professional men and our schools had drawn abundant inspiration for half a century! No wonder if there had been an estrangement between the people of this country and its scholars; for it has been a frequent subject of controversy why there was no contact between scholarship and life in America, why those who ought to have been the intelligent leaders of the nation were an object of distrust, if not an object of open contempt on the part of the people; remember the patronising air with which our newspapermen talk of professors; we still can hear the attacks on President Wilson when people said: What good could come from a school-teacher? And we well know also that when some university president becomes prominent in public affairs the professionals will say, He is not one of us! It will be a matter of everlasting confusion for American colleges that people preferred so long the rule of the bosses to the rule of the educated people.

The German influence began to be felt just about after the Civil War. It grew out of a rather remarkable set of coincidences. Dr. Harris, in 1867, founded and edited *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy,* and when a few years later he was made Commissioner of Education in Washington, he had many occasions to spread in the educational world his Germanophile tendencies. He certainly meant no harm, but it so happened that at that time, too, on the one hand, America was just ready to take up the problem of higher education, and that, on the other hand, Germany began to be lulled by Bismarck into pan-Germanistic dreams. As a consequence in drawing inspiration from Germany, American scholarship absorbed, without really knowing it, a system of education

*Science and Learning in France: With a survey of opportunities for American students in French Universities: An appreciation by American Scholars. Edited for the Society for American Fellowships in French Universities, 1917, by John H. Wigmore, Dean of the Faculty of Law of Northwestern University.

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that hatched imperialism and Prussian methods of crushing individualism. The victory of her arms in 1867 and 1870 added to the prestige of Germany, and abroad (even in France to a certain extent) it was too easily taken for granted that a country great in warfare will necessarily be great in progressive thought also.*

Things went on in their regular course from bad to worse, until, however, about ten years ago a vague feeling of unrest became noticeable. Some began to realise that the spirit of our scholarship in some way did not fit in with the real conditions and aspirations of this nation. The writer can testify to this at least in the field of modern language and literature. It has been very remarkable that ever since 1909 the presidential addresses at the annual meetings of the Modern Language Association have all been to the effect that something must be changed in the spirit of our classrooms and of our studies. Let us recall especially the witty speech of Professor Grandgent, of Harvard, at Philadelphia in 1911. The author contrasted the so-called Dark Ages of mediæval civilisation, when Paris was the centre of learning, with the so-called civilised age of German (he did not use the word) culture. But we only allowed ourselves to be amused, not warned, and we continued pretty much in the same rut until the shock of the war made us understand that no action would be too quick to free us from an evil past. We had evolutionised into that unfortunate state of mind, we must now revolutionise out of it.

*So that there may be no misunderstanding, let me say here that the influence of Germany before that time has been vastly exaggerated. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries everything of course was English or French culture in America; and the influence of the Goettingen movement has been misrepresented. (The writer has discussed this point elsewhere and hopes to print more about it soon.) And especially is it untrue that American transcendentalism was a sort of continuation of German transcendentalism, the word having a completely different meaning in the two countries.

This is where Dean Wigmore stepped in. How was the revolution to be conducted? Not only by ceasing to be Prussianised, but by seeking inspiration from fellow-men whose general trend of thought was more related to that of the American people. This was the case in France. France, like America, had been struggling—sometimes with more, sometimes with less success—toward social justice; the two republics had started the struggle hand in hand at the end of the eighteenth century. This, indeed, would be a much more congenial atmosphere for our youth to study in, especially for jurists, philosophers, historians and men of letters. And for those who go abroad, they certainly ought to be directed toward France rather than Germany, against the custom that has been prevailing so long, a custom, moreover, which had grown to be not much more than a fashionable habit. Dean Wigmore then proposed the following plan:

> A committee of eminent American citizens would secure the subscriptions necessary to provide ten or more graduate fellowships for American students in French universities; each fellowship would be held for two years; each year, for ten years beginning in 1918, new fellowships would be awarded. After these ten years, the tide would have well turned; for the publication of the competition in all American colleges and universities would have focussed the attention of all branches of learning on the attractions of France for the purpose. And the returning graduates would become professors in our universities.

If the spirit of the two countries is similar, one might ask, however, whether the scholarship of France was such that it was worth while for young Americans to visit its schools. This was a matter about which Americans were apparently completely in the dark; indeed, German scholars had made good use of their acquired prestige to belittle French science abroad. Dean Wigmore decided to have the case judged on its own merits. Let us hear him again.

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For some years past he had been surprised and concerned over this singular ignoring of the achievements of France in the scientific world. Knowing well enough that in his own field there was not the slightest ground for it, he sought to ascertain what the facts were in other fields. Aware that in all the world-aspects of law—Roman law, comparative legal history, contemporary legislation, criminology, philosophy of law, administrative law, international law—French scholarship and useful attainments, point for point, were in every respect the equal and in some the superior, of German scholarship, he wondered whether it could be possible that French distinction was confined to that unique field. And so, whenever occasion offered, he made inquiry of colleagues in other fields, who would know the facts. And invariably he found the same response—whether in mathematics or in psychology, in physics or in philosophy or philology. Whatever the field, French science and learning were just as far to the front as in law.

So, with a view of illuminating his countrymen at large, Dean Wigmore started the inquiry, the results of which are related in his book. Representative men in all fields of science were asked to state facts regarding the achievements of French scholars, especially in recent times. There was a hearty response from all quarters, sometimes an enthusiastic response. Thus, within a few months, the various chapters of the book were ready: anthropology, archæology and history of art, astronomy, botany and agriculture, chemistry, criminology, education, engineering, geography and geology, history, law, mathematics, medicine, philology, philosophy and psychology, physics, political science, religion, sociology and zoology.

The result of this great investigation is imposing, indeed. The expectations of Dean Wigmore and his friends were more than fulfilled. The volume, besides being a revelation to most of us, is also a beautiful testimonial to the modesty of the French scholar who made so little effort to claim the applause of the world. We will not offer here a dry enumeration of men and work. Let us say that the one criticism that can be made is that names occur to one's mind constantly which might have been included. The chapter on Law is too short; no doubt because one of the editors was Dean Wigmore himself, who felt too modest about his own subject. But the fact that after all it is chiefly in the development of the ideas of social right and wrong that France and America were inspired by a common ideal, made that chapter probably the most important. Let us hope that Dean Wigmore will soon develop these few pages into a large book. In the chapter on History we miss names like Thiers, Guizot, Mignet. In Economics, we miss the name of Melon, the Mandeville of France. In Education, as the editors went as far back as the sixteenth century, why did they not regard the debt of humanity to the French Jesuits of the seventeenth century (who may have erred seriously as confessors, but did some admirable work as educators) and to the Jansenists? The word "Philosophy" seems to have been taken in a somewhat narrow sense; names like Caro and Paul Janet, and more recently Séailles, ought to have a place, not to speak of Brunetière, of Suarés, of Schlumberger, of Péguy, who, although belonging to the field of literature also, were none the less more philosophers than many who bear that name. But in all cases, as the reader can see, each name which must be counted as an omission means, in fact, a new argument supporting the theory as a whole.

There are some entertaining features here and there; for instance, it is pretty to read that France, which was held up by devoted Germanophiles, as a country having lost the sense of the divine, has, in the words of an American authority, "undeniably the leading school in the world for the historical study of religion."

Elsewhere, we find side by side these two passages: "In the University of Paris, only one professor lectures in edu-

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cation, announcing three courses under the general caption: 'Science of Education and Sociology,'" (91)—and: "It may fairly be asserted that during the past generation no country in the world has succeeded better than France in accomplishing the triple purpose in teacher preparation (to know one's subject thoroughly, to know more than one's subject, and to know how to teach one's subject)," (90). How characteristic! Germans would deluge America with books on how to teach, and finally America discovers that the French are those who know best how to teach.

And, apropos, it is delightful, too (Dean Wigmore is a shrewd editor) to have ex-President Eliot, who had after 1870 reorganised Harvard according to the Germanophile ideas prevailing at the time, write to-day the Introduction to the volume, *Science and Learning in France*. Well, why should President Eliot not take a little trip to Canossa when Alexander von Humboldt, contrasting, in much earlier years, Paris and Berlin, characterised the latter as "an intellectual desert, an insignificant city, devoid of literary culture;" and we know that Goethe thought so all his life; and Nietzsche again expressed himself in the same way at the end of the nineteenth century.

Space allows one word only about the last part of the book. There are three most valuable appendices destined to give information to the American students in France, written by Professor Geddes and Professor Vibbert. They complete the indications given under each particular chapter. There seems to be a general agreement on one point: both American and French professors recommend to American students to go first to one of the provincial universities, where they will find excellent teaching, much personal attention and good insight into the life of the French people, and to go to Paris only later, when they can profit better by the advantages of the great city.

As to the idea that one reason why American students did go to Germany was the lack of diplomas in France, this is a complex problem which would deserve special treatment. In the writer's opinion there is only a fraction of truth in it. Diplomas have existed now for American students in France for ten years, and only few have taken advantage of them. Students have ceased to go even to Germany to get a doctor's diploma. And the reason is this: To get positions to teach in America they depend upon the recommendation of American universities, and as the latter recommend their own students when asked for names of candidates, there is a practical advantage in taking the Ph.D. at home. This is perhaps regrettable, but it is a question whether it can be easily changed.

In conclusion, it would be a pertinent question to ask how this new attitude of America toward France is related to the former attitude toward Germany. Is it an altar erected against another altar? In such things it pays to be frank, and the personal interpretation of the writer would be: *yes, it is!* At the same time, lest people who do not wish well to the movement should have an excuse in putting an erroneous interpretation to this, some explanation will do no harm. It is, of course, not an altar to France against Germany, but an altar to science as cultivated in France. In other words, the movement is not directed against scholarly work done in Germany, but against German scholarship, for, there may be scholars in Germany who are not German scholars. German scholarship, as differentiated from science in Germany is mediæval. Why did Luther and Calvin rise against scholasticism? Because the fate of a theory to be proved or disproved was decided upon before examination as to its merit had taken place; the argument had to fit the conclusion, not the conclusion the argument. *Scientia ancilla Ecclesiæ.* And now, after the German scholar had for three centuries hailed the men who had freed them from demonstrating the infallibility of the Church, they them-

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selves accept to demonstrate the infallibility of the Kaisertum (historians and philosophers), or to make discoveries with the view of supporting Kaisertum's claims before the world (natural science) *Scientia ancilla Cæsaris*. Another large class of scholars, the philologists, were kept busy with matters desiccating the brain and rendering it unfit for any important thinking; we must not be deceived about this, the dry-as-dust German dissertation (which we have imitated so profusely in this country) is exactly as mortal to intellect as were the drills in absurd dialectics in the Middle Ages: "Ham causes us to drink; drink quenches thirst; therefore ham quenches thirst."

Let no one answer that scholarship is necessary. Nobody denies it. But Frenchmen have it too (as our book abundantly shows); *but* it does not kill their brain. Renan, for instance, who was, if you like, a philologist, but an intelligent philologist, was at least as profoundly erudite as German scholars working in the same field. Only, instead of making a show of erudition he built some scholarly conclusion—a conclusion which may be disputed, but which meant use of considerably more brain than just heaping facts upon facts. Let us quote a very recent example. German philologists for decades had studied French epics; it is true that more Germans had studied them than French; and true that they had accumulated facts; but they did mighty little with those facts; here a little historical problem was elucidated, there some new relation of manuscripts established, or again some new and better reading proposed. That was about all. Now, about ten years ago a Frenchman, M. Bédier, came and in a few years he had looked intelligently over the whole field and written down the momentous *theory* in which he explains the special character of the mediæval war songs by the fact that they were pilgrim songs. His erudition is as formidable as that of any German scholar, but this is *not* the main thing. There, in a nutshell, we have the two scholarships, the deadly and the productive. It is in thinking of such examples that we say that we were *dazzled* by German scholarship; which dazzling has brought about the absurd notion into the heads of many of our students that as soon as their study becomes interesting they no longer get science. Nobody will contradict us if we maintain that this is pretty well the accepted standard in our college youth even now—namely, that they do not consider that they actually work unless they are bored.

Let us follow the flag held by Dean Wigmore, and things will change materially in a short time!

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SOME RECENT BOOKS OF WAR ADVENTURE

BY C. M. FRANCIS

READING too many volumes of war stories, diaries, and impressions and reading them at too short intervals may account for a certain callousness in the following remarks. The present gluttony in this class of war books certainly must have some damaging effects, and in my own case it has very likely blunted whatever degree of discrimination I may have previously possessed. At any rate I can seldom see any essential difference between them, and when such a difference does emerge, it never seems anywhere near so important as it does to a host of distinguished persons, including sometimes the French Academy, sometimes the leading authors of our day, and always the writer of the preface, if the writer of the text has been killed at the front. Take, for example, so good a book as *Ma pièce,* by M. Paul Lintier, of which an excellent version, under the title *My 75,* has just appeared in English. It has received the Montyon prize and for a year past has been applauded as one of the best books on the war. "There is no reason," says its competent translator, Mrs. F. W. Huard, "why it should not live on forever. Further than a really great literary talent, this work reveals the profound and generous soul of the entire *Jeunesse française.*" Everyone who has read the diary of this gallant young artilleryman, killed at the age of twenty-two, will wish it to endure. It is the work of a fine, eager spirit and it is well done, clear, vivid, unpretentious. No one can deny that he had the gift of narration. But it is promise, not fulfilment, after all; and there have been too many like him. France is too rich in Paul Lintiers to remember them singly.

Unquestionably it is on a high level and so is *The Student in Arms,* by the late Donald Hankey, and *In German Hands,* by Charles Hennebois, and the *Letters and Diary* of Alan Seeger. But the trouble is that when one continues to read them that level seems always the same. Each might have written the book of the other. As to the personal narrative of Mr. Frederic Coleman, *With Cavalry in the Great War,* it might have been written by the sort of newspaper man whose articles we skip after reading the first paragraph:

> I was attached with my car to the Headquarters Staff of the First Cavalry Division, Major-General H. de B. de Lisle, C.B., D.S.O. commanding. The Echelon A. Divisional Staff Mess consisted of General de Lisle, Colonel "Sally" Howe, 11th Hussars, G.S.O.1; Major Percy Hambro, 15th Hussars, G.S.O.2; Captain Cecil Howard, 16th Lancers, G.S.O.3. . . .
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Over a cup of tea at Colonel Bridges's headquarters, I met an old acquaintance in Lady Ross, who had that day handed to the Queen of the Belgians a cheque for one thousand pounds for Belgian sufferers. Lady Ross told me of an interesting conversation with King Albert at luncheon. . . .
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Many folks visited the Belgian army in the trenches during those January days. Less than a week after we had visited Furnes, a couple f us ran to Dunkirk on Sunday to buy some fresh fish, a delicacy as rare as it was wholesome. While in Dunkirk I saw Lord Northcliffe and my old friend, Max Pemberton, who had come over for a "week-end at the front" with the Belgians. The next day eighteen German aeroplanes flew over Dunkirk and dropped several bombs, doing some material damage and killing one civilian.

These passages not only fairly represent this book, but they are severely typical

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of a great many others, written in the thick of things. Considering the agitation of their lives, it is astonishing how reposeful their writings can be—astonishing, that is to say, till one overcomes the naïve assumption that you can make a writer interesting by the simple process of exposing him to shell fire. Solemn ones, like Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson write nobly of duty and death and the purification of their own characters—

> The great uplifting thought is that we have proved ourselves men. In our death we set a standard which in ordinary life we could never have followed. Inevitably we should have sunk below our highest self.

Light-minded ones, like Captain Ralph W. Bell, abound in anecdote and soldiers' slang; busy, fluttering ones jot down any detail that occurs to them in the belief, apparently, that the reader's war interest will carry him through the whole mad miscellany; but they all seem as the years go by to be writing in platoons. The war has put their minds in uniform.

There are three recent volumes of this class, however, to which this rule does not apply, and it so happens that all three are by Frenchmen. M. Henri Barbusse in *Le Feu* is not so enslaved by his own experience that he can merely record the passing of events, or note his immediate impressions, or paint a graphic picture of some little corner at the front. He writes with a free imagination, makes guesses, expresses opinions, reveals a definite point of view. The great adventure has set his own mind adventuring, and in contrast to his book, the others seem like documents, or pious memorial volumes, or collections of extracts from the average war articles in the magazines. Whether this difference will appear to those who read it only in the present English version under the title of *Under Fire* it is hard to say, for the translator has come down upon it rather heavily and he may have succeeded in flattening it out.

The two other distinguishable volumes are *Dans les rides du front,* by G. de Pavlovski, and *La Guerre, Madame,* by Paul Geraldy, the first an agreeable combination of idiosyncrasy and common sense carried off in a pointed style, and the second a lively, graceful, quite irresponsible and unreflecting narrative of a young soldier's last day of leave in Paris before returning to the front to be killed. M. de Pavlovski, by the way, in common with M. Barbusse, attributes to the French soldiers in general a determination to carry on the war for the purpose of ending all wars and not in a spirit of mere patriotism. "The army of the Allies," said he, "is an army of civilians which alone in this struggle of giants can overthrow the old military idol which dishonours our planet."

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STEVENSON IN HAWAII

BY ELEANOR RIVENBURGH

III

FOUR years later, on the 20th of September, 1893, Robert Louis Stevenson returned to Hawaii. The writer, his personal attendant, Ta'alolo, his cousin, Mr. Graham Balfour, and Mr. A. S. Goold, comprised the party from Samoa. Mr. Stevenson and the young chief who accompanied him remained in Honolulu, their travelling companions resuming the voyage to San Francisco.

After a trying investigation by the medical authorities into a case of measles aboard the liner, the novelist was permitted to land, and, establishing himself in the Bella Vista cottage at Sans Souci, a seaside inn, where he had intended to abandon himself to relaxation, he began immediately his work upon *The Wrecker,* the material for which was gleaned almost entirely from the characters that frequented the tavern.

Mr. Stevenson found many changes on his return to Hawaii. His friend King Kalakaua had died two years before, and Queen Liliuokalani, his sister and successor, had been dethroned. A provisional government had been established, and the people of the islands, in a state of anxiety and uncertainty, awaited either the restoration of the monarchy or annexation by the United States.

To the Queen, living in retirement in her home at Washington Place, Mr. Stevenson hastened soon after his arrival, to pay his respects and to assure his friend of his loyalty to her cause. At the conclusion of the visit, after a discussion of the situation in Samoa, where the writer had espoused the cause of the islanders against foreign usurpation and was engaged in chronicling political events, Mr. Stevenson remarked on taking leave:

"Your Majesty, you and I are making history."

After his return to Honolulu Robert Louis Stevenson was besieged by his friends, but his physical condition compelled the author to discourage all attempts at entertainment.

One of the companions of the novelist during his second visit to Hawaii, was Mr. Allan Herbert, a retired capitalist, who is devoted to the memory of his friend.

"I had met the Stevensons," said Mr. Herbert, "the first time they were in the city, and so intimate had we become that I was regarded by them almost as a member of the family. But there was one evening of which I must tell you, which happened before I knew them so well.

"They had invited me to dinner, and in honour of a distinguished author I had made great preparations. I had spared no pains to appear at my best, and, perspiring freely in my claw-hammer coat concealed beneath a linen duster, I gave orders to my coachman to drive me to the Stevenson home. Arriving there, I presented myself with due solemnity, but I was greeted by a joyous outburst of laughter and applause.

" 'Oh, look at Papa Herbert, will you!' called out Mrs. Strong, and immediately they all proceeded to twit me about my fine feathers and how I must fancy myself dressed up like a gent's furnishing store.

"You can imagine my enjoyment of the situation, when, on looking round me, I found the ladies of the family attired in the graceful loose gown of the islanders, and the distinguished author, for whom I had struggled into evening clothes, enveloped in a comfortable bathrobe, after his swim in the sea, and coolly and smilingly smoking his cigarette!

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"After that we became the best of friends, and I lost no time in proving that I was as bohemian as the others.

"Mr. Stevenson, on his return to Honolulu, four years later, gave me much of his society, for which I was naturally grateful. We were always most congenial, and in return for the stories with which he entertained me—and which I observed were always of his home in Scotland—I would tell him my reminiscences of the early days in Hawaii, in which he was deeply interested. I remember once taking him in my buggy to the plains of Waialai, which I had once seen covered with the skeletons of warriors, many of which had remained in the exact position in which they fell. This was during the conflict between Kalanikapule, a rebel chief, and Kamehameha V, who, after a battle on the site of Sans Souci, at last succeeded in driving what was left of his enemies over the cliffs of the Pali.

"Often of an afternoon I would call for Mr. Stevenson, and together we would drive in my basket phaeton to my Kahili home—a charming place with its blooded stock, acres of roses and tropical trees from every part of the world, of which Mr. Stevenson never seemed to weary."

Professor Scott, who renewed his friendship with the novelist during his second visit, spoke of the occasions of their meeting.

"Mr. Stevenson and I, being equally fond of an outing, we two often enjoyed long tramps together.

" 'Your style, Mr. Stevenson,' I remarked to him one day, 'sometimes fascinates and sometimes oppresses me.'

"The writer was interested at once.

" 'Wherein, my friend?' he questioned me.

" 'It is very strange,' I told him. 'In some of your work you betray the ruggedness of Carlyle—rugged enough to require translation for the mediocre mind—and in other moments you have the mellifluous flow of Hawthorne.'

" 'By Jove!' Mr. Stevenson exclaimed, stopping abruptly in our walk. 'By Jove, Scott, I believe you're right! For if there be two men I most admire, then those two are Hawthorne and Carlyle.'

"At another time I said, 'How is it that in all your fiction you are so powerless to draw a convincing picture of a woman, but an old pirate you are more skilled in delineating than either Marryat or Cooper?'

"The writer was thoughtful for a long moment before he answered me.

" 'I suppose,' he reflected, 'because we are attracted mostly by contrast. And poor devil that I am,'—here, facing me, he held his hand on his breast,—'See!' he exclaimed with a ringing voice, 'here am I as tall as you, weigh ninety-eight pounds, and can span my chest with my hand! Oh, man, but if there be anything I have all my life admired, it is vigorous physical brute strength! Strength! Give me strength, and I care not who portrays it!'

"Once I remember telling Mr. Stevenson that I preferred his essays to any of his other work.

" 'Different styles for different men,' he answered.

"He then questioned me closely about these islands and their people, and his attitude was always one of deep feeling and sympathy for the last years of a declining race.

" 'I am not in sympathy,' said Mr. Stevenson, 'with every form of progress, but the march of civilisation goes on, and we are all victims of evolution. You cannot stop the wheels of progress, which bear some to glory and crush the weaker races in their flight!'

"Then in his characteristic manner he broke off lightly, 'Now take your friend in Tokio,' he said. 'He who you told me on our first meeting had been a classmate of mine. *He* was a progressive man, indeed. In the university he was a brilliant scholar, especially in the mathematical branches, but I could never be interested in those. My thoughts were too crowded with action and characters—and I shall never forget when the time came for getting our degrees.

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He was blithe and I was melancholy. In the Scottish and English universities the dons sit round and hurl oral questions at their victims, and when I went up to the old Scotch professor who had taught, or rather had tried to teach me, he looked me over for a while, and then he drawled, "Well, Stevenson, a man comes up here once in a while to be quizzed for a degree that I can at least say I'm doubtful of, but I cannot lay claim to a single doubt about you."

" 'Weel, sir,' I returned fretfully, 'ye need na be for vexin' me in your distasteful insinuations, for weel I ken not only hae ye nae doobt aboot me, sir, but that I hae nae doobt aboot mysel'. Tell me, man, an' you've a mind to that, I'm a flat failure and be done wi' it.'

"What a successful failure he was!" said Professor Scott.

Soon after the arrival of Mr. Stevenson, at a special meeting of the Scottish Thistle Club, a resolution was passed to appoint a committee to visit the illustrious brother Scot, extending to him a cordial welcome and the privileges of the club-rooms during his sojourn in the city.

Mr. William Frederick Wilson, who was one of the committee of three to wait upon Mr. Stevenson, described the interview:

"We had ridden out as far as the bridge, in the old horse-car, and after a mile walk, which was warm and dusty, we entered San Souci Hotel. It was approached through a spacious *al fresco* sort of lounge- or club-room, where of an afternoon or evening the most eminent men of the city assembled. Here, seated in a small rocking-chair, dressed in white flannels and a blazer coat, with an iced drink beside him, and his customary cigarette between his fingers, we came on Mr. Stevenson looking out to sea.

"I knew him at once by his likeness to his photographs, and the spirituality of the man. He was like some rare old portrait come to life. But although he was so Latin in appearance, we knew him for our brother as soon as he began to speak to us. He was an easy conversationalist, asking each of us what part of the old country he came from, and following it up by whipping in some entertaining anecdote of that locality—Arbroath, Dundee, Cromarty—they were all familiar to him.

"In consideration of the health of Mr. Stevenson we feared to detain him for too long an interview, but whether we would or no, we were there over an hour—our discussions embracing Scottish affairs and the review of personal family histories.

" 'What a queer old world this is we're living in!' Mr. Stevenson once exclaimed. 'Here's a parcel of Scotsmen sitting in the middle of the Pacific blithely discussing their pedigrees!'

"At this interview Mr. Stevenson, being requested to give an original talk before the club members and their friends, consented, and we lost no time in completing the necessary arrangements for the event.

"On the evening of the lecture with the club-rooms filled to their capacity, Mr. Stevenson arrived amid appreciative applause, and, advancing to the platform, smilingly addressed his audience:

" 'Ladies and gentlemen and brither Scots: I trust you have not come here under a misapprehension. I am no public speaker. If there is one thing that frustrates truth and obfuscates the public mind it is the gift of public speaking. My reason for consenting to give this talk lies in that weakness, or strength, that binds Scots' hearts together wherever they meet each other. I cannot say why we are proud to be Scotsmen; the fact remains that we are. It is not that our land is sunny like these tropical isles, and its climate is not lovely. Scotland's history contains little that is not disgusting to people of humane feelings. That long brawl which is called Scottish history contains scarcely one object that we can have any patience with. First there was a long period during which the wild Celts were cutting each other's throat and trying the thickness

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of each other's skull. Coming down a little further, we come to the time of Sir William Wallace, the Guardian of Scotland, a man far ahead of his time, who, if not particularly amiable, had some humourous qualities. Following him came Robert the Bruce, a little humourous and certainly amiable. He was something of a rogue (laughter)—that kind of a political rogue which it may not be indelicate for me to mention, as I have come from Samoa, where we are all politicians (laughter), and the most offensive kind of a rogue is a politician. (Loud laughter.) Bruce figured in a time when the nobility were grasping at everything in sight, each without any regard for the rights of property in his neighbour's cow.

" 'Coming to the Reformation, we had two great characters—John Knox and Mary, Queen of Scots—and I must confess to a foible for Mary in my sympathy. (Laughter.) It is true she blew her husband up and committed other little eccentricities, but she was rather a good fellow. Scotland owes much to John Knox. Every Scotsman in his heart of hearts knows that perhaps to him more than anyone else belongs the credit of our country's advancement in education. But we cannot find anything amiable in Knox, "he who never feared the face of man." Following the great Reformer came a whole host of priestlings. Persecutions and trials for witchcraft then became general. The great struggle on behalf of the Solemn League and Covenant was a conspicuous feature of those times. The Covenanters were very interesting, but could anybody ask me to sympathise with them? They suffered themselves to be killed simply because they could not kill others.

" 'I find difficulty in arriving at the real facts of the succeeding period,—for we cannot believe contemporary history,—but where there was so much smoke there must be some fire, just enough to light a cigarette. Coming then to the '45, we tried to start another government and failed, but we sacrificed ourselves with some degree of dignity. Prince Charlie was safely hidden when anybody by betraying him might have made a small fortune. This exhibition of unselfish devotion shows that there is some good in Scotsmen, after all. Here Scottish history ceases.

" 'A little further on there came a very interesting patriot—I will select one type—a judge of the High Court of Justiciary. He was a very celebrated lawyer, but unconscionably cruel. "Hang!" was his one word. I do not recollect his name at this moment, although it is on the tip of my tongue. (Probably Lord Braxfield, whose favourite maxim was, "Hang a thief when he's young, and he'll na steal when he's auld.") " 'The most apt sample of this gentleman's wit was given during the trial of Muir and Palmer for showing sympathy with the French Revolution. One of the prisoners displayed a great deal of eloquence in his own behalf, while "my lord" sat listening. The criminal came to a point where he said that all great men had been charged with being criminals, not even excepting Jesus. "And I think he was hanged," was the cold observation from the bench. A story is told of his lordship's butler giving him "notice," his reason being that he could not get along with "her leddyship." The master ejaculated, "God, an' if ye were married to her!" (Loud laughter.)

" 'So, I have run my eye over a long part of Scottish history and find nothing but what was desperately cruel and brutal. Yet there is some good. There are the beautiful songs and ballads of Scotland. There is Patrick Walker, grim enough, but whose songs were filled with human sympathy. I come to one, however, who sums them all up—Sir Walter Scott. (Applause.) Scott was an incarnation of kindness and good nature.'

"The speaker concluded his brilliant talk with the following eloquent passage:

" 'I would recommend everybody to read, not only the Waverly novels, but the life of Sir Walter Scott by his son-

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in-law. Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott* is in places crushingly pathetic. When you rise from its perusal you are melted, consoled, benefited. Another thing I feel very strongly. I received a book the other day called *The Stikkit Minister*,* with a dedication to myself which affected me strangely, so that I could not read it without a gulp. It was addressed to me in the third person and bade me remember those places—

Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,
His heart remembers how.

"'Now, when I think of my latter end, as I do less frequently as it seems more imminent, I feel that when I shall come to die out here among these beautiful islands, I shall have lost something that had been my due—my native, predestinated and forfeited grave among the honest Scotch sods. And I feel that I shall never quite attain to what Patrick Walker calls, in one of those pathetic touches of which I have already spoken, my "resting grave," unless it were to be on one of our purple hillsides, under one of our old, quaint and half-obliterated table-tombstones slanting down the brae, and "where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying," '—here the author, pausing, added with deep feeling,—"my heart remembers how!"

At the close of the evening Mr. Stevenson requested to be presented to a lady in the audience he had heard was related to Tati Salmon of Tahiti, that High Chief of Papara who had conferred upon the writer, by an ancient rite, the family name, thereby acknowledging him as blood-brother and kin to the Teva tribe.

The mother of the present writer, a cousin of the Tahitien chief, has often described that meeting to her family:

"He came down the aisle slowly toward me, and I stood to acknowledge the introduction. He was taller than I and he leaned slightly, looking straight into my eyes, with an earnest questioning gaze. His arm, which he laid across my shoulders, was frail, yet, as it rested there, I could detect its hidden firmness. His close presence aroused in me a maternal impulse to press him to me as one I had long and dearly loved. And later in the night I awoke exalted in the realisation of the spiritual power for good in such a man.

"The next day father and I called on Mr. Stevenson at Sans Souci to offer him a riding-horse for his pleasure while in Honolulu, and we found him lying on a wooden bench absorbing the warmth of the sun, his arms clasped beneath his head.

"During our visit I spoke to Mr. Stevenson of Miss Tuira Henry, who was engaged in compiling a history of Tahiti from old documents collected by her great-grandfather, the Reverend John Osmond, of London, sent out as a missionary in 1796. It was a remarkable undertaking, some of the manuscripts, translated from the earliest traditions of Tahiti, being so obsolete that a search had to be made through the Society Islands for men and women old enough to be able to translate the ancient forms. Mr. Stevenson, who was interested, immediately asked me if I could persuade my friend to waive formalities and bring her to luncheon the next day. I left him with the assurance that she would be honoured by the invitation.

"On our arrival the following day we were met by Mr. Stevenson, to whose wife, but lately arrived, we were presented. She was very affable and charming, and from the moment of our meeting we became the best of friends.

"Mr. Stevenson was deeply interested in Miss Henry's history of Tahiti, and round the luncheon table he questioned her closely about her manuscript. At his request she related the tradition of the twin brothers—one of whom started south and the other north. She was describing how the latter, in the diary of his journey, referred to stopping-

*A minister who, having failed in his first sermon, remains without a call.

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THE BUST OF STEVENSON, BY ALLAN HUTCHINSON, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

places in the continuous chain of islands from Tahiti to Owyhee, the Land of Fire, when our host startled us by smiting the table so that the glasses rang—

"'There!' he cried, turning to his wife, 'have I not always contended so? And have not my theories been always subjected to doubt?'

"After luncheon, Mrs. Stevenson, having planned to take Ta'alolo for his first trip on the railway, grew impatient at the delay of the arrival of the hack that had been ordered by her husband, and after waiting for some time our host sent for the hotel proprietor. On inquiring why he had not telephoned for the conveyance earlier, Mr. Stevenson was told that the carriage had been wait-

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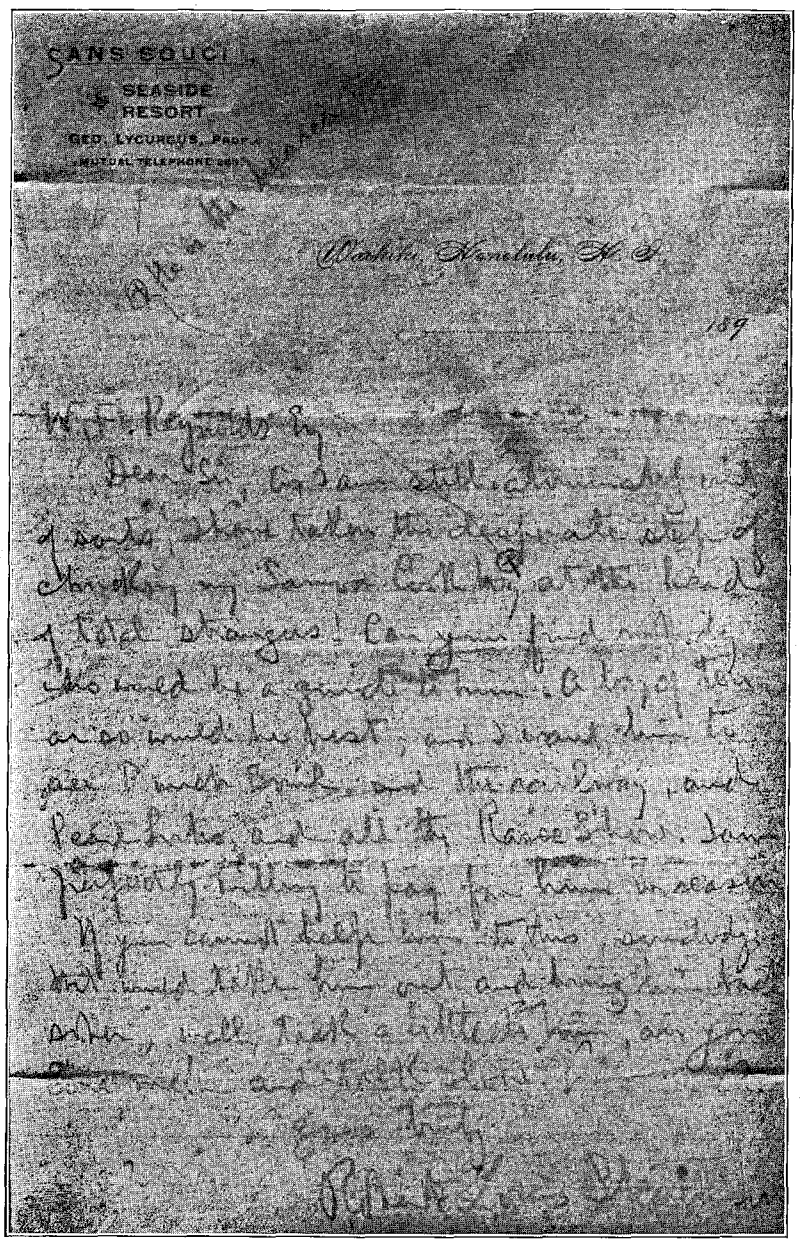

"AS I AM STILL ABOMINABLY OUT OF SORTS, I HAVE TAKEN THE DESPERATE STEP OF CHUCKING MY SAMOAN COOK-BOY* AT THE HEAD OF TOTAL STRANGERS! CAN YOU FIND NOBODY WHO WOULD BE A GUIDE TO HIM? A BOY OF TEN OR SO WOULD BE BEST; AND I WANT HIM TO SEE PUNCH BOWL, AND THE RAILWAY, AND PEARL LOCHS, AND ALL THE RAREE SHOW. I AM PERFECTLY WILLING TO PAY FOR HIM IN REASON.

"IF YOU CANNOT HELP HIM TO THIS, SOMEBODY THAT WOULD TAKE HIM OUT AND BRING HIM BACK SOBER, WELL, TALK A LITTLE TO HIM AN YOU LOVE ME! AND TALK SLOW.

"*HE IS THE BEARER."

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STEVENSON PAYING HIS RESPECTS TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

ing for half an hour. But the writer's patience had been too sorely tried.

"'And are your guests, then,' he demanded sharply, 'supposed to announce the arrival of the carriages they have been waiting for?'

"The proprietor, however, telephoning to the station to request that the train be held, and Mr. Stevenson offering an apology, everything ended satisfactorily."

Mr. Daniel Logan, editor and manager of the *Daily Bulletin* Publishing Company, who, at the time, was living with Mr. Allan Hutchinson, the sculptor, relates that, urged by the request of several men of letters in the city, he had approached Mr. Stevenson about a second lecture, and had been assured of the writer's co-operation for an interesting evening.

"From the moment of the announcement in the newspapers," said Mr. Logan, "the demand for seats was prodigious, and we were unable to find a hall with sufficient seating capacity to accommodate all those who wished to attend. We had about decided on the most likely place in town, when the writer was again stricken with a severe recurrence of his malady. Naturally the evening had to be postponed, Dr. Trousseau forbidding the public appearance of his patient at the peril of his life.

"But we had not entirely abandoned the hope that Mr. Stevenson would address us again, and one afternoon during his convalescence I thought to call upon him. He was sitting to Allan Hutchinson at the time, for a bust which later was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, and when I arrived Mrs. Stevenson and Dr. Trousseau were sitting close beside the patient.

"I remember him distinctly," said Mr. Logan. "A rug about his feet on that sultry day; the shadow of death seeming to hover over the pallor of his face!

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SANS SOUCI.
SEASIDE RESORT
GEO. LYCURGUS, PROP.
MUTUAL TELEPHONE 203.

Waikiki, Honolulu, H. I.,

Oct 18th 1893

Dear Sir,

Kindly inform the Scottish Thistle Club that I have the honour of accepting their proposal to name me Honorary Chieftain of the Society. It would be idle for me to try to express the sentiments with which I accept this office. Wherever two or three British Scots are gathered together, they will be understood going very deep.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

W. F. Wilson Esq.

STEVENSON'S LETTER TO THE SCOTTISH THISTLE CLUB, OF HONOLULU. THE MEMBERS HAD EXTENDED A CORDIAL WELCOME AND ALL THE PRIVILEGES OF THE CLUB TO THEIR BROTHER SCOT

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"At the mere suggestion of a second lecture Dr. Trousseau vehemently protested.

" 'But, doctor,' said Mr. Stevenson, raising himself feebly, 'I cannot find the heart to disappoint all these good people who have waited for me!'

"At that," said Mr. Logan, "Mrs. Stevenson rose and left the room, soon returning with a wallet. She approached me. The good little woman wanted to pay from her own purse the loss that would be incurred, rather than consent to the risk of her husband's life. That was a loving thought in her! We were all silent, knowing the anxiety she must be suffering, but, as usual, Mr. Stevenson saved the day.

" 'Ah, weel,' he drawled, 'hae it your own way. For, truth to confess, it would be unco tough to dee for a two-bob lecture!' "

Mr. Stevenson, before his final departure from Hawaii, being approached for a few words of appreciation by the proprietor of the tavern where he had lived, paused beside the guest-book and inscribed the following lines:

"All those who desire such old-fashioned things as good food, pure air, clear sea-water and delicious sunsets hung out before their eyes over the mountains of Waianae, I cordially recommend to the Sans Souci.

R. L. S."

On boarding the S. S. *Mariposa,* in which they returned to Samoa, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson found their cabin bright with flowers, and a number of loving friends to cover them with "leis" and wish them God-speed.

Governor Cleghorn and Mr. Logan, approaching the author alone in his cabin, presented to him a silver thistle, the emblem of his native heath, to replace a small enamelled one that he had previously worn. Mr. Stevenson was deeply touched. Clasping the hands of his friends, and with a catch in his voice, he assured them that nothing but death should part him from this emblem of the land which he so dearly loved. But even death was powerless to deprive him of the token of esteem which he wore from that day forth in the lapel of his black velveteen jacket, and he was laid away with the little Scottish thistle close to his heart.

(*The End*)

MAGI

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL

THREE clouds of sunset gather with their gold:
What strange persuasion does the half-light bring!
Just now I thought they grew like camels, each
With purple slung, and carrying a king.

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WHEN ROSITA RENARD PLAYS

BY FREDERIC DEAN

SEÑORITA ROSITA RENARD—to have the full poetry of her name. There is something very genuine about her playing; something very powerful and poetic; something very serious and *sympatica;* something very appealing and assertive. She has fingers of steel and can strike hammer blows; she has what Maeterlinck calls "a caressing power" and fondles the notes with a loving touch, turning the stiff, mathematical precision of the *pianoforte* into a musical instrument of temperament and tenderness. Possibly her five years' training in Germany is responsible—in part—for her seriousness, for she is most serious when she plays, never giving way to the littlest of smiles and acknowledging her "bravas" with the simplest of bows, but with it all she is *sympatica* to a degree. She almost makes one love austere, majestic Beethoven. When Anton Seidl had concluded his first—a trial—season at the Metropolitan Opera House he was asked to give an orchestral, symphonic concert, which he did, in old Steinway Hall. And *he* played Beethoven. The memory of that symphony still lingers. At the end of the first movement the applause was "rather indecent"—as one listener put it—that is, indecent for Beethoven. At the close of the work we all stood on the benches and waved our handkerchiefs. For Seidl had put something of his own *into* the Beethoven and had made it warm and pulsating and alive. This is exactly what Señorita does when *she* plays the master's music. Of course, with just an ordinary cold, unimpassioned *pianoforte* she has not the chance that Seidl had with his strings and wood-winds and brasses—instruments that sing and laugh and cry at will—but she does it. That other South American artiste, Carreño, used to do it—a little—but not with the lovely, youthful fancy that inspires the Señorita. She makes one feel that the dear old soul of righteousness, the incarnation of musical honour and justice, had more of the human in him than some of the lovers of the classic would allow us to believe. Von Bülow played Beethoven for us once—played him for four consecutive days. As a conductor von Bülow was a pure delight. He found more real beauty and passion, more sweetness and light in Brahms than anyone who has interpreted him to Americans. He made his instruments as pliable as did Nikisch—almost as captivating as did Safonoff. But when he sat down to a Beethoven sonata he evidently thought of nothing but the metronomic marks.

But Miss Renard plays other music than that of Beethoven—Liszt and Debussy and Chopin and all the other composers of ecstatic things of sensuous beauty and grace and charm and feeling; and here she is most appealing and assertive. She throws her head with a sudden, quick movement, as if to help her in her exuberance of joy and sorrow, of fervour and ferocity. Rhythm she has, cultivated to the "nth" power. No women in the world have such graceful wrists as the Spanish women; and no others can do such wonderful things with their fans. And, being Spanish, the Señorita loves to show us in her dance music—*The Beautiful Blue Danube,* as arranged by Liszt, for example—what she would love to show us with her fan.

Chopin she plays as if she had been with the composer down on his island retreat and remembers it as *he* played it to her there. There is a hectic flush on the music, a very palpable glow of faint pink, a colour stain that stamps it as peculiarly Chopinesque. Her Chopin calls to mind other days in Chickering Hall—days when de Pachmann was young and vibrant and did not have to have his piano tuned sharp in the high notes to get the full brilliance of the

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SEÑORITA ROSITA RENARD, THE CHILEAN PIANISTE

crescendoes. Then there are the Russians. These appeal to the player most keenly. For here is youth, here is abandon, here is a dynamic force that no other creatures of music do or may possess. In the interpretation of this music of the revolutionists the Señorita crouches over her keys like a panther—exulting in its modernity, in its freedom from form, in its likeness to nothing save what was hinted at by Liszt, by Schumann, by Chopin—by all those free and untrammelled souls who have felt and lived and expressed in their music the uplift of a world unfettered and unbound.

When Miss Renard plays she gives us of her soul; she steeps us in the hypnotism of a magic spell; she brings us back again and again begging for more and satisfies us with the exquisite perfection of gifts of which she is most prodigal.

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ECHOES

I. FROM HUNGARY

I WAS engrossed at my desk. Behind me the casement clicked. I turned to see the red shock of Terry O'Brien's head in the embrasure.

"'Tis a nice calf," he grinned.

"That's good," absently, my mind not yet detached from my work.

"'Tis a heifer," he added, more to attract attention than to inform me, for his first adjective had implied as much. His Celtic eyes did not corroborate his grin. As a bearer of good news he had a guerdon to ask. "The woman's got a letther," he began, cautiously, feeling for the limits of my patience. "From over beyont, ye know, I tell her 'tis no use to keen at all, 'til ye know they're gone, but she won't pay no 'tention. Queer like, ye see. Would ye speak wit' her?"

I picked up my papers with a sigh. "Send her in."

A woman of Terry's own sort would have been easy to help—sympathy, and the comforts of a Mass for the imperilled souls have been their havens of peace through the sorrows of ages. But this woman was of different mould and different race. In the strangely mingled elements which made up our local population she, alone, absolutely defied assimilation. "Hunky" was the nickname of Terry's stepson, but no European blood could have proved so irreconcilable to our tolerant understanding. What common ground ever drew her and the dogmatic Irishman together I could never conceive; he, surely, was one who would never even try to comprehend her. In return for my own frank interest she gave deft and generous body service, but not a flicker of response from her hidden mind.

Now her nervous step, followed by the inevitable patter, was already clicking down the hall. "Did O'Brien tells you?" she demanded, breathlessly. "It's terr'ble!"

A swift, wiry, vital creature, wrapped in a ragged army coat, she revealed a dramatic intensity beyond the scope of her usual picturesqueness. Ordinarily she struck one's colour sense as a study in carmine and black. To-day her face was bloodless, but her brilliant eyes lit its dead-gold pallor like wild flames. A hand picked unsteadily at her apron. Tense as a terrier a child slipped from the cover of her skirts to explore the room. A smaller one, with an old-world kerchief tied round its little head, dropped on all fours and clambered over to my sleeping collie pup. An infant, strapped to a pillow, was unslung. I drew a chair before the fire; she dropped into its support with sudden limpness.

The remembrance of some native wine struck me, and I hunted up the decanter. Its taste drew her out of her abstraction. "That's good! Over there in old country be's everybody drinkin' it. Nor here them grapes don't got it the same taste, anyways." Her odd intonations, her consonants strangely muted or spoken with the open throat, made my own tongue sound alien to my ears. "We make always some—well (the shade settled back over her face and her voice fell) I don't guess they do nothing, no more."

"Got a letter." She produced a scrawl that bore much evidence of being wept over. "My mother say my brother how he should write to me. He say how they don't got scarcely nothing to eat, nothing to keep warm. He is it killed (she meant wounded, but there are no middle courses to her feeling or to her expression of it) on his leg is off, so he is it at home now. Well, sure she say she's got one the wars wont take again

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nohow. That's way she always is—always smile, always make jokes on nothing and laugh so, like she was young yet.

"Now he say she is cry, cry, cry her life out; worse to see her than to don't got it to eat. It's the next to last boy. He was only a seven months' child, and she think, when he is small, she wont raise him. Sure, there was lots more—six boy, and us girl besides,—nor she think the mostest of him. She's bathed him in wine, and milk, and eggs, and—well, anything peoples telled her to, only to save him.

"Three years ago she see, in her heart, what is come. She says how he shall leave her, and come here,—and she so touched to him, too! ('Touched' gives a sense of the nearness, the tender responsiveness between mother and child, which she rejects my 'attached' as inadequate to express. She takes our words and makes them vigorously her own.)

"Then they comes, and says how he must go by the army, must serve his time. Well, sure, then it is only two months he shall serve. He is in the army, now, it is more as three years. So little he is, like that," she put a hand out by her shoulder. "Sure they got no uniforms to fit him, so small he is. Nor they don't get mens neither—they just takes all they got what is men at all. And now, when his three years is up with those Serps, sure this comes." She shook her head with the weary motion of one beyond her mental comprehension.

For a moment she gazed tensely into the blaze; then all the bitterness of woman's sorrow for hopeless generations filled her voice. The monotony of brooding left her tones; they rang. "My mother cries when we all go by America; sure she knows, now, we are all alive. Nor, for all the children she's raised, she don't got left only just my brother, who's one leg, got it, and the other. Be it he's shot now, and sent home, sickness takes him, anyway, so the wars don't. And nothing, nothing is to help." She sat back again, listless, exhausted, cried out of all tears.

We sat there, silent. She was right. There was nothing to be done. One could only let her ease her heart. There was a catch in my own throat as I thought of this mother living out the tragic realisation of what she had foreseen. Perhaps she even blamed herself for the mother-love that held her boy by her side that little too long. Certainly she had the bitterness of feeling her life had been spent in vain. The love of country which upholds many another woman in like case was not for her—these were ever aliens in a strange land. I remembered the sneer of the woman who gave me the first clue to my visitor's Tzigane blood, "Over home they don't let them sleep in the town!" But they let them fight and die for the mother country whose stepchildren they were in time of peace!

She would reck little of the physical pain, this mother of many—there is a strong fibre in such souls which helps them endure that calmly, like the beasts who know death for a friend. It was the hunger of her spirit after her weakling, the closest to her, because he had the greatest need, that could not be assuaged. I could read the capability of such feeling in her daughter's face—how much more would time and knowledge have written in her own.

The fire whimpered brokenly. The woman before it sat motionless; her eyes were fixed there but her sight was far away. The long oval of her profile, the full passionate mouth, the curious barbaric earrings, dominated my sense of familiarity with my own quiet room. Her redundance of vitality was seizing my imagination; I was using her senses. Again I knew, in her dreams, she was back in the arch-roofed van, rolling through the narrow streets of plastered towns, clad in crude colours, blended with the grime of travel. Again her mother's massive form stooped over the odorous pot on the open fire; horses stirred and champed their feed; goats bleated for her to milk them; men lounged, laughing and talking with words long unfamiliar to her ear. Again

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the sun shone warm as it ever does in happy memories.

Over all floated a cloud, gathered from the patient anguish of women's faces, the helpless tragedy of their eyes. There crept into our spirits the wild, heart-rending wail of a Tzigane dirge. We both knew that letter was the last.

John Breck.

II. THE BOOKSHELVES

Hello, Tom Sawyer, up there on the shelf!
You and Huck Finn come down and spend an hour with me.
There's a fine fire on the hearth and a fine rain outside.
And to-night I'm lonely—lonely for such as you.
I'd like to go again to school with you
And watch you flirt with Becky Thatcher;
Or to the island with you and your boon companions,
To play at outlaws and to search for great adventures.
What happy, care-free days those must have been!
And now to think that I, by opening the cover
Of blue and black and gold,
Can bring them to me here and have them real,
And make myself forget all that's wrong with the world!
. . . No, there are some things that I can't forget:
Here they come crowding in the pages of the book,
Between my eyes and you and Huck and Injun Joe
And all the others: drive them out again—there's a good boy!
. . . . . No use—they will not go.

Tell Alice to come down—Alice out of Wonderland
And from behind the Looking Glass!
She and her mad, immortal crew are fit companions
For me to-night. I feel tired and foolish—
Foolish enough to laugh and wonder
At the strange masque of nonsense. Come, I'm going now
To the March Hare's tea party; and I wish that I *were* there,
To match my wits against his repartee
And save her from the impudence of those three cronies!
Yet how I'd love them! . . . Isn't this delicious? . . . And this?
And who but Carroll, who but Tenniel, could portray them?
. . . Carroll! He'd find his Oxford rather empty now;
And Tenniel—if he were living, what do you suppose
He would be drawing? Many Alices, and Queens of cards and chess,
And Jabberwocks and Cheshire Cats—all the fantastic gentry?
There's a Monster far more terrible than any Jabberwock
That he'd be drawing now for *Punch:*
A Monster with a helmet and a breath of fire! . . .
Alice, Alice, can't you hold me, can't you bind my thoughts
To your sweet self? Is it your fault or mine?

Alan Breck Stewart's there; King Arthur, and the Cranford ladies—
And Cinderella; and a hundred others,
So far removed from all the gross reality of life!
But how should I fare with *them?* Across the pages

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Where Scheherezade charms the Sultan with her tales
And peoples Bagdad with a throng of life and colour,
And makes me see bright spears a-glitter in the sun,
Or hear Badoura's voice calling to Camaralzaman,
Or smell the meats and spices from the royal kitchens
. . . . . across these pages
I see the British army marching into Bagdad!
Oh God—but it is beautiful to think of!

I will not leave, will not desert my friends the books,
Lest they, in days to come, turn cold to me;
But while I read, I must endure the other words
That always sound in my ears, dance in my eyes:
That tell me fires are raging back of the living line
We're battering against in France; that broken bodies
Are yielding up their thousand, thousand souls—
Or clinging to those souls like heavy fetters.
That Freedom mocks and stabs herself—like Justice blinded;
That all the old times the poets knew and sang of
Are gone from off the earth—oh, for how long, how long?

I am so tired of thinking: I thought that I could rest
Among my friends here. . . . Well, if there's rest in all the world,
Such as it may be, here's where I shall find it.
The log burns bright, the rain is falling gently,
The shelves are full of friendly, tried companions:
I think they're smiling at me, every one.
. . . Now who'll come down and spend a quiet hour with me?

Katharine Stanbery Burgess

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"H. C. L."*

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

INITIALS are the modern symbols of fame. It is no longer enough to be a plain, simple great man—with a good, honest name—like John Morley or Bill Taft. Abbreviation—attenuations—these alone connote true distinction. There was a time when men of eminence were content with the names, surnames and given names which pertained to them; but now they hanker after the glory of initialdom. A certain obstreperous American was once well enough satisfied to be known as Mr. Theodore Roosevelt; to-day he would doubtless not recognise himself under any appellation save "T. R." In the eighties a struggling Irish author would have rejoiced to be known—even as Bernard Shaw; to-day even his wife calls him "G. B. S." So pronounced is this initialising craze that Mr. Edwin Lefevre has memorialised it in a singularly brilliant and captivating story of metropolitan "nerve" which bears as title simply the initials of the bold, bad hero.

From his post in "The Conning Tower" a witty observer has noted the conspicuous and paramount features upon the surface of modern life. These he has made famous by the simple process of initialising them. Thus he began with himself; and who is there so benighted who does not thrill with the joy of recognition, at the sight of the initials "F. P. A."! Without labouring the point—which is keen enough to have made itself felt already—I would aver that this is the origin and cause of the widespread public recognition of the high cost of living—its perpetual leaping to the eye in the challenging and cryptic form: "H. C. L." Of course it must be acknowledged that prices are really going up; that Governor Capper is once more howling about the Western farmer; that somebody has recently gobbled up fifty million dollars on flour; that we have a food administration; that we pay fourteen dollars and thirty cents to maintain a soldier to every one dollar that Germany pays; and—that we are at war to make the world safe for democracy. But it cannot be successfully denied that "F. P. A." had made the "H. C. L." famous long before August 1, 1914. Indeed, it may be said that the "H. C. L.," thus initialised, would have been famous had Prinzip never fired the world-conflagration with an assassin's shot.

How little does the average person understand the practices as opposed to the principles, the despotisms as distinguished from the laws, by which foodstuffs are produced, marketed and sold! The "Common People," caricatured daily in the press as a frowsy but genial idiot, complacently imagine that prices have some relation to supply and demand. The childish assumption is that if crops are bumper and cattle flourish abundantly upon the Western plains, therefore the prices of wheat, corn, butter, meat to the consumer will fall in response to the economic fact of increased supply. But this is a fallacy, carefully fostered by the text-books on economics. Manipulation, if uncontrolled by law, makes ducks and drakes of such principles as that of supply and demand, for example. America is receiving to-day one of the most salutary lessons in all of her history. If ever there was a country drifting, nay, lunging, with rapidly accelerating speed toward lavish extravagance, wasteful frivolity and epicurean laxity, that country was the United States of the other day. The very word "joy-ride" is an eloquent symbol for the

* *The High Cost of Living.* By Frederic C. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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attitude of a people who zealously mortgaged their homes to buy a Tin Lizzie. Life itself became one mad, unending joy-ride—an irresponsible breaking of the speed laws of modern economics and of ancient thrift.

If the war has for us many a challenge, many an appeal, none is so compelling, so salutary, as the challenge to set our own house in order, the appeal to protect America, economically, for herself. To-day we no longer look askance at socialism and its fruits, the municipalisation of industry. There is nothing more impressive, from the social and economic standpoint, than this great fact emerging from the war while yet at its height: that men and nations, whether despotism, monarchy or republic, resort inevitably to socialism and its practices, in forms more or less universal, at the margin of desperation. This may express itself in a food dictatorship, in the municipalisation of the fuel supply, the taking over without compensation of the railroads of a country, the nationalising of all industries in munition manufacture. So powerful has become this influence that already leading men in England—like Gilbert Chesterton and Norman Angell—are talking freely of a universal industrial revolution in England after the war. The influence of socialism in the political councils of Russia since the downfall of the imperial régime has been, whether more for evil than for good, an influence of extraordinary power and aggressiveness. As I write a candidate for the position of Mayor of New York City asserts (with how much reason the election alone will show) his confidence in his own election. From the standpoint of America, one of Germany's supreme problems of internal administration and liberation is: how to make the Reichstag, more than a third of the membership of which is socialistic, something more constructive in legislation than an ineffective debating society.

The cause of the high cost of living, as pointed out by Mr. Howe in the opening sentence of his most valuable and timely work, is that "the feeding of the nation has been left almost wholly to chance and to unorganised, uncontrolled agencies." This country is in the infancy of governmental control of industries, as compared with Germany, for example; but it is clearly time to grow up and to learn as we grow. As matters stand to-day you and I, instead of being under the protection of a governmental control that will prevent profiteering and industrial pyramiding, are at the mercy of thousands of individuals and organisations devoid of national conscientiousness and united for the sole purpose of exploitation and the securing for themselves of the maximum of profit. It is undeniably true that the banking and credit of the country are highly organised; that the great industries—steel, iron, oil, tobacco, etc.—are integrated by means of powerful systems of administrative control; that transportation itself is organised to a high degree. But, while it is true that the Federal Government has elevated agriculture to a place in the Cabinet, it remains equally true that the farmers to-day suffer from a shocking and remorseless tyranny as yet unremedied in any adequate way through government intervention and control. The greatest concern of all—the feeding of the people—is "wholly unorganised, wholly disintegrated." No permanent remedy can be effected until a searching and comprehensive study has been made of the problem of the feeding of the people from the point of view—not of the wholesale or retail merchant, not of the commission merchant, not of the middleman, not of the trader whose trade supervenes, in various shapes, between the acts of production and consumption—but of the producer and the consumer. There is one outstanding fact driven home with relentless logic by the author of the present work: the imperative necessity for the socialisation of man's first industry, which precedes all others in immediate, material importance, the industry of keeping himself alive.

To-day certain things are happening to agriculture in this country which, unless wisely checked and judiciously con-

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trolled, must produce, within a brief period, a state of affairs so alarming that the material welfare of millions will be both threatened and jeopardised. The price of food has rapidly increased, while production has either remained stationary or substantially fallen off. The prime class to whom we look for increased production, the farmers, are gravely discouraged by conditions; there is a rapid increase in urban as compared with rural population; and there now remain more than four hundred millions of acres of land in the United States unimproved. The growth of tenancy is so startling that we can scarcely believe the figures: an increase up to 37 per cent. (1910) of farms in this country operated by other than owners. Along with these disquieting conditions go certain disturbing facts which confront all classes: that prices are abnormal; that the food supply is far below normal, and that the stifling by industrial interests for selfish ends of the free play of the law of demand and supply creates artificial prices in the interest of monopoly. For example, the prices of the twenty-five most common and necessary food commodities of the average family have almost doubled between April, 1915, and April, 1917. The actual "prosperity" induced by the war has not gone to the great bulk of the people, but principally to the favoured two per cent. who own among them sixty-five per cent. of the country's total wealth. While the privileged classes are thus fattening on war profits, prices of foodstuffs are "tangoing with the stars" and food production, instead of rising, is slowly falling.

The problem of profits is analysed with entire lucidity in this admirable volume; he who runs may read. The destruction of the incentive to production is the curse of the American system. The price of the chief article of food for a great part of the civilised world, for example, is "fixed by a group of men in the grain pits of Chicago and Minneapolis who have no interest whatever in wheat except as a commodity whose universal use makes it the easiest of all things in which to speculate." By controlling the quotations of wheat all the year round by *fictitious* sales, the grain exchanges depress the prices during the months when the farmer sells; and then, after having bought in the supply on their own terms, they either force up the price or permit it to assume its normal price in the markets of the world. The farmer is powerless, under present conditions, to hold his wheat for the inevitable. The farmer must store his wheat in anticipation of the rise; but he finds that the interests, working in sympathy with the great milling establishments, own or control the storage warehouses. Moreover, the farmer must borrow heavily of the banks in order to hold on to his crop for six months. Again he finds himself in the power of his oppressors; for the very banks upon which he is dependent for loans are largely under the control or influence of the same men who own the warehouses, the mills, and operate on the food exchanges. For example, the speculators got the 1914 crop away from the farmer at a low figure and then put up the price thirty-eight cents for their own benefit. After clearing out the 1914 crop, selling to Europe at high prices, they manipulated the market and bore it down sixty-eight cents in order to get the 1915 crop cheap! By the manipulation of export prices the grain interests gather in another immense profit, running up into scores of millions. Furthermore, the fraudulent practices of undergrading, short-weighing, over-docking and price gouging procured to the farmers a loss of fifty-five million dollars on the four hundred and sixty-eight million bushels of wheat sold between July, 1915, and January, 1916. It is calculated that this type of manipulation procured to the farmers in 1915 a loss on their wheat, corn, oats and rye—i.e., the excess sum paid by the consumers—of more than a billion dollars. This is indeed a "system of financial slavery."

A precisely similar system prevails in the case of the packers and the cattle-

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men. The cattlemen cannot sell to their customers; they must sell to the buyers of the few great packing houses, who arbitrarily and despotically fix the price of meat on the hoof. The cattlemen must accept these prices or ship their cattle home at a loss. The condition which at present renders the cattlemen hopeless is that there are no public slaughter houses and no competition among buyers. The packers control the banks; and the cattlemen, who are too weak financially to resist, must accept the cash prices offered by the packers. The remedy seems to lie in political action alone; and the cattlemen desire the establishment of public abbatoirs as the only means of protection against the system of privately owned stock-yards and packing houses. With government-owned terminals and packing houses, as in Australia, Germany and Denmark, for example, the cattlemen believe they would be protected against the ruinous exploitation to which they are now hopelessly subject.

Another notorious means of abuse is cold storage, which, instead of being, as it should, an agency of universal service and a means of cheapening the price of food, is really one of the principal agencies of the speculator. The wild speculation in eggs in the spring of 1917 forced the price of eggs up to seventy-five cents a dozen here when eggs in England, after two and half years of war, were selling at thirty-two to thirty-five cents a dozen. American eggs passed through fifteen or sixteen middlemen's hands in reaching a market, each one of whom took off a profit! Fictitious sales in "paper eggs" enabled the speculators to pocket excess profits of six million dollars on the Easter trade alone in the United States. By "pyramiding" his holdings, borrowing on a valuation which he himself artificially fixes, the speculator greatly enlarges the scope of his operations and thus further monopolises the market. The fictitious daily quotations of the speculators have been judicially pronounced "untruthful, wilful, deliberate, intentional, systematic and fraudulent." Public ownership again is pointed to as the key to the food situation; and it is believed that the cold-storage evil and with it food speculation can be corrected in no other way than by the public ownership of the cold-storage plants.

There can be no doubt that there is a need for middlemen in many branches of industry. But it is frequently the case that a "legitimate function has been converted into a gambling transaction." In certain instances, great quantities of food have been callously destroyed to keep up the combine; and the "withholding of food to produce famine prices is so common as no longer to excite comment."

The evils of the transportation system, the tyranny of the railroads, have been dwelt upon so often that consideration here is needless. The railroads are run for the railroads; whereas large considerations of national service should continually operate. Railroads, it has been stated, actually make use of alleged car shortage to coerce mine owners to sell coal to the railroad on the road's terms. The railroads themselves are the arbiters as to the freight they haul; and Mr. Howe insists upon immediate public ownership upon the general ground that the railroads cannot be trusted, since it is to their interest in so many cases to decide in opposition to the public welfare. The transportation, packing-house, and cold-storage industries, through a system of interlocking directorates, virtually constitute together a conspiracy. This is the principal explanation of the singular dearth of food in a country boundless in its potentialities for food-production. At a time when the population of the country is rapidly increasing, it is an alarming symptom that the total loss in all cattle was five and three-quarter million head! In the spring of 1917, eight hundred thousand pounds of spring vegetables were allowed to rot on the wharves along the Hudson River—at the very time when the poor of New York were on the verge of food riots. It is a comparatively simple matter for the food speculator, in the interest of maintaining high prices, to inform the farmers, after

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his produce has reached New York, say, that the market is glutted and there is no sale, or only a ruinous one, for his produce. Remove the obstacle of the uncertainty of a market by placing the railroads in public hands, says Mr. Howe, and we should thereby "bring agriculture back to life again and reclaim the abandoned farms of the country to labour." The first and most important aims of government, he affirms, should be to increase the production of the comforts and necessities of life, and then see that those who produce them receive the full result of their labour. "Possibly the improvement in the condition of the people would be so marked that the evil conditions, under which so large a portion of the people live, would pass away and a new kind of society would come into existence born of the absence of poverty, of ignorance, of fear."

THE PEOPLE PERISH

"Where there is no vision the people perish."

BY CHARLES EDEY FAY

AUTHOR of Life!
Father of great and small!
Sovereign whose sceptre rules the wheeling worlds!
Hear now, we pray, a burdened people's prayer,
And bid be still the reddened waves of war
Whose crescent tide o'erwhelms once smiling lands
Vocal with wrongs which, deep and trumpet-tongued,
Cry out to Heaven.

Come in Thy might!
Come in Thy righteous wrath!
Come in Thy panoply of power!
And loose Thy lightnings round the bristling camps,
And crumple up the boasted battle-line,
And batter down the monstrous insolence
Of perjured kings that claim, with shameless lips,
A league with Thee.

Come with Thy Light!
Come with Thy torch of Truth!
Come with Thy Wisdom infinite and sure!
And teach a blind and blundering age to know
That in Thy plan the peasant has a place—
A Right to Life—that kings cannot deny;
That national need is not the test supreme
In intercourse of state with neighbour state
But Common Good.

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TWO PLAYS FOR GROWN-UPS

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I

AN ENGLISH version of *Les Flambeaux,* by Henry Bataille, was produced by Mr. Lester Lonergan on the evening of Wednesday, October 24th. By exact count, this was the fortieth "legitimate" play presented for the first time in New York during the course of the current season; and it was the first of all the forty [with the exception of *The Deluge,* which immediately failed] that seems to have been written by a grown-up man for the enjoyment of a grown-up audience. All the others might have been appreciated easily by children, or by adults lacking both intelligence and education. Our theatre, for the most part, has ceased to be a grown-up institution; and whatever ideas it ventures to convey are commonly expressed in words of one syllable.

Among the playwrights of contemporary France, M. Bataille may be regarded as the eighth or ninth in the order of importance. Assuredly, he does not rank more loftily than that among his colleagues; and, before the first production of *Les Flambeaux* in 1912, he did not even rank so high,—since the late Paul Hervieu was living at that time, to push him further down the ladder. Yet *The Torches* puts our native dramatists to shame, and makes our American drama seem childish in comparison. Like all French playwrights, M. Bataille pays his auditors the compliment of asking them to think. It goes without saying that he is, himself, endowed with brains; for it takes brains to make a practicable play, however empty it may be of permanent significance, and even our American playwrights are not devoid of the ability to think. The point at which M. Bataille surpasses our native dramatists is merely this:—he expects his audience, also, to be endowed with brains. In these times of storm and stress, no soap-box demagogue would dare to stand up and assert in public that Americans, in general, are under-educated and deficient in intelligence. Yet, week after week, the patrons of our theatre are insulted, in these very terms, by a drama which vociferously claims to set before the public "what the public wants." M. Bataille is not so temerarious. He does not venture to insult his public. But then, of course, his public is composed of Frenchmen,—who, when insulted, rise and say, "They shall not pass!"

When a man calls in a doctor, he expects to be told something more about his liver than he knows already; when a man retains a lawyer, he expects to be told something more about the laws of contract or the laws of divorce than he knows already; and, when a man pays money to a dramatist, he has a right to be told something more about life than he has previously known. Why should any person pay five dollars for a pair of tickets to the theatre, if he is doomed to suffer from a sense that he knows as much [or more] about the phase of life that is discussed as the dramatist himself? The only real excuse for the existence of an author—in the theatre, and in the library as well—is that he can tell us something that we want to know, or make us think of something that would never have occurred to us except for the stimulating contact between his mind and ours. Speaking merely as a layman—and not at all as a critic or a playwright—I must confess that the main motive which attracts me to the theatre—night after night, for weeks and months and years—is the constant hope of taking off my hat to some invisible brain behind the footlights that has thought and said something about life

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which my own mind, unassisted by the dramatist, could never possibly have thought and said. We go to the theatre —and this is particularly true of critics —not to teach but to learn; not to assert our own knowledge or experience, but to attend to the testimony of an author who is able to contribute to our education. Mr. Christopher Mathewson could hardly be expected to listen patiently to a lengthy lecture on the craft of baseball delivered by that imaginary "bush-league" pitcher whose living semblance has been drawn in the delightful sketches of Mr. Ring W. Lardner; but is there any greater reason why an educated man should listen patiently to a homily on life composed—let us say—by Mr. George V. Hobart? If our theatre has no mind to set before us that is obviously wiser than our own,—why, in heaven's name, should our educated public continue to pay money for the privilege of going to the theatre?

The habit is expensive, even when the circumstances are ideal. In this period of many taxes, the present writer trembles to reflect that, if he had paid cash for all the tickets that have been sent to him since August 6th, he would have paid at least two hundred dollars for the privilege of seeing one play [and only one] that was written by a man whose mind was big enough to demand a genuflexion from the audience. A professional observer of our theatre is often moved to wonder why the public is still willing to pay money for the dubious privilege of attending the performances of current plays:—it would be so much cheaper to stay home and re-read some perfect passage of eternal literature, like the fifth canto of Dante's *Hell*.

M. Henry Bataille had something to say in *Les Flambeaux;* and this something is discussed very clearly in an eloquent passage of the second act. This passage records a confidential conversation between two great and memorable characters. We are not merely told that these characters are noted men; but we know them to be great, because of the nature and the quality of the thoughts which they exchange. One of them is a Belgian poet, named Hernert, who has been offered the Nobel Prize, but has waived it in favour of a French scientist, named Bouguet, who has recently isolated and conquered the bacillus of cancer. Hernert expounds to Bouguet his philosophy of life and explains his reason for renouncing the great prize in favour of his colleague. Life—according to this hypothetic Belgian poet, whose traits of mind may possibly have been suggested by Verhaeren—is lived on three planes,—the sensational, the emotional, and the intellectual. He attributes his own ascension,—from the first plane, through the second, to the third, —to a reading, at the age of thirty, of the scientific writings of Bouguet. But, when Hernert has paid this humble tribute to the unadulterated reason of Bouguet, the scientist reacts with a counter-confession that, in his own experience, he has recently discovered and resisted a potent tendency to descend from the plane of intellect, through the plane of emotion, to the plane of mere sensation. —In the American theatre, it is, indeed, a rare experience to listen to a colloquy between two characters, each of whom knows more and says more about life in general than has ever yet been thought by the casual and careless auditor.

The story of *The Torches* discusses the difficulties encountered by Bouguet in his effort to conduct his personal and private life upon the lofty plane of pure intelligence. He is a great and famous scientist; and, in intellect, he easily transcends the average man. Yet, this very superior intelligence is continually subject to assaults from suppressed emotions and inhibited sensations which a more commonplace and ordinary man would be able easily to master. Bouguet —because of his intelligent ambition to live forever in the region of pure reason —is easily betrayed to error by those functions of the mind which are by no means reasonable. He is led by his sensations into sin, and by his emotions into perfidy; and his unadulterated intellect

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is subsequently impotent to harmonise his actual experience with his ideals.

Bouguet—in the story of *The Torches*—commits a momentary sin of sex and subsequently suffers for it; although this passing madness has not, in any way, assailed the integrity of his intelligence. Because of one unthinking hour in a lifetime of half a century devoted to the high pursuit of science and the benefaction of mankind, Bouguet is challenged to a duel and wounded mortally in the consequent encounter. But, before he dies, he manages to extract from his impetuous assailant a solemn oath to carry on his uncompleted scientific work, in order that humanity at large may not be made to suffer from the deep damnation of his taking-off.

M. Bataille apparently agrees with Dante [who is, by far, the wisest man that ever lived] that a sin of mere sensation is, after all, a minor matter for a man whose sheer integrity of spirit has not been scotched by this sudden, unpremeditated abnegation. This is a thesis that deserves most careful pondering by modern moralists. Whatever may be said by a dramatic author on this topic is worthy of considerate evaluation by any auditor who is adult, and is not "yet to learn the alphabet of man."

It goes without saying that *The Torches* is a well-made play. M. Bataille is a disciple of Alexandre Dumas *fils,* and has inherited that fine technique which, first formulated a century ago by Eugène Scribe, has been improved by generation after generation of French dramatists. The French are a clear-minded people, and see things as they are. It is a cardinal principle of their criticism that any work worth doing is worth doing well. They expect an artist to learn his craft, and to revere the tools of his trade that have been handed down to him by the great artists of the past. They hold these truths to be self-evident:—that the drama should be dramatic, that the theatre should be theatrical, and that all art should be artistic. The technical merits of a play like *Les Flambeaux* are, in consequence, beyond discussion.

II

The French not only make good plays, but keep them; and a drama so impressive as this masterpiece of M. Bataille is likely to be retained in the French repertory for half a century, so that theatre-goers yet unborn may have the privilege of seeing it. But, in our English-speaking theatre, we throw away our best plays as soon as their initial run has been completed; and the very fact that any subsequent performance is always spoken of as a "revival" gives evidence that we are all too easily accustomed to consider them as dead.

The Gay Lord Quex, by Arthur Wing Pinero, was first produced in London, at the Globe Theatre, on April 8, 1899, and in New York, at the Criterion Theatre, on November 12, 1900. In both productions, the leading parts were played by Sir John Hare and the incomparable Irene Vanbrugh. The piece was exceedingly successful on both sides of the Atlantic, and was accepted by most critics as a masterpiece of modern social comedy. Yet, for seventeen years, *The Gay Lord Quex* has not been acted in either London or New York; and this circumstance reminds us very vividly of the need of an established repertory theatre in both of the great cities of the English-speaking world. To Mr. John D. Williams the public is indebted for the current "revival" of a play which ought not, even temporarily, have been allowed to pass away; and the leading parts are now taken by Mr. John Drew and Miss Margaret Illington.

The Gay Lord Quex is not, like *Les Flambeaux,* a drama of ideas. In this particular play, Pinero did not seek to preach a moral or to sustain a thesis. Instead, he sought to carve clean through the various strata of English society at the outset of the twentieth century, and to render a truthful picture of the intricate cross-section thus revealed. *The Gay Lord Quex* is an epoch-making "comedy of manners," because it skilfully contrasts the manners of the aristocracy with the manners of the proletariat and sets forth a tense and thrilling

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struggle between a profligate who is, despite of all deductions, a gentleman, and a loyal and well-meaning woman who, despite of all additions, remains essentially a vulgar person. If the necessary element of drama is the element of contrast,—as the present writer has ventured to suggest in the opening chapter of *Problems of the Playwright*,—no student will be able to deny that this element is raised to the *n*th power in the personal struggle between Sophy Fullgarney, "manicurist and dispenser of articles for the toilet," and "the wickedest man in London," the Marquess of Quex.

In every endeavour that is worthy of the name of art, there is such a thing as "art for art's sake." *The Gay Lord Quex* might justly be described as a piece of "play-making for the sake of play-making." This comedy is not so weighty in intention, nor so important as "a criticism of life," as *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, Iris, The Thunderbolt, Mid-Channel*,—or even *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* or *The Benefit of the Doubt*. Judging it upon the basis of its subject-matter, the present commentator would feel inclined to rank it no more highly than in seventh place among the collected plays of Pinero. Yet, in method, it ranks among the very first. In this accomplished comedy, the greatest living master of the technique of the drama has revelled in a veritable orgy of technique. From the point of view of sheer mechanics, the famous third act of *The Gay Lord Quex* is the ablest third act in the English language [with the possible exception of the third act of *Othello*] and one of the ablest single acts in the entire dramaturgy of the world.

Every writer who hopes to be a playwright should study this marvellous third act,—again, again, and yet again; for there is scarcely a lesson in technique that is not taught and illustrated with supreme dexterity between the rising and the falling of the curtain on this incomparable passage of dramaturgic composition. This act climbs from climax to climax,—from suspense to more profound suspense, and from surprise to still more unpredictable surprise. Step by step, this "big scene" transcends itself, and yet again transcends itself,—until the bewildered auditor begins to wonder whether dramaturgic craftsmanship shall ever offer, in the yet unfathomed and unfathomable future, a more acrobatic and ingenious exercise than this.

To be sure, the triumph of this monumental act is merely a triumph of technique,—a sort of joyous and exuberant display of "art for art's sake." The subject-matter of this passage is basically unimportant, and means little in the life of you or me or any other ticket-buying person who happens to look in at the performance. But, after all, it is a great achievement to "give rise to the greatest possible amount of that peculiar kind of emotional effect, the production of which is the one great function of the theatre." These words have been quoted from Sir Arthur Pinero; and, in criticising any work of art, it is only just to judge it in conformity with the intentions and ambitions of the author.

Now that *The Gay Lord Quex* has been familiar to all students of the technique of the drama for nearly twenty years, it is easy enough to see that the first two acts are devoted solely to the technical task of preparing cleverly for the apparently unpremeditated launching of the great third act, and that the last act is devoted solely to the technical task of cutting unobtrusively the many knots intrinsically tied at the tremendous climax of the pattern. This comedy is, after all, mechanical; but its mechanism is still marvellous, and, twenty years ago, it showed the value of a new invention.

Any exercise of "art for art's sake" is appreciated mainly by practitioners of the art that is exemplified. Pinero is "the playwright's playwright,"—even as Edmund Spenser is "the poet's poet": and such a fabric as is exemplified in the patterning of *The Gay Lord Quex* is appreciated mainly by those who—in the memorable phrase of Edgar Allan Poe—are able to "contemplate it with a kindred art." It is only those who—to quote a famous line from Dante—have

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"made themselves lean" from writing many plays, that can utterly appreciate the craftsmanship of the third act of *The Gay Lord Quex*. In the undertaking of this act, Pinero has essayed a hard task, and has achieved it perfectly; and thereby—in the eyes of all good workmen—he has "acquired merit."

SOME ART BOOKS OF THE YEAR*

BY RICHARD BURTON

IT SEEMS a far cry from war, whose big black cloud shadows all our modern living, to the serene and sunny ways of Art. Yet art means civilisation, and the only excuse for war is to prepare a better one; so that there is a connection, if it be not apparent. War is for a time, art for all time; and men will return for strength and consolation to the divine ministrations of Beauty long after war and the rumours of war have died away with the mutter of guns and the shriek of shells. Out of a larger number of works in this field, I select a few for mention that seem to call for such emphasis because of importance of subject matter, excellence of treatment or distinction of authorship.

While the output of books in this division of letters cannot on the whole be called notable for the current year, yet some interesting work has been done. For that combination of authoritative knowledge and accomplishment with such power of statement as shall carry the message to large numbers, I should be inclined to give first place to Mr. Cram's *The Substance of Gothic*, a volume incorporating the author's Lowell Lecture series for 1916-17. It is a truly eloquent book, and regarded as a piece of writing will give pleasure to the layman as a literary performance, quite aside from his interest in the theme or his agreement with the view presented. In this sense, it is a real addition to the literature of the subject. Those familiar with Mr. Cram's position as a leading American architect who has done much to reinstate the Gothic in this country, will not be surprised to know that the present volume treats of that great movement as the dominant art evolution of the only Christian commonwealth the world has seen, and as therefore a style, to call it such, which because of its honest expression of the greatest period, overtops all other architectural styles and makes its era the one great era of this art. The very title of his book implies the distinction he would make between the externals of style and the essential spirit of Gothic which relates it to the national life and makes of it something more than the fad of the few or the aristocratic interest of specialists. And it is Mr. Cram's pessimistic conclusion that modern art has fallen upon the days of Antichrist, because of this divorce from faith and national feeling. Everything since the Gothic supremacy spells devolution.

Quite aside from the disagreements from this extreme view,—and they will be many and inevitable,—one cannot fail to admire the earnestness and honesty of

*The Substance of Gothic. By Ralph Adams Cram, Litt.D. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

Concerning Painting. By Kenyon Cox, N.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

How to Study Architecture. By Charles Henry Caffin. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Creators of Decorative Styles. By Walter A. Dyer. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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it, nor fail to respond to the winning power with which it is conveyed. Such a discussion of one of the most important phases of architectural evolution makes for profitable stimulation and a sentiment of gratitude remains that the thesis found so doughty a champion. It surely is a boon to the lay reader to find a distinguished practitioner of an art who, when he turns critic, becomes an essayist of rare charm; more often it is the other way around; the technician is so technical that he is only for the few. I presume that some who take their art narrowly or after the manner of the specialist will object to an artist who thinks like a Christian mystic. They will regard him as naïve and as confusing issues by thus blending the life spiritual with the life æsthetic. But there is exhilaration in such a spectacle in these days of the detachment of art from the larger ideals of living. The frontispiece is a portrait of the author in his academic robes: one look at his fine, clear-cut, ascetic face helps to explain his creed and the position he occupies in modern American art.

Another artist and critic who can also write, and who therefore makes the wider appeal is Kenyon Cox, who, in his volume *Concerning Painting,* gives us a clear and cogent statement of what this art means to him, and when he comes to survey the golden age and the nineteenth century accomplishment is able to do it in such wise as to hold interest and avoid the tendency to dry cataloguing which as a rule disfigures similar investigations. I find the first division of the book, devoted to a general consideration of what painting is according to Cox, the most arresting part of the discussion: probably because it is most Cox, whereas the historical survey puts him in a vast field where the competitors are numerous. To be sure, his individuality of opinion shines forth sufficiently here, too, but in the philosophical treatise, which is basal to what follows, we get most clearly his professional view.

To Mr. Cox, the art of painting subdivides into two parts: imitation, or, as it is often called, representation; that is, the direct reproduction of objects outside the painter in the world he looks upon; and relation, by which he means all that is more commonly contained in the technical word, composition. And it is this latter which introduces the personality of the artist, since the way he composes his picture is an expression of his personal viewpoint. It is good to find that this well-known modern artist believes personality in this sense to be of the very essence of sound art; the proper result of the use of this principle of "relation" being, in his own words, "a unified and intensified expression of that character of the subject which has most impressed the artist and of the feelings and emotions with which that character has inspired him." And he makes the shrewd remark that art has ever oscillated between the two extremes of imitation and relation; earlier, the former was too much emphasised, while to-day, by a natural reaction, there is danger of so much stress upon relation that representation, which after all is of the very substance of good art, will be neglected. In other words, to paraphrase his meaning, the abuse of individualism is inimical to technique.

Throughout, the opinions are freshly, racily put, and there are surprises for the conventionalist in plenty. The writer makes short shrift, for example, of the pre-Raphaelites as represented by painters like Hunt and Madox Brown, when he says: "There is an immense amount of fact in these pictures, an immense amount of thought, a prodigious labouriousness; the thing that has been left out of them is art." Similarly, he thinks that Prudhon, Ingres and Millet are the only nineteenth-century men who deserve the coveted name of "Master;" a judgment that is likely to awaken controversy. It is interesting to note that to his mind mural decoration—there is a final chapter on this aspect of art in France and America—is the most representative thing we have done in this country; and for the reason that its classicism is the most typical trait it pos-

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sesses! This reveals plainly enough the critic painter's faith in the Past as an integral part of all legitimate work of the present or future. There are upward of thirty reproductions of famous pictures.

The title of Charles H. Caffin's *How to Study Architecture* reveals the utilitarian nature of his purpose, and suggests the handbook. But a good handbook is a valuable and welcome addition to the understanding of a given art, and Mr. Caffin's work in this case is well done and has the virtue of being readable and not a bore; although in so wide a survey and with the stern necessity of condensation and selection, his book at times takes on the appearance of the conventional text-book. But he is, from long practice, an essayist on this and similar themes who knows how to write and so spares us the *ennui* which is immemorially associated with works of reference. I wish to add that by the judicious use of black-faced type he, or his publishers, have made the study much more agreeable and easy.

A worthy feature of the treatment may be found in the fact that he starts right, so to say. I mean, that in his Introduction he relates architecture to civilisation, making it an expression of man's desire to combine utility with beauty in the need of building structures against the elements and the enemies of man. Hence, as he happily puts it, these structures, even in the most primitive times, are thus "sermons in stone," for the good and sufficient reason that, in this sense, architecture is the outflowering of a social instinct; and although it roots in necessity, its growth inevitably involves the blossom of the æsthetic, since there is in man from the first, though of course increasingly expressed as man develops, a curious desire to make the utile lovely. Decoration, therefore, is as truly an impulse of humanity as self-preservation; indeed, the aspiration for Beauty *is* a sort of higher self-preservation—the self-preservation of the soul. And the crudest early examples of decoration we have preserved for us proves this, up to the hilt. Follow successive chapters on the pre-classic, classic, post-classic, Gothic, Renaissance, and post-Renaissance periods, the last including a summary on the classical and Gothic revivals, and a survey of the modern situation. In his statement as to what has been done and is doing of late years in the United States, it would seem as if the treatment were a little sketchy, because it is so centred in New York City. It is true that the influence of the Chicago Exposition of 1892-93 is not ignored. But what of the coast architecture, both domestic and public? The adaptation of the Spanish-American style to the unique environment of California certainly is a distinctive feature of latter-day work, but it receives no attention. However, as a whole, this is a useful and pleasant work, and as such to be gratefully received. The illustrations are many and helpful.

A book of a more journeyman pattern, yet not without justification in a field where critical aid is not so common, is Mr. Dyer's *Creators of Decorative Styles*. The author essays to present a picture of the development of decoration as it applies to architecture and the embellishment and furnishing of the home, from Inigo Jones down to Sheraton; that is, from the Renaissance to the beginning of the nineteenth century. He confines himself to England, because the American inheritance is thence. And he aims to warm the story by centring on eleven striking personalities to be associated with the evolution, with the two names mentioned as terminals, according as you go forward or backward. Other names to conjure with are Chippendale Adam, Wedgwood and Hepplewhite. It is certainly a good idea to unite principles with personalities and make human and concrete a movement that when it is only associated with a monarch, like the Empire style, or becomes a matter of dates and technical characteristics, is likely to grow paler in attraction. The trouble with the book before us, so far as trouble exists, is that Mr. Dyer has not succeeded altogether in a vital synthesis of his critical and

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biographical material. It is only fair to say that the data available on the personal side seems prevailingly very scant; to a surprising degree, little is known about these important inventors of style in furniture and other decorative features in the æsthetics of the home. For this reason, perhaps, the most valuable parts of the work are those directly dealing with the shifting fashions, and the particular contribution of the masters studied. As we read, we get a sense of the fact that each decorator and craftsman is but a part of an organic whole, and that a Hepplewhite looks to a Chippendale even as a Sheraton looks to a Hepplewhite. Especially worth while are the chapters on Tijou, the little-known French master of ironwork, a domesticated English worker, and Wedgwood, the famed creator of designs in pottery. The book bears evidences of careless, hasty writing; but it will serve a purpose and is not dull reading. Sixty-four full-page illustrations from photographs explicate the text.

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EXPLORING RUSSIA*

BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

MISINTERPRETING A NATION

DOSTOYEVSKY opens one of his curious political essays by declaring that to the outsider Russia is far less known than the moon, and that sooner will the West discover the elixir of life than gain a true insight into the nature of the Russian idea and the Russian character. He accounts for this appalling lack of knowledge and understanding partly by the puzzling fact that the people that invented powder and numbered the stars turn into hopeless numbskulls as soon as they are confronted by Russia and her problems.

The essay was written in the early sixties of the last century, presumably about the time when in England, according to Gilbert K. Chesterton's testimony, tallow candles were commonly held to be a favourite article of the Russian diet. It would be futile to deny that for the last fifty years, in the course of which the West discovered Russian art, matters have considerably changed, and that the stupendous Russian enigma is fast losing its cryptic character, especially since, in our own days, the Russian multitudes have broken their immemorial silence. Nevertheless, one cannot help recalling Dostoyevsky's words as one watches some of the recent attempts to solve the riddle of the Russian Sphinx for the benefit of the Anglo-Saxon world.

Here is, for instance, Stephen Graham, the most notorious of these Œdipuses. A writer of no mean abilities and apparently a man of wide culture, Mr. Graham has had ample opportunities to study Russia; he resided in the country and is familiar with the language of the people; he has enough sympathy with the Russian character and to spare. In fact, his writings actually overflow with love—the ecstatic and verbose variety of it—for Russia. Nevertheless, Mr. Graham's books, while not devoid of

* The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Russia in 1916. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Russians: An Interpretation. By Richardson Wright. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Russian Court Memoirs, 1914-1916. With some accounts of court, social and political life in Petrograd before and since the war. By a Russian. With thirty-two illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Russian Memoirs. By Madame Olga Novikoff, "O. L." With an introduction by Stephen Graham and fifteen illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Russia of Yesterday and To-morrow. By Baroness Souiny. Illustrated with photographs. New York: The Century Company.

The Russian Revolution. By Isaak Don Levine. With portraits. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

The Rebirth of Russia. By Isaac F. Marcosson. New York: John Lane and Company.

The Shield. Edited by Maxim Gorky, Leonid Andreyev and Fyodor Sologub. With a foreword by William English Walling. Translated from the Russian by A. Yarmolinsky. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

The Romance of the Romanoffs. By Joseph McCabe. With sixteen full-page illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Plays, by Alexander Ostrovsky. A translation from the Russian, edited by George Rapall Noyes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Who Can Be Happy and Free in Russia? By Nicholas Nekrassov. Translated by Juliet M. Soskice. With an introduction by Dr. David Soskice. Oxford University Press.

Russian Poets and Poems, "Classics" and "Moderns." With an introduction on Russian versification. By Mme. N. Jarintzov. With a preface by Jane Harrison. Vol. I, "Classics." New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

A Family of Noblemen (The Gentlemen Golovliov). By Mikhail Y. Saltykov (N. Shchedrin). Translated by A. Yarmolinsky. New York: Boni and Liveright, Inc.

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some charm and interest, utterly fail to give that true and careful interpretation of Russia for which there is now such an urgent and vital need. Mr. Graham's Russia, as portrayed chiefly in his book *The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary,* is the land of Mary's good part, the visionary nation sitting at the feet of Christ deep in mystic ecstasies, the country whose vital principle is Christianity as it was moulded by the cenobites of the Thebaid and the Byzantine monks. Whether or not we relish this left-over Slavophile dish, we can hardly fail to realise that it is largely a product of Mr. Graham's imagination prompted by mystical velleities and by a rather puerile distaste for modern civilisation. Russia of to-day and of to-morrow has but little in common with Stephen Graham's Utopia. Her path lies elsewhere, and her admirable faith is too broad to fit a Byzantine altar. At no other time was it more apparent that she is, in the words of Georg Brandes, "the womb of new realities and new mysticism."

The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary consists of various heterogeneous elements, descriptive and narrative, hanging loosely around the central theme which is "the Russian Idea." The author cannot be denied an eye for colours and a sense for the flavour of Old Russia. But, unfortunately, his ambitions are not confined to the realm of the picturesque and the glamourous. Hence all that maudlin talk about the religion of suffering and the *podvig* and all those amazing generalisations erected with the aplomb of pseudo-knowledge and the magnificent contempt for His Majesty Fact.

Equally inane from the standpoint of factual information is Mr. Graham's latest book, *Russia in 1916.* It is intended to be "a report on the conditions prevailing in the land of our ally." The reader of *Russia in 1916* is initiated into the private affairs of Countess X, is given an account of the visions of a certain Father Yevgeny and is allowed to catch glimpses of gay life at the fashionable resort of Kislovodsk. The volume contains also some material of a more relevant nature, such as chapters on the new Archangel, the cost of living, money, recent publications, and the prospects of peace, the latter being a rather ineffectual attempt at "political elucidation." But the vision of the country on the eve of the great upheaval does not spring from all this medley of notes and impressions. There is neither insight nor foresight in this "little book of the hour."

THE LAST MOHICAN

The Russians: An Interpretation, by Richardson Wright, is another recent attempt at reading Russia's mind. The work was completed on the very eve of the revolution. Though this writer, too, seems to be after spiritual values and psychological *imponderabilia,* upon the whole he manages to remain well within the field of tangible facts. Unfortunately, Mr. Wright's facts are not always reliable. His work is a fine sample of journalistic omniscience. Those interested in Russian trade possibilities will read, not without profit, the chapters on "The Russian as a Business Man" and on Siberia, "The Russian Land of Promise." There is also a discussion of "The Moujik's Religion" and of the inevitable Dostoyevsky, as well as studies on Russian painting and music. In all these various attempts the author's personal experience plays the rather futile rôle of *la folle du logis.* The book contains also a plea for a Russian-American entente and a discussion of "Russia's manifest destinies" as a world power. It is hardly necessary to add that while expatiating with an air of authority on the remote destinies of Russia, Mr. Wright overlooks the stupendous powers of revolt and reconstruction which were ripening before his very eyes in the vast Slavic cauldron.

Mr. Wright is too much of an American to be earnestly in sympathy with the autocratic régime. On the contrary, *Russian Court Memoirs, 1914-1916,* by a Russian, is the work of a professed monarchist. The anonymous author

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undertakes to interpret Russia for the benefit of the British people, by presenting an account of the social and official life in Petrograd during the war. But apart from an historical digression on the "Shadows of the Past" and a lucubration on the Russian national character distinguished, according to the author, by two sacred sentiments—"adoration of God and veneration for the Czar"—the book is little more than a collection of "society notes" bearing upon the private affairs and amusements of "our beloved Emperor" and his *entourage,* intermingled with a good deal of gossip on various political matters. The whole, seasoned with sundry anecdotes of an aggressive insipidity, is conceived in that conventionally mawkish and jejune style, which is one of the earmarks of official literature.

Mme. Olga Novikoff, the author of *Russian Memoirs,* is a more intelligent adherent of "lost causes and impossible loyalties." That much-abused person who is commonly referred to as the future historian will probably consider this lady the last Mohican of Russian monarchism. According to Stephen Graham, who writes an introduction to the book, Mme. Novikoff is "one of the most interesting women in European diplomatic circles." Disraeli nicknamed her the "M. P. for Russia in England." Gladstone learned from her what Russia was, Carlyle was among her friends, and the late W. T. Stead worshipped at her shrine. Referring to her lifelong work for the cause of the Anglo-Russian entente, she writes: "For fifty years I have been wandering in the Wilderness, and now I have been permitted the happiness of entering the Promised Land. At last the gates have been opened. We are now brothers-in-arms." Mme. Novikoff's reminiscences bearing on a wide variety of subjects are not devoid of interest, but her general viewpoint makes the impression of an ideological fossil.

Curious odds and ends of current Russian history will be found in *Russia of Yesterday and To-morrow,* by Baroness Souiny. The author has something interesting to say about the circumstances under which the war began, about the part of Izvolsky and Grand Duke Nicholas, and also about Rasputin, the man of lurid fame. Unfortunately, too much in this bulky volume is merely small talk on various Russian problems, of which the Baroness has but a confused notion. It is a leisurely, chatty, well-meaning but unreliable, woefully incoherent book, revelling in vapid ineptitudes and pompous platitudes. America's eagerness for information on Russia can alone account for its publication in these war times.

NEW RUSSIA

Baroness Souiny's book was apparently written in part after the March events. It contains a chapter on the fall of the Romanoff dynasty, as well as numerous rhapsodic references to "the five," that is, to the five leaders of the revolution who on one occasion are spoken of as "the living torch flaming in the ashes of old Russia's hope," but it deals with the great upheaval only incidentally. Of the books on New Russia proper, which have appeared so far, Isaak Don Levine's *The Russian Revolution* is substantially a study on the genesis of the present revolution and a rapid record of its initial steps. The bulk of this little book is devoted to a clear-cut and sober analysis of the socio-political forces which brought about the cataclysm, and of the events which led up to it. Mr. Don Levine perceives in true perspective the rôles the Duma and the Council played in the great drama, and he foresees the dangers which New Russia is facing at present. On the contrary, Mr. Marcosson's book, *The Rebirth of Russia,* is valuable chiefly as a story of the Russian Ides of March, written vividly and effectively on the hot heels of the events by an intelligent eye-witness. Neither book, however, conjures up the vast epic vision of the emancipation, nor does either of them bring out the deeper significance of this revolution, in which, according to Stepniak's forcast, "Russia

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will have the greatest facility of showing herself original and of producing something new and purely Slavic." The Carlyle and Taine of the Russian Revolution are yet to come.

The original *Shield,* a symposium on the Jewish question in Russia, by Russian men-of-letters and scientists of non-Jewish birth, appeared quite some time before the fall of the autocracy, as a protest against the persecutions inflicted upon the Jewish people by the government during the first year of this war. The general aspects of the problem are discussed by Gorky, Andreyev and Sologub, while its more technical phases are taken up by men like Count Ivan Tolstoy, the noted economist Bernatzky, and the ex-minister Milyukov. This plea for the abrogation of the Jewish disabilities is a truly remarkable revelation of the spirit and purpose of the best elements of that New Russia which is now in the making. William English Walling writes in his foreword to the book: "If we wish to understand educated Russia, which has brought about the change, we cannot do better than to read and think over what this galaxy of Russian genius that has composed the present volume has written."

The Romance of the Romanoffs, by Joseph McCabe, has the advantage of being both timely and of lasting value. "This is not a history of Russia," we read in the preface, "but the history of its autocracy as an episode: of its real origin, its long-drawn brutality, its picturesque corruption, its sordid machinery of government, its selfish determination to keep Russia from the growing light, its terrible final struggle and defeat." Nevertheless, the book is more than the story of a dynasty: it is a vigorous and fairly accurate political history of Russia throughout the ages. Mr. McCabe's fundamental thesis might be formulated in the words which Mme. de Staël applied to the France of 1789, namely, that "liberty was ancient, and despotism new." He takes visible delight in exposing the vices and crimes of Russia's rulers and he revels in exploding time-hallowed historical reputations, for instance, that of Peter the Great. The outcome is a work which is not exactly fit *ad usum Delphini.* Although this denunciatory and iconoclastic tendency has its drawbacks, particularly in a historical study, it should be welcomed as a wholesome reaction against the complacencies and shams of official Russian historiography.

SALTYKOV AND OTHER NEWCOMERS

Until recently translators from the Russian exhibited the tendency to favour with an undue amount of attention the latter-day literary output and to neglect the wealth of literature of the classical period. Turning to the season's translations, one notes with gratification that a goodly portion of them come from the pens of the older masters, whose work has hitherto been eclipsed in the West by the splendours of the triad of Turgenev, Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy. Should the translators keep up their activities in this direction, the English-reading world will pretty soon be in a position to get a truer and more complete view of Russian literature than that which prevails at present.

Plays, by Alexander Ostrovsky, a collection of four dramas, edited by George Rapall Noyes, introduces the American reader to a great playwright whose art has been the delight of the Russian theatregoer for upward of sixty years now. Ostrovsky's vast work is the most national manifestation of the dramatic genius of his race. He created the Russian drama of manners, making it a vehicle for the realistic depiction of the small nobility and, chiefly, of the middle classes with their coarseness and homely virtues. Of his popularity we can judge by the fact that for the period of nineteen years (1853-72) the performance of his plays on the Imperial stage brought the state treasury an income of two million rubles. "Ostrovsky's strength," remarks Mr. Noyes, "lies in a sedate, rather commonplace realism," and it is probable that those whose taste runs to the theatrical productions of our sophisti-

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cated and over-refined age will probably find these placid, wholesome dramas rather old-fashioned and somewhat insipid.

Another new Russian classic, now made partly accessible to the English reader, is the poet Nekrassov, born the same year as Dostoyevsky. *Who Is Happy in Russia?* translated by Juliet M. Soskice under the title *Who Can Be Happy and Free in Russia?* is Nekrassov's greatest work. On his deathbed the poet said that it summarised all the knowledge about the Russian people which he had accumulated by lifelong study and that he intended to make it a true and useful book, accessible to the masses. Unfortunately, the vast poem—it contains nearly five thousand verses—remained unfinished, like Gogol's *Dead Souls,* that other epic of Russian life. It is a veritable peasant Odyssey, a monumental work, poignant with the immeasurable woe of the people and strong with the blind strength of Russia herself. In spite of the fact that the English version of the poem does not preserve the peculiar musical and stylistic quality of the original, the translator has made every lover of good literature her debtor.

A fairly good biographical and critical essay on Nekrassov will be found in Mme. N. Jarintzov's *Russian Poets and Poems,* which is a collection of studies on the main Russian poets of the past century, including the folk-poet Koltzov, the pantheist Tyutchev and the quaint Alexey Tolstoy. The studies, judicious but lacking in personal appreciation, are accompanied by poems translated from the Russian, by way of illustration. Mme. Jarintzov is a translator with a "theory." She would keep "the Russian lilt and the atmosphere of phrasing" to the extent of doing violence to the English tongue and creating a new English prosody for the specific purpose of rendering Russian poetry. In spite of her theory, which we cannot take seriously, Mme. Jarintzov succeeds in producing some good translations. Nevertheless, her experiment in rendering Russian poetry "along new lines" can hardly be considered successful. It appears that theories, however original and tempting, cannot fill the place of genuine taste and creative ability. One notes with surprise that, contrary to the translator's fundamental article of faith, the phrasing and meaning of the original is sometimes sacrificed without any apparent reason. "The Introduction on Russian Versification" contains a number of leisurely remarks on the translation of Russian poetry into English and a rather pedantic discussion of Russian verse technique, which is too elementary for the Russian student and altogether useless for him who is not initiated into the mysteries of Mme. Jarintzov's native tongue.

The most important of the recent newcomers, however, is not the playwright Ostrovsky or the poet Nekrassov, but the prose writer Saltykov, also known under the pseudonym of Shchedrin, whose novel, *A Family of Noblemen,* has just been issued. Saltykov's literary career coincides with the reign of Alexander II. He occupies a place of honour in the history of his country's letters and culture. One of the builders of Russian emancipation, he shaped, to some extent, the moral views of the *intelligentsia.* Like Tolstoy, he belonged to the race of moralists, but, unlike him, he immolated his literary gift on the altar of social service. He hated humanity with that glorious hatred, born of love and fed on pity, which consumes all true satirists, and few wielded the sword of satire with greater skill. At the same time, gifted with truly Balzacian powers of observation and characterisation, he was a faithful chronicler of his times, and his vast *œuvre* forms, in the words of a Russian sociologist, "a critical encyclopedia of Russian life." *A Family of Noblemen* stands out as one of Saltykov's most artistic works, although it is not free from serious defects of composition. The splendours of pure literature are but slightly dimmed in it by the ever-present moral and civic preoccupation. It is impossible to give here

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an analysis of this remarkable book, although it well deserves a detailed examination. Suffice it to say that Russia has produced few books of a greater psychological depth and a more intimate realism. Unless all signs fail, Saltykov has come to stay in English literature.

PEAK AND VALLEY*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

WHAT men live for is the great familiar theme not only of the moralist, but of every serious interpreter of human life, whether he be poet or essayist or prose story-teller. The author of *Secret Bread* chooses to lay emphasis upon a different matter: what, he asks, do men live by? What feeds and strengthens them for the long journey toward their goal, whatever that goal may be? It is from this point of view that he tells the life-story of his Cornishman. Ishmael Ruan is the son of an ancient line of Cornish squires whose last representative, Ishmael's father, has let slip the decencies and generosity of his inheritance, and lived like a yokel and a miser. The family estate of Cloom has become for him merely a property to be "exploited" in the meanest spirit; he does as little as possible for the land, and squeezes his tenants to the last drop. For years before his death he has been living with a country mistress, by whom he has had four children, two girls and two boys. She is about to bear another child when the old man, on his death-bed, takes it into his head to marry her. He does this for the deliberate purpose of legitimising the expected son, and so virtually disinheriting the woman and the elder children, for Cloom will, of course, go to his only son born in wedlock. He orders that the child shall be called Ishmael, since every hand among his kin is sure to be against him; and so the grim jester dies. The mother, who is devoted to her elder children, especially her oldest son, Archelaus, has little affection for Ishmael from the beginning; and Archelaus hates him as an usurper. Ishmael has one efficient champion, however, in the good Parson Boase, who is determined that Cloom shall regain its honours under its new master. Through his insistence the boy is sent to a good school and has the rearing of a gentleman. The land is in his blood, and he returns to Cloom as to his home and the field of his life work. He does, indeed, make over the estate and the neighbourhood; but this is not the story. Ishmael is still at odds with the mother and the older brother. The former may be ignored as an active enemy; the latter has much of the savagery and the stubbornness of the old Squire. He nearly

* Secret Bread. By F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: George H. Doran Company.
The Three Black Pennys. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
The Twilight of the Souls. By Louis Couperus. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.
Zella Sees Herself. By E. M. Delafield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
Abington Abbey. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.
The Tortoise. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company.
The Second Fiddle. By Phyllis Bottome. New York: The Century Company.
The Blue Aura. By Elizabeth York Miller. New York: Edward A. Clode.

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murders Ishmael on one occasion, and thereafter he goes off to wanderings and adventures in many lands. But he always comes back often enough to keep Ishmael on tenterhooks; there is always dread in the mind of the younger that some unforeseeable catastrophe may be at hand. Meanwhile Ishmael has his own adventures, chiefly in friendship and in love. He is jilted by the heartless girl for whom he conceives his first romantic passions; with this Archelaus has nothing to do. But Ishmael's marriage with soft little Phoebe is a mockery from the outset, since, though such love as she is capable of has always belonged to Ishmael, the masterful Archelaus has had his will of her. The elder brother returns from one of his long adventures to find his mistress married to his brother —and thereby an opportunity for perfect vengeance. So the miracle of fatherhood, which dawns on Ishmael not long after, and which determines his later life, is also to be a mirage and a mockery. Archelaus's final vengeance is as nearly complete as he cares to make it. There is a good deal of bitterness in all this, of that melancholy which rests upon an habitual sense of the tears in things. Yet the abiding impression left by the book as a whole is of a large and sympathetic interpretation of human experience, though set in a minor key. What, then, is its answer to the question—what do men live by? "There's only one thing certain," says Parson Boase, early in the narrative: "That we all have something, some secret bread of our own soul, by which we live, that nourishes and sustains us." And this, Ishmael's experience shows, may be different not only, as the parson says, "for every man alive," but for every phase of individual experience. Old Ishmael, when his life has been lived, and, dying, he looks back on the course of his years, is able to sum up the whole matter as regards himself. "In his childhood he had lived by what would happen in a far golden future, in his youth by what might happen any dawning day; but in his years of manhood, and from then till he began to feel the first oncoming of age, he had lived by what he did." Then came the years of his maturity with their round of sober duties and pleasures: "What had he lived by during those years? Not, consciously, by anything, except a mere going on and a determination to make the best of things, to get the most out of everything." Then came the steady slope of his days toward age. What had helped him along that road? "In a flash he saw what he had, all unknowingly, lived by since the decline of his powers had fallen on swiftness, and he saw it as what alone makes life bearable. He had lived by the knowledge of death, by the blessed certainty that life could not go on forever; that there must be an end to all the wanderings and the pain, to all the dulness and unsatisfied driftings, to all the joys that would otherwise fall upon sluggishness or cloy themselves. This it was that gave its fine edge to pleasure, its sweet sharpness to happiness, and their possible solace to pain and grief. He had lived as all men do, knowingly or not, by death. This was the secret bread that all men shared." But the strain does not close on this solemn cadence; at the very end it is resolved in a major chord, not loud or triumphant, but peaceful and content. For old Ishmael dimly perceives that death is not a cessation, but a going on, a new adventure toward another goal.

Uncommon as this book is in mood and quality, as well as in fitness of style, we have two American novels of the season that may fairly be matched with it. One is Ernest Poole's *His Family*, on which I have already said my enthusiastic say. The second is *The Three Black Pennys*. This also is the study of personal life and character as they are bound in family life and character. Its tone, also, is of brooding and slightly sombre meditation, relieved, before the end, by a lift of faith in the future of the race in this world and the next. Rather strangely, all three of these striking novels end with the clairvoyant vision and interpretation of an old man between the moment of his dropping communica-

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tion with fellow-humanity and that of his final loss of human consciousness. The third, however, is a story of three widely separated generations. The Pennys are a family of Pennsylvanian iron founders. In colonial days they have established themselves as masters of their craft, and, for the most part, as sober and responsible members of society. But there is an odd strain in the blood which from time to time manifests itself in a "black Penny." Hundreds of years back one of the English Pennys had married a Welshwoman. To prosperous Gilbert Penny of the eighteenth century, founder of the American line, the result of that union is already an ancient tradition. "Anyone would think," he says, summing up the matter for a stranger's edification, "that such a blood, so long ago, would have spread out, been diluted, in a thick English stock like the Pennys; or at least that we would all have had a little, here and there. But nothing of the sort; it sinks entirely out of sight for two or three and sometimes four generations; and then appears solid, in one individual, as unslacked as the pure, original thing." The black Pennys are dark of skin, passionate, and unruly of nature, non-Conformists and rebels. "The last one," says Gilbert, "was burned as a heretic in Mary's day, although I believe he would have equally stayed Catholic if the affair had been the other way around. Opposition's their breath." Now the type has recurred once more in Gilbert's son Howat, and we are to see it running true to form and carrying forward its sinister inheritance. Howat's lawless mating, though by chance its lawless character remains concealed for several generations, is to determine the course of many lives. His own children are normal Pennys, but in his grandson Jasper, master of Myrtle Forge in the early nineteenth century, the black strain once more comes to the surface. He also is a law to himself, keeps a mistress for many years, and transmits the vigour of the race through her child rather than through the son born of his late marriage. Therefore his grandson is not only the last black Penny, but the last of the direct line: the virtue has gone out of it. Another Howat Penny, he lives and dies a bachelor, an amiable and colourless dilettante, whose feeble flame of interest in life has risen highest as a sort of grand opera mania in the days of Patti and Mapleson. He sees himself before the end with melancholy clearness, as a relic, a fragment—"the ancient Welsh blood finally gathered in a cup of life before it was spilled." But the end is not yet, for the strength and the sin of old Jasper still lives in James Polder, the son of his illegitimate child, who carries also the fatal taint of his mother's vulgar blood. There is extraordinary portraiture throughout the book, which reaches its height in the interpretation of the feckless Howat's favourite cousin, the indomitable Mariana. Also upon her, the complete modern, is to fall the doom of the Pennys, through her chosen sharing, for good and ill, of the fated Polder's lot. The note of fatalism that sounds through the narrative is struck most clearly by Mariana, in her final confidence to the stricken Howat, whose hours are being prolonged by the use of oxygen: "Won't you understand, Howat," she leaned softly over him; "I need Jim as badly as he needs me; perhaps more. "If I had any superior illusions, they are all gone. I can't tell us apart. Of course, I'd like him to get on, but principally for himself. Jim, every bit of him, the drinking and tempers, and tenderness you would never suspect, is my—oxygen. I can see that you want to know if I'm happy; but I can't tell you, Howat. Perhaps that's the answer, and I am—I have a feeling of being a part of something outside personal happiness, something that has tied me and Jim together and gone on about a larger affair. You see, Howat, I wasn't consulted," she added in a more familiar impudence, "whether I was pleased or not didn't appear to matter."

Yet another story of the individual in relation to the family is that tetralogy by the Dutch novelist Couperus, *The*

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Book of the Small Souls, of which the third part, *The Twilight of the Souls,* has just been put into English by Mr. De Mattos. Here once more is that Van Lowe family connection, many of whom we know so intimately already. Its straining threads are still held desperately, if no longer very firmly, by old Granny Van Lowe. Still, on Sunday evenings, the family rendezvous at their house is maintained, however perfunctorily or impatiently, by those of her subjects who are within call. But the threads are steadily lengthening and weakening. Young Emilie, having escaped from an unhappy marriage, has broken away from the home circle and traditions altogether, and in Paris, with her brother and fellow-rebel Henri, is "living her own life" in the triumphant modern fashion. The old family ways and ambitions are going by the board. The Van Lowes have never set the world on fire, but they have had a certain achievement in diplomacy, an official dignity which to the grandmother remains the norm. "The family isn't what it was," she laments. "It is a *grandeur déchue,* my child, a regular *grandeur déchue.* The Van Lowes were something once. There was never much money, but we didn't care about money and we always managed. But the family used to count . . . in India, at The Hague. Which of you will ever have a career like your grandpapa's, like your papa's? No, we shall never see another governor-general in the family, nor yet a cabinet minister." She still has faint hopes of young Adriaan, whose father's diplomatic career has, to be sure, been sufficiently inglorious; but here also she is to be disappointed. And she cannot see that the impulse which urges the boy to follow his bent as a healer, to fulfil himself as a physician instead of frittering himself away in diplomacy, is what marks him as the strong one of the family and its real hope. We shall look with uncommon interest for the concluding narrative, since its title, *Dr. Adriaan,* promises that we shall not be left in ignorance as to how far that hope is realised. But this is not Adriaan's story, nor is his mother, Constance, ripened now and mistress of herself at last, the central figure. That would be Gerrit, the dragoon, who, after a boisterous youth, has married a good little wife for the sake of having children, and has not married in vain. Gerrit is a strange blend of surface health and good humour and hidden neurasthenia. He has an uneasy sense of something lacking in himself, and a lurking fear of he knows not what—perhaps ill-health, perhaps old age, perhaps some more subtle and fatal vengeance planned against him by fate. Even his fondness for his children is poisoned by the suspicion that he may have wronged them in bringing them into the world. For all his lustiness, he has certain physical reminders that he has reached the farther verge of middle age. In some vague hope of reassurance, he yields to a final flare-up of sexual passion, but it brings only disgust and disillusionment. His bodily collapse follows, and he shoots himself rather than live on as an invalid in a world which has turned to mockery under his pitiful, clumsy touch. His brother Ernst, a bachelor whose life has been the derivative life of books and art, has had one attack of insanity, and we cannot hope much for him—nor for Paul, the other bachelor brother, who has made a god of foppishness. Constance has found herself, but her way has been determined beyond remedy. In her son "Addie," who is to be Dr. Adriaan, whatever of affirmative force remains in the Van Lowe blood appears to be stored. It is a depressing chapter in the family history, yet not without its glimmer of happier light. Constance sees it as that atom, that "grain of absolute truth and reality" which even small souls may possess, and may impart to others. She herself possesses a bit of it; the boy Adriaan, it appears, possesses more.

All of these books call for a sober, inquiring mood on the part of the reader. They are books of approach and interpretation, not of diversion; and they stick very seriously to the job. But all

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categories fall through when the right sort of genius puts its weight against them. So the classification of novels I was making the other day in this department, the rough division of them into novels of approach to life and novels of escape from it, cannot be pushed too far. The higher and richer form of humour is always making game of it. Here, for example, in *Zella Sees Herself,* is an extraordinary "first novel" by another new British story-teller (there seems to be an unlimited supply of them) which appears to me to be as amusing as it is edifying. It has none of that shallow brilliancy, that self-conscious cleverness, that clap-trap humour, which marks in every age the work of the tribe of gentlemen (and ladies) who write with ease. It turns a clear, warm, smiling gaze on life—that is, on whatever in life happens to be nearest to its knowledge and its heart—and interprets it to us in the very act of making us, too, smile at it. That was Jane Austen's white magic: what reader can say how much of his pleasure in her is due to the writer of social comedy, and how much to the subtle student of human character in its elements, of human action as it is the outcome of that character? I have not hesitated to say elsewhere that Miss Delafield's work takes me back, as no other book ever has, to the mood and method of the deathless Jane. Times have changed, and dress and manners with them; but how little, after all, men and women have changed. Jane Austen's own "first novel," in point of composition, may have been *Northanger Abbey,* a story to which *Zella Sees Herself* bears a rather close analogy in several respects. It was not printed till twenty years or so after it was written; wherefore was provided an "Advertisement by the Authoress," which has always seemed to me to bear quaint witness to Miss Austen's ignorance of her own quality. She has written, she thinks, a bit of satirical comedy from which time has already removed the gloss. "The public," she deprecates, "are required to bear in mind that thirteen years have passed since it was finished, many more since it was begun, and during that period, places, manners, books, and opinions have undergone considerable changes." There is, perhaps, more ephemeral matter in *Northanger Abbey* than in any other of her stories; but how much of that human material which belongs to every period remains! Miss Delafield's Zella has very much in common with Miss Austen's Catherine—a silly, romantic, self-conscious child who must learn by bitter experience what her lack is before she can be set upon the way of usefulness and happiness. We do not go with her to her journey's end. At our last glimpse she is, as her chronicler says, "still on the threshold"; but at least she has won a clue to the "question of the ages: 'What is Truth?'" Time alone can unravel it. So much for the sober stuff of the story; my point is that it is brought home by the demure and penetrating humour which is the life-breath of the book: if it were a whit less amusing, it would be by so much less edifying.

Mr. Marshall's humour is more pervasive and less penetrating—good-humour primarily, one may say, heightened and fructified by insight, as well as limited by prejudice. It would be pleasant to stop talking of his resemblance to Trollope—but there it is; and it is very strong in this respect. Both are British to the backbone, stout admirers of the English squirearchy and all that it stands for, lovably snobbish in their unaffected preference for gentlemen above the populace, and for Englishmen above all others. The one moment of high decision in our amiable George Grafton's life is that in which he refuses to let his daughter Beatrix marry Lassigny. That gentleman, though a French Marquis, is only half French by birth; has the manner and accomplishments and habits of an Englishman, and has been Grafton's more than tolerated guest for some time. But marriage—no! cries Grafton, the father; no daughter of his shall marry a for-

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eigner. French people do not have the same ideas about love and marriage; who knows what de Lassigny may not have done, or may not be about to do, in the way of sex? Well, we think, this is absurd, and, of course, Mr. Marshall means it to be: Beatrix and Lassigny love each other rightly, and will have each other when the good George comes to his senses. Far from it!—for Lassigny, being exiled for six months on probation, shows how French and unreliable he really is by marrying another: Q. E. D. The truth is, Mr. Marshall does not go very deep into the springs of human character and action. Good form, nice feeling, pleasant living within the trim hedges and smooth lawns of England's better sort are his chosen themes. Let there be certain foils, to be sure; poor Lassigny, doomed in his foreign cradle; the outrageous Vicar, whose moral paltriness is of a piece with his lowly origin. Certain unhappy omens may be hinted at also; presages of the world struggle which is to decimate the sacred legions of county society; portents of industrial and social changes—and upthrust from beneath, threatening the safe authority and content of the Abington Abbeys of old England. But it is to the ancient order that his fancy clings; and in the spectacle of that ancient order, still at its ease, still on its hillock, he provides a grateful retreat from the turmoil of the present. His is a fiction of escape, of a singularly friendly and gracious sort, the vision of a quiet valley for us who are doomed to toil, breathless and often disheartened, among the stormy peaks of this our life.

Some such vision, also, is that which Mr. Benson is wont to offer us. His pleasant England, however, is of the village neighbourhood rather than the "county" aristocracy. Property and the social plane mean less to him than simple human nature as touched with personal whimsy and coloured by environment. His Honourable Mrs. Heaton, who is unable to forget that she is daughter of a peer, and exercises a sort of *ex officio* authority as "invalid Empress of Lambton," is one of the two persons in the present book to be drawn with a pen dipped in acid. For the most part, these friends and neighbours form an affectionate as well as close corporation for the conduct of the business of living; and the hand of satire with which Mr. Benson touches their foibles and quaintnesses is a gentle one. Teddy, the belated youth who at forty has not begun to live, is a delightful portrait. He is the "tortoise" who, for all his sloth, is, after one desperate snatching at the vanished ecstasy of youth, to find quiet happiness in the person of his old "pal" Daisy, waiting at his side. His mother the Honourable is a rather dreadful person, a lifelong "mollusc," toned down by a sort of death-bed repentance. The other members of the neighbourhood group are painted with deliciously good-humoured satire. The best of them all is Daisy's sister Marion, her labours as the literary genius of the community being not more absurd than her nature is doughty and loyal. Excellent also are the young pair who set the aging dwellers of Lambton to emulating their youthfulness, and are so blamelessly and hopelessly beyond emulation. This is a far better story than *The Oakleyites,* in which similar material was handled with less spontaneity and freshness. Mr. Benson has no idea or "message" to convey unless it be that the humours of ourselves and our neighbours are among the best sources of refreshment the Lord has given us, and that beneath them, we may flatter ourselves, there wells many a pure fountain of kind feeling and honest purpose. *The Second Fiddle* is a story of not dissimilar quality and virtue. It is a novel of sentiment dealing with the remoulding of an Englishman who has been crippled by the war and who, to begin with, has turned inward upon himself, in a mood of bitterness and despair. Of the three women in his life, one, his betrothed, is a butterfly who, though she professes determination to carry out her engagement, is none too secretly repelled by his physical plight and takes the first decent chance to make

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her escape. The second is his mother, a woman of great character and sweetness, who is yet unable to rouse him from his despair or supply him with the healing interest he needs. The third, the girl Stella, has met and secretly fallen in love with him before his disaster. To her, at last, the opportunity comes to serve him, at first as friend and companion and eventually, when she has broken down his pride and his misgivings of the future, as his wife. The tale is told with Miss Bottome's customary fluency and charm: Stella stands out as the living and original characterisation of the book. I have space, perhaps, to name one more story of graceful and unaffected sentiment, *The Blue Aura,* the tale of a little Cockney dancer and two mountebanks about whom is spun a web of romance as delicate, and certainly as uninvolved in vulgarity or squalor, as any that enmeshes the Graftons of Mr. Marshall or the Wheatons of Mr. Benson. Theirs, it is true, was a glamour for which another pair of eyes were needed than such as may have been sharpened by the traditions of the shires or the villages of England.

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FOR THE YOUNG AND THE LESS YOUNG

BY JOHN WALCOTT

PUBLISHERS and editors have a convenient way of lumping together all books not plainly addressed to grown-ups, under the convenient heading of "juvenile," or "for the young." It is a handy way of partitioning off what has come to be a very large fraction of every season's "output." But it leaves a good deal of further groping and fumbling to be done by the fathers and the uncles, the sisters and the cousins and the aunts, who are after something in particular to please, or to doctor, the tastes of their own particular youngsters. I am going to try a little classifying for their benefit.

To begin with, of course, there is that stout and natural inner partition between the books for children and the books for adolescents. A child of six is far more radically different from a boy or girl of sixteen than the latter anomalous creature is from a grown-up; and the sixteen-year-old gets the worst of the comparison both ways. The soul of youth is a free-flowering plant, but its blossoming time is early and brief, and then for a season it runs to root and vine,—making its growth, no doubt, but a homely thing in the meanwhile. We have all seen (have all experienced, only we have forgotten it) that strange and rather pitiful withering and closing of a child's imagination, so fresh-coloured and sweet-odoured by nature, as boyhood or girlhood lay their contemptuous hands upon it. "Only make-believe," "all rot," "perfectly silly,"—so runs the judgment of adolescence upon the rich imaginative activity of childhood. If it survives, it must keep its secret in a world which, more than any later world, exalts and worships conventional trifles as the only things to live for.

A very beautiful thing in itself, at all events; and the touchstone I would apply to every book done for children is the word imagination. A sadly abused word that is. When I use it, let me say that I do not mean mere play, or make-believe, or fancy, but the real thing, creative imagination, the thing we adore in the Arabian Nights and the immortal Grimm, and Hans Andersen. In general we may look to find among the children's books of any season a few books of true imaginative quality, a great many books of mere ingenuity or fancy, and an increasing number of books of useful information made palatable in one way or another to the infant mind. But you say, there are infants and infants: well, for the sake of convenience, let us divide them into tots and shavers—children of three to five, and children of six to ten—at which latter age the shades of the prison-house are already closing about them, they begin to be consciously boys and girls, and childhood uncomfortably dwindles and vanishes into adolescence.

Two simple and charming books for tots are the *Girls and Boys* and *Our Children,* of Anatole France (Duffield). The first of these little French classics was issued in English some years ago, its companion volume is but now available. They recognise the principle that little children respond most happily not to cleverness but to simplicity. In a sense nothing happens in these tiny tales —nothing but the way of the child, which is the main thing to him. Boutet de Monvel's pictures are of course quite as important as the text. At the other extreme of tot literature is *Happifats and the Grouch,* by Kate Jordan (Dutton), a restlessly ingenious and relentlessly humourous fable concerning a sort of family of human "kewpies," who disport themselves killingly from beginning to end of the series of elaborately meaningless adventures to which their in-

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ventor dooms them. I do not say that children are not amused by this kind of thing, but I do say that it is a paltry and mentally debasing form of amusement, akin, in essence, to that of the "funny page" of the Sunday supplements. I think it also a misguided ingenuity that chooses to tell its tales of child-life under the guise of animal stories. Far be it from me to challenge the shades of Æsop and Fontaine!—the animal fable in its purity is an immortal delight to the child mind. A new illustrated edition of *Nights with Uncle Remus* (Houghton Mifflin) bears witness to an unexhausted joy in the real thing,—which is an elementary interpretation of life in terms to arrest and enchant the childish imagination. But to take a set of animals and dress them up in trousers or pinafores and put them through the paces of some trivial childish action, is to stultify both human and animal nature; I can but feel that its tendency is to confuse and besot the heaven-born fancy of childhood, instead of feeding and enlarging it,—even when it is so gracefully done as in the *Two Little Mice and Others,* of Katharine Pyle (Dodd, Mead). A fine example of the simpler and more sincere method of interpreting nature for childish readers is *Under the Blue Sky,* by Zoe Meyer (Little, Brown). These minute stories of the lives of birds and flowers and the common animals and insects are told so simply that they should be read easily by a seven-year-old; but they are beautifully told, with a touch of the artless grace and poetic feeling of the master Andersen himself.

The Topaz Story Book (Duffield) is an excellent compilation of stories, sketches, and verses dealing with the autumn season, drawn from the good sources, chiefly American. There is plenty of wholesome fare in it for both tots and shavers, and nothing, or next to nothing, of the artificial "dope" too frequently offered as a substitute and successfully passed off in the confusion of the market-place,—as, for instance, in too much of the material in *John Martin's Annual,* and in all elaborate commercial juvenilism, under whatever name.

It is a short step, in the child consciousness, from the natural magic of the woods and fields and their feathery and furry dwellers, to the supernatural magic of fairyland,—indeed, to the littler ones, the one magic is as natural as the other. Both are to be found abundantly in *The Red Indian Fairy Book,* by Frances Jenkins Alcott (Houghton Mifflin). For a generation the bookseller's shelves have groaned with fairy books of all colours and sizes. Most of them, stripped of their paper decorations and boiled down, are found to yield a few drops drawn from the inexhaustible fountains of Arabia or Greece, or the great northern reservoir of folk-tales that bears the tablet of the Brothers Grimm. The old stories may well bear retelling for each generation; but if they are to be treated with the reverence that is their due, they ought to be retold only for the purpose of remoulding them for a new audience, and not of rehashing them for a new market. Miss Alcott has a real love and a real inspiration for her task. Her retreatment of materials from the *Arabian Nights* more than justified itself. In the present book she has made a more distinct and original contribution to child-lore. From many sources she has gathered and adapted such Indian legends as have been suitable for her purpose. That she has a purpose, is frankly admitted: "In retelling, all that is coarse, fierce, and irrational has been eliminated as far as possible, and the moral and fanciful elements retained" (I wish she had said "imaginative" instead of "moral and fanciful"). At the same time she has eschewed stock sentimentalisms falsely attributed to the Indians—notably all allusions to the "Great Spirit" and the "Happy Hunting-Ground," of which conceptions not a trace is to be found in the aboriginal mythology. She is to be praised especially for telling her tales without the least attempt at cleverness or quaintness. This is in refreshing contrast with such books as *More Fairy Tale Plays,* by Marguerite Merington

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(Duffield). Who, I wonder, has read, not to say acted, the several earlier volumes of similar stuff by this writer? Surely not the children, of their own choice. These so-called plays take in vain the names of immortal treasures like "Puss in Boots," "Hansel and Gretel," and "The Three Bears." They contain very little action and hardly a line of sincere dialogue; its lines being far-fetched and facetious talk,—most of it (thank Heaven) well over the heads or under the feet of children. Listen to the humour of the Dog in "Puss in Boots"—listen and pass on: "What! Because he's ruined, disinherited, would you have me drop our traditional little Capulet-and-Montagu vendetta, let our Campbell-Macdonald feud lapse into innocuous desuetude?" The *Plays, Pantomimes, and Tableaux for Children,* by Nora Archibald Smith (Moffat, Yard), show how this kind of material may be, and is being, treated by people who know how to write for children and not merely at and around them. Of the five plays the first and longest is a little comedy in modern setting, three others are original wonder-plays of delicate charm, and the fifth is really a tiny masque. The pantomimes and tableaux that follow deal with old fairy themes or with the elementary mythology of occasion, and the Christmas tableaux with which the little volume concludes are varied and "practicable."

In Santa Claus' House, by Florence Irwin (Little, Brown), and *All Aboard for Wonderland,* by Helen O. Kingsbury (Moffat, Yard), are cheerfully told and not too ingenious yarns of the kind that connect outlandish marvels with everyday experience. *All Aboard for Wonderland* chronicles the dream-adventures of certain young Americans who, like the immortal Alice, find entry to the land of enchantment through the door of sleep. *In Santa Claus' House* purports to give the real though marvellous experience of a little girl who finds her way, with the aid of a compass, to the North Pole and the dwelling of Santa Claus, where she makes herself very useful, and is suitably rewarded. Strictly speaking, these are simply pleasant stories, capably made, out of whole cloth, to supply a demand. A book of far greater originality and spontaneity is *When Daddy Was a Boy,* by Thomas Wood Parr (Little, Brown). It is a transcript, or arrangement, of one of Daddy's reminiscences; stories of a Southern childhood recalled for the amusement of a child city-bound in the North. "There probably never was a father," says Mr. Parr in his modest Preface, "who did not have to face the demand, 'Daddy, tell me a story about when you were a little boy.' And there probably never was a boy who did not find a story about his own father's boyhood more fascinating than any other." A book of similar character, the childhood memories of a grandfather recalled for the benefit of his small grandson, is *Stories for Any Day,* by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey (Pilgrim Press). There is a gusto about these unaffected chronicles that proves their fascination for the story-tellers themselves. So also must Charles Kingsley have delighted in the web of fancy he spun for his littlest son when he wrote *The Water Babies.* It is not "written down" to children, there is much in it the child-reader merely gropes for. But that was not a day when people thought everything must be predigested for childish assimilation, and the story has the very spirit of childhood. The coloured illustrations in the latest reprint (Lippincott) are worthy of the text, and would, I think, have delighted Kingsley himself. It is a sheer pity that Sidney Lanier could not have lived to see the beautiful pictures in colour with which N. C. Wyeth has adorned the new edition of *The Boy's King Arthur* (Scribner). This version of the Arthurian story is still to be commended for a dignity and beauty not to be found in other handlings of the material. The reader need only compare it, for example, with *The Story of King Arthur and His Knights,* by the late Howard Pyle (it was published some fifteen years ago). That instinct which guided the author-artist in his fine treat-

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ment of the Robin Hood legend fairly deserted him when he came to the romance of the Round Table. Malory was his source as well as Lanier's, but instead of compacting and conveying that noble music as Lanier does, Pyle made it the basis of a strange pseudo-archaic jargon of his own. *The Boy's King Arthur* contains only a few of the Malory episodes, but those the greatest, —the most moving or the most inspiring. I could wish that this book might be used in our schools alongside those Tennysonian "Idylls" which, after all, present a modernised and denatured and not altogether wholesome rendering of the mighty legend. In *Epics and Romances of the Middle Ages,* and *Asgard and the Gods,* by W. Wagner (Dutton), (now, after many years, reprinted in English), boyhood may find a great storehouse of Northern myth and fable. Such imaginative records of the remote past form, it may be said, a natural bridge between fairy-lore and history proper—if there is such a thing as history proper!

There is, fortunately, a growing movement in the direction of giving history a meaning and interest for children such as cannot be compassed by formal lectures and text-books. A good example of the kind of thing that is being done, and done successfuly, is *Stories for the History Hour,* by Nannie Niemeyer (Dodd, Mead). These are stories to be told to children, not read by them. They are not chosen because they happen to be amusing in themselves, but because, as the author believes, each of them should add some distinctive item to the child's understanding of the progress of the race. Their purpose is "to put the most important historic truth which a child can comprehend into a form which a child can understand. For instance, "the Roman Empire was greatest as a governor of provinces. . . . Hence I have chosen the story of Trajan and Decebalus, and rejected the story of the coronation of Charlemagne." The tales range in time from the first to the tenth century, and should do much to interpret that dark period to the childish imagination. Modern history has also its numerous aids of similar kind. Two books of the sort are *American History for Little Folks,* by A. F. Blaisdell and F. K. Ball (Little, Brown), the simplest possible retelling of familiar episodes in the story of America, from Columbus to Lincoln; and *Children's Book of Patriotic Stories: The Spirit of '76,* by A. D. and H. W. Dickinson (Doubleday), which is a compilation of such short stories by well-known American writers in which the flag waves and the eagle screams with uncommon emphasis—a book confessedly more patriotic than historical, since the seeker of sober truth does not interpret the year '76 quite in the spirit of '76. A wholesome book for reading by Northern children might be *The Life of Robert E. Lee for Boys and Girls,* by J. G. de R. and M. T. Hamilton, Southern authors who, without waving the bloody shirt, do not hesitate to say, "To-day, in the cool light of history, there can be found no room for doubt of the historical and constitutional right of secession." Several very good historical tales of a more extended kind are offered to boyish readers. *The Blue Heron's Feather,* by Rupert Sargent Holland (Lippincott), is sufficiently described in its subtitle, "The Story of a Dutch Boy in the American Colony of New Netherland." It is a spirited story of that ancient colony which was yet only a foothold in the Indian country, and the Mohawks and Algonquins play a large part in the action. *The Lure of the Mississippi,* by D. Lange, a veteran teller of Indian stories, has to do with the adventures of two boys during the uprising of the Sioux in Minnesota, in the early sixties. The boy-figure in *Opening the West With Lewis and Clark,* by Edwin L. Sabin, is a white lad who has been kidnapped by the Indians and joins the famous expedition as an uninvited guest. He is hardly more than a peg for the chart of history to hang upon. *Vanguards of the Plains* (Harper) is a story of the Santa Fé trail in the romantic days of that link between the new West and the old Southwest: more specifically,

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the adventures of three children on a journey from Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fé at the beginning of the Mexican War. It contains plenty of hairbreadth 'scapes, Indian fighting, and the like, but spares no pains in bringing to life that dramatic episode of the national history of which these incidents are merely an illustrative part.

Much is doing also in the way of making the history of nature interesting for children. Several notable books are on the lists of American publishers this season. Foremost comes the first English version of *The Story Book of Science,* by Jean Henri Fabre (Century)—a book which has run through a score of editions in the French, and now fairly ranks as a classic in its kind. It takes the form of a series of conversations between an Uncle Paul and his group of intelligent little nephews and nieces; and covers, in its apparently easy yet thoroughgoing way, a vast number of themes in natural history and physical science. As it happens, we have less need than usual of importing a masterpiece in this difficult field, since I think we have one of our own in *The World's Wonder Stories,* by Adam Gowans Whyte (Putnam). It is an extraordinary little book, written in a style of unaffected simplicity, a natural talking style, and dealing with the history not only of the physical universe, but of the moral and spiritual nature of man. I have tried the experiment of reading parts of it to a child of barely seven, and have found him greatly interested and able to follow its meaning without painful effort. It is that rare thing, a book written for children without being in some sense written down to them, —and therefore a delight to the reader of any age. Not less successful in its slighter way is *Little Star-Gazers,* by Julia A. Schwartz (Stokes). In the guise of four little stories, it shows what the stars may have meant to a child of ancient Egypt, a child of classical Greece, and a child of the Italian Renaissance; and what they should mean to a modern child.

And here we leave the imaginative lore of childhood for the brass tacks of adolescence, for the schoolboy and schoolgirl with their relatively rigid codes and inhibitions. We grown-ups have been recently convulsed by the humourous interpretations of this salad world in Mr. Tarkington's *Seventeen* and Mrs. Rinehart's *Bab: a Sub-Deb.* But have you chanced to note the rueful grin with which a real Bab or Willie Baxter scans those delightful and too-revealing records?—the relief with which they turn to the latest number of *St. Nicholas,* or the latest "corker" by Mr. Ralph Henry Barbour? Humanity in the sprout takes itself with deadly seriousness, and it behooves those who cater for its favour to do likewise. Hence the vast and steady production of a literature which makes a point of seeing youth as it sees itself. Hence this great company of young Britomarts of home and boarding-school, or Paladins of camp and gridiron; of maidens who teach their mothers to be good and true and above all efficient, of youths who avenge themselves against their tyrannical guardians or inappreciative sires by deeds of uniformly remarkable cleverness and heroism.

Mr. Barbour has a simpler and, let us gratefully admit, more wholesome recipe. Youth on its own is his theme rather than youth against age. He writes as any boy of the football age would like to write and might write if he were only articulate. Just now he is working his way methodically through the line-up, so that after *Left End Edwards, Left Tackle Thayer,* and *Left Guard Gilbert,* we have naturally arrived at *Center Rush Rowland,* and we have the right side of the line to look forward to in the near future. Heroes all! "Centre Rush Rowland" is a Down East youngster who comes to a great school, to be at first its butt by reason of his crudity, and at last its idol by virtue of his prowess. To read such a book properly, one must get himself into the enviable and single-minded mood in which, let us say, he takes his

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seat in some great bowl or stadium, to watch the season's decisive event upon the modern field of academic glory. . . . Next to the hero of term-time comes the hero of the holidays, next to the glory of the arena, the glory of the open. Another veteran spinner of yarns for boys now provides a new (but quite regularly arranged) thrill, in *The Young Loggers, or The Gray Axeman of Mt. Crow,* by Hugh Pendexter (Small, Maynard), there being spirited and not altogether friendly business between said loggers and said axeman. Mr. Barbour, I should have said, shows himself perfectly at home in the open, as often before, with *The Adventure Club Afloat* (Dodd, Mead), a tale of a baker's dozen of schoolboys who have suitable adventures in a pair of small craft along the New England coast. The almost simultaneous appearance of *The Venture Boys Afloat,* by Howard R. Garis (Harper), suggests that there should be some sort of Bureau of Titles where authors may file the proposed labels of their forthcoming works. The "venture boys" are three: faring Southward in a motor yacht of some size, they turn a summer vacation to good account by visiting historic coastal points, South, and salvaging a derelict of price. To win treasure against odds is, after all, the great game, the great dream of boyhood. Before they land the destined prize, the two boy-adventurers of *The Treasure of Mushroom Rock,* by Sidford F. Hamp, are adequately bothered by privations and perils which the boy reader will enjoy comfortably as, after all, only paper thrills. I think the boyish fancy works rather like the consciousness of the dreamer who is reassuringly, if obscurely, aware that it does not matter what he does or what happens to him, because he is only dreaming, after all. So with the Canadian lads of *Northern Diamonds* (Frank Leslie Pollock: Houghton Mifflin), who go holidaying after treasure into the frozen wilds of the North; they ought to die a dozen times, and that is a pleasing thought purely, since we know mighty well they *would not* die.

Every educator thankfully recognises the fact that you can "put anything over on" a boy if you can only turn it into a game. The most triumphant illustration of this principle is the Boy Scout movement—the golden rule as romance, virtue as a sport! What good form this new game has become is brought home not only by the yard of khaki on everybody's hearth, but by the now well-established department of Scout literature. Quite naturally the author of *Pete, the Cow-Puncher,* and *The Treasure of the Canyon,* turns his hand to *Under Boy Scout Colors* (Joseph B. Ames: Century), knowing that the adventures of his town lads in the pursuit of sacrifice and service may be made quite as exciting and satisfying to the modern boy as the pursuit of gold or even of the deciding touchdown. It is a fine sign of the times—that the ideal of the knight without fear or reproach should have actually penetrated into the stubborn texture of boy-life, and made itself comfortable there. Mr. Ames's story, "published with the approval of the Boy Scouts of America," is a good and wholesome tale of its kind. But nothing could better illustrate the difference between the fiction *for* youth and the fiction *of* youth, than to place this narrative beside the group of tales by the late Richard Harding Davis which the publishers have called *The Boy Scout and Other Stories for Boys.* Neither the phrase "for boys," nor the picture on the cover of three earnest and heroic youths in scout uniform, glaring at space, really suggests the character of these tales. Davis (it is a platitude) never lost his boyishness; but, after all, he became a man, and these stories of boyhood are touched with the tender humour of maturity interpreting immaturity. They are for readers of any age, boys included, which is to say that they are not the special sort of pabulum (I will not say "dope") provided in the books I have just been talking of. In connection with boy scouting may be mentioned *The Dot Signal Book,* which shows an easy way of learning the "wig-wag" code; and in connection with boys in the large, a lib-

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erally illustrated *Boys' Book of Sports* (Century) which is edited by Grantland Rice, and made up of chapters contributed by experts in every field of sport, from baseball to aquaplaning.

Thus I arrive, not too confidently, at the threshold of girl-fiction; for I have been a child and a boy but never as yet (the prophets of soul-migration do not deny me hopes) a girl. There appears to be a stepping-stone in *Mystery Tales for Boys and Girls* (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard), a collection of classical mystery-yarns from several tongues. The collector, Elva S. Smith, is connected with the Carnegie Library at Pittsburgh, and has, she says, prepared this book to meet a steady demand for this kind of thing from the youth of both sexes. To tell the truth, this has rather surprised me, as I had supposed that the glamour of the spookish and mysterious was for boys almost exclusively. Further evidence to the contrary would be several mystery-stories of the present season written professedly for girls. It may perhaps safely be said that boys prefer the mechanical side of mystery, the business of formal detection, while girls like its more purely romantic element. Miss Wells's *Two Little Women on a Holiday* (there seem to be four little women in the action) involves the visit to New York of certain maidens, whose host, uncle of two of them, is a rich man and a famous collector. As rich man he enfolds them in luxuries, motors and servants and all the rest, in which, girl-like, they exult. As collector, he objects to the disappearance of a priceless jewel from his hoard. They are all possible objects of suspicion, of course, and having put them in that box, it is the author's business to get them out of it. The writer of *The Girl Next Door* has, I gather, written several other mystery tales for girls. This one involves a shuttered house, a veiled lady, and a lonely little maid. The solution is simple enough, but the way in which it is arrived at is romantically (not mechanically) intricate. The several girls in the story are really nice little human creatures: Miss Wells's, to be frank, are merely "flappers," of giggles, dress, and ego all compact. I am not sure which type the girl-reader, in the mass, likes the better, but I am quite sure which it would be the better for her to like.

After all, the gap between boyhood and girlhood is not what it was in those humourous days of my youth when co-education was looked upon as a dubious experiment and kissing-games as a natural institution. Maids are no longer to be denied all the fun their brothers enjoy. Witness such a story for girls as *Winona of Camp Karonya,* by Margaret Widdemer (Lippincott). Winona is, of course, a Camp Fire Girl, and her Karonya yields nothing of dignity or glory to that neighbouring encampment of Scouts which affords a fitting complement of nice boys to companion (no, not champion!) these very wholesome and attractive girls. There is a little mystery to be solved here also, but the main thing is less the plot than the atmosphere of unselfishness and right feeling with which, without sentimental strain, the writer surrounds her story. Equally well intended, though not equally free from strain, is the mood of *Adventures in Girlhood,* by Temple Bailey (Penn Publishing)—not a story, but a series of papers offering admonition and advice to maidens on the verge of womanhood in matters of taste and conduct. On the whole, the one book for girls (perhaps girls will think it a book for children)—the one girls' story of the season which seems to have the qualities that make for permanence—Miss Alcott's qualities, say, of warm feeling, golden common sense, and ease and simplicity of style—is Dorothy Canfield's little story of a nine-year-old girl who is pulled out of her city sensitiveness and egotism and made healthy and happy on a farm. *Understood Betsy* (Holt) should stand the test of the higher order of writing for the young, since it should interest such of the old and the middle-old as have succeeded in adding certain other things to youth, without altogether losing its courage or its sensibility.

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THE BOOKMAN RECOMMENDS

In this department the editors each month endeavour to select from among the previous month's publications those volumes in each classification which seem in their opinion to be most worthy of recommendation to BOOKMAN *readers. The editors will be happy to answer any questions in their power regarding these books and indeed regarding any books concerning which* BOOKMAN *readers may desire information.*

Art

Historic Silver of the Colonies and Its Makers. By Francis Hill Bigelow. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $6.00.

An exhaustive treatment of the work of the colonial silversmiths, many pieces of which are "little monuments of American history."

Interpreters and Interpretations. By Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Intimate papers portraying great musical artists, together with some interpretative essays in which the author makes revolutionary inroads into musical criticism.

Rodin, the Man and His Art. With leaves from his note-book. Compiled by Judith Cladel and translated by S. K. Star. With introduction by James Huneker and illustrated with photographs.

An authoritative discussion of the career and work of the great sculptor, with leaves from his note-book, and forty-seven admirable illustrations from photographs.

Creators of Decorative Styles. By Walter A. Dyer. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Sixty-four pages of illustrations. $3.00.

A discussion of period styles, approached through the personalities of the great masters, from Inigo Jones to Sheraton.

Biography

Joseph H. Choate. By Theron G. Strong. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. With many illustrations. $3.00.

An authorised and extraordinarily interesting biographical sketch of Mr. Choate's career as a lawyer, citizen, and statesman.

Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln. Collected by Gilbert A. Tracy, with an introduction by Ida M. Tarbell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

A valuable addition to Lincolniana in the form of three hundred letters, only a few of which have ever before been published.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln. Vol. 2. New edition with new matter. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $5.00 per set.

In addition to the authentic biography of seventeen years ago, the book contains an estimate of the position of Lincoln as a world figure fifty years after his death.

The Life of Augustin Daly. By Joseph Francis Daly. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $4.00.

The tale of America's greatest theatrical manager by a man who had an intimate knowledge of the New York stage in the middle nineteenth century; of interest, too, are the anecdotes and letters of celebrated literary people, especially the new Edwin Drood material.

The Early Life of Robert Southey, 1774-1803. By William Haller, Columbia University. Columbia University Studies in English and Comparative Literature. New York: Columbia University Press.

A monograph which presents in interesting form a valuable contribution to knowledge.

Francis Joseph and His Court. From the Memoirs of Count Roger De Resseguier (son of Francis Joseph's Court Chamberlain). By Herbert Vivian, M.A. With sixteen illustrations from photographs. New York: John Lane Company.

An interesting and intimate narrative purporting to present the first authentic account of the tragedy of Meyerling.

Life and Letters of George Inness. By George Inness, Jr. New York: The Century Company. Thirty-two full-page illustrations. $4.00.

The authorised biography of the greatest landscape artist of America by his son; it combines the intimacy of a delightful personal chronicle and the authority of a critical estimate by a recognised master of the craft.

Years of My Youth. William Dean Howells. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. $2.50.

A delightful contribution to American literary biography—not a mere narrative of facts, but the early impressions and influences which went to make both the writer and the man.

The Life and Letters of Robert Collyer, 1823-1912. By John Haynes Holmes. In two volumes. Illustrated. $5.00. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The inspiring story of the dramatic life of a famous divine, for thirty-three years pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York City.

Benjamin Franklin Self-Revealed. A Biographical and Critical Study Based Mainly on His Own Writings. By William Cabell Bruce. Two volumes, with portraits. $6.00.

An exhaustive and authoritative work, popularising a large amount of biographical material hitherto inaccessible to the reader.

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Life and Letters of Maggie Benson. By Arthur C. Benson. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.
A story of the daughter of a talented house, written by her brother, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge.

Drama

The Insurgent Theatre. By Thomas H. Dickinson. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.25.
A full discussion and orientation of departures from tradition on the American stage, with catalogue and appendix.

Mrs. Fiske. Her Views on the Stage Recorded. By Alexander Woollcott. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.
Some table-talks recorded out of the long memory of the dramatic critic of the New York *Times,* some reprinted from the *Century Magazine* and others hitherto unpublished.

Sacrifice and Other Plays. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.
Four new plays by an author whose dramatic work is already regarded as a valuable addition to dramatic literature.

The Little Theatre in the United States. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Illustrated. $2.00.
The first book on the Little Theatres (there are nearly sixty) in the United States, with a sketch of their ancestry, full descriptions, index, and illustrations of buildings, scenes, etc.

Problems of the Playwright. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.60.
The most interesting and varied of Mr. Hamilton's three books on the theatre.

Ethics

The Dynamic of Manhood. By Luther H. Gulick, M.D. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00.
The author, a popular writer on practical ethics, treats the various hungers of the human heart scientifically and humanly, showing their satisfaction to be as essential to human efficiency as bodily food is.

Utopia of Usurers. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Boni and Liveright. $1.25.
The author, a social protestant, analyses the utopia of hard-headed business men—how they are going to arrange their paradise, what they are going to do with art, science, religion, and other human institutions.

Essays

The Light Beyond. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.
A collection of essays, already published, on the future life, in which the author dips into the mysterious realms of spiritualism, telepathy, and predictions of the future.

Christmas and the Year Round. By Doctor Frank Crane. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00.
The latest book of this inspiring author, with the wisdom and human quality that make him widely popular.

Fiction

The Tortoise. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.
A *serio-comic satire on the tyranny of* small things, dealing with the affairs of certain Sussex gentle-folk.

Priest of the Ideal. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company. *Illustrated.* $1.60.
A first novel, dealing with a mystic and a materialist, out of which association grows a series of incidents significant in its bearing on contemporary life.

The White Ladies of Worcester. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.50.
A story, by the author of *The Rosary,* of events developing from the return of the hero from a crusade to find his fiancée had entered a convent.

A Sheaf of Bluebells. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35.
A romance of France in the days of Bonaparte.

How Could You, Jean? By Eleanor Hoyt-Brainerd. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg. $1.35.
An amusing novel along comedy lines by the author of *The Misdemeanors of Nancy.*

A Reversible Santa Claus. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Frontispiece and decorations. $1.00.
A Christmas story of mysterious surprises and joyful holiday spirit, by the author of *The House of a Thousand Candles,* narrating the adventures of a burglar who reformed on Christmas Eve.

His Last Bow. Some Later Reminiscences of Sherlock Holmes. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35.
The war has caused Mr. Holmes to lay his powers at the disposal of the government, with the historical results recounted in the eight adventures of *His Last Bow.*

A Change of Air. By Katherine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
A novel story dealing with the adventures of a varied group of persons who, by the generosity of an heiress, are left free to follow their own bent.

Abington Abbey. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.
Another story of English country life by the novelist whose skill in characteris-

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ing the country gentle-folk has given him the name among leading men of letters of the second Anthony Trollope.

The Modern Library. Translated by Constance Garnett. Fathers and Sons. By Ivan Turgenev. New York: Boni and Liveright. 60 cents.

The greatest of Turgenev's novels, whose hero is the first "nihilist" in Russian literature or life—a book marking an epoch in the literary history of Russia.

The Deserter. By Richard Harding Davis. With an introduction by John T. McCutcheon. New York: Charles Scribner's. 50 cents.

Mr. Davis's last story, in book form, has a patriotic value for this time.

Brought Forward. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.35.

Tales of two continents, by the author who is called the Goya of letters because of the unique colour and rhythm of his prose.

13 Rue Du Bondiable. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.35.

A new kind of detective story which gives in the beginning the details of the murder of the charming French girl's uncle as he is about to present her with birthday pearls, the interest centring about the efforts of the detectives to arrive at a solution.

Sheridan's Twins. By Sidford F. Hamp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.25.

A story of frontier life, following the stirring adventures of two brothers who win their way through courage and brawn.

Memories. By Alma Newton. New York: Duffield and Company. $1.00.

A revelation of woman's intimate love and of the inner feelings aroused by disappointment.

A Hazard of New Fortunes. The Modern Library. By William Dean Howells. New York: Boni and Liveright. 60 cents.

A new edition of this greatest novel of America's greatest novelist, in the opinion of many.

Ann Veronica. The Modern Library. By H. G. Wells. New York: Boni and Liveright. 60 cents.

A new edition of a well-known love story written when the author was still an unqualified radical.

Mary, Mary. The Modern Library. By James Stephens. New York: Boni and Liveright. 60 cents.

A new edition of a delightful story by the Irish writer.

The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard. The Modern Library. By Anatole France. New York: Boni and Liveright. 60 cents. Translation and introduction by Lafcadio Hearne.

New edition of a story which has the fine characterisation of all the work of this great modern French author.

Missing. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Frontispiece in colour. $1.50.

Mrs. Ward's first novel of the Great War, and an intense study in feeling, dealing with events developing from a call to the front of a husband leaving a bride of three weeks.

Sentiment. By Vincent O'Sullivan. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. $1.50.

The American novelist, who has recently returned from twenty years in England, follows *The Good Girl* with a whimsical and diverting story.

The Twilight of the Souls. By Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira De Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

The third volume of the Small Soul Series by the noted Dutch novelist who has been proclaimed by the critics a new Romain Rolland.

Ommirandy. Plantation Life at Kingsmill. By Armistead C. Gordon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated by Walter Biggs. $1.35.

A reconstruction story reflecting intimate experiences of the author, dealing with days following the Civil War.

A Country Child. By Grant Showerman. New York: The Century Company. $1.75.

A new departure in fiction, being a narration in the inimitable boy style of "A Country Chronicle" of a child's life in a pioneer home a generation ago.

Extricating Obadiah. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A romance of a Cape Cod cabin boy, now fallen heir to a fortune—a situation full of Lincoln humour.

The Forfeit. By Ridgewell Cullum. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs and Company. $1.35.

A ranch story of Montana, centring around the "Lightfoot Rustlers."

Rothschild's Fiddle. The Modern Library Series. By Anton Chekov. New York: Boni and Liveright, Inc. 60 cents.

A collection of fourteen stories, among which are some of the best tales of this author, both in his serious and in his lighter vein.

Madame Bovary. The Modern Library. By Gustave Flaubert. Translated by Eleanor Marx Aveling. New York: Boni and Liveright, Inc. 60 cents.

A new edition of the novel which, like Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* and Sudermann's *Song of Songs,* depicts with relentless naturalism the eternal feminine.

The Abandoned Room. By Wadsworth Camp. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

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A detective story unravelling the mystery of a secret room which was the scene of many murders.

The Heart of O Sono San. By Elizabeth Cooper. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. $1.75.

A story of the heart of a Japanese woman, revealing the ideals of old Japan in its highest type of womanhood.

Faulkner's Folly. By Carolyn Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

A realistic mystery novel untangling the motives of a baffling tragedy involving two women, one of whom develops a romance.

Herself, Himself, Myself. By Ruth Sawyer. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.35.

A human story of America and Ireland, in which "Herself," the penniless orphan of a rich man, grew up in a glorified garret supported by "Myself," her faithful nurse, until in the days of the war she went abroad and met "Himself" in Ireland.

The Wishing-Ring Man. By Margaret Widdemer. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.35.

A sequel to *A Rose-Garden Husband:* an idyl of a New England summer colony in which the author tells of the same warm-hearted people, this time the centre of interest being a young girl who finds that her hope comes true to life, giving her what she wants, "like a wishing-ring."

Miss Million's Maid. By Berta Ruck. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. $1.40.

An amusing complication of the love affairs of a newly made heiress with those of her maid, a girl of spirit and breeding who is tired of traditional limitations.

The Ivory Tower. An Unfinished Novel. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

This novel, the greater part of which was written before the author's death, is of particular interest from the fact that its scene is laid in Newport, and that it deals with the experiences and problems of a young American to whom a fortune has been unexpectedly left.

The Sense of the Past. An Unfinished Novel. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A story of remote and phantasmal life in London with a curious psychological plot.

Barbarians. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Illustrated. $1.40.

A story of the war, in which twelve adventurers enter the battle front at different points—among these Jim Neeland of the "Dark Star."

The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow. By Anna Katherine Green. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A typical Anna Katherine Green story, in which the famous Detective Gryce unravels an unusually fascinating mystery of the death of a young girl.

Hearts Undaunted. By Eleanor Atkinson. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. $1.30.

A romance of four frontiers, in which the heroine passes from her childhood in the lodge of an Iroquois chief through many adventures.

Prairie Gold. By Iowa Authors. Chicago: The Reilly and Britton Company. Jacket and Frontispiece by J. N. Darling. $1.50.

A worth-while book made up of the selections of fifty of Iowa's authors, who are doing their bit, co-operatively, toward the Iowa fund for the American Red Cross.

The Safety Curtain and Other Stories. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

A volume of four long stories with this author's usual characteristics of love interest and social adventure.

The Sturdy Oak. By Fourteen American authors. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Illustrated. $1.40.

A composite novel of American politics, by some of the most popular novelists of to-day, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the suffrage cause.

A Daughter of the Morning. By Zona Gale. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.40.

A novel of village life which appeared anonymously in the *Woman's Home Companion.*

Apron-Strings. By Eleanor Gates. New York: Sully and Kleinteich Company. $1.35.

A story for mothers and daughters of a modern girl who is sacrificed to duty.

Marie Grubbe. A Lady of the Seventeenth Century. By J. P. Jacobsen. Scandinavian Classics, Vol. VII. Translated from the Danish by Hanna Astrup Larsen. New York: The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

A translation of a book which Brandes has called one of the greatest *tours de force* in Danish literature.

Our Square and the People in It. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

Tales of human joys and sorrows—of love, adventure, ambition, comedy, and tragedy which take place in a quaint corner of New York City.

Slaves of the Lamp. A story of Yorke Norroy. Secret Agent. New York: W. J. Watt and Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

Another story with the central theme of the great opium conspiracy, but this time "A Manhattan Night's Entertainment."

The Witness. By Grace L. Lutz. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.40.

The latest story of this author, and char-

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acterised by the spiritual note of her other work.

General Literature

A Book of Prefaces. Joseph Conrad, Theodore Dreiser, James Huneker. A Borzoi Book. By H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Three interesting critical discussions, not academic, by a *Smart Set* editor who was the first American critic to write of Conrad at any length, who for years has been the chief interpreter of Dreiser, and who now first gives serious consideration to the work of Huneker.

A Russian Anthology in English. Edited by C. E. Bechhoffer. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

A selection from the prose, the verse, and the drama of Russia with the idea of interesting the non-Russian reader in the riches of this young but vigorous literature.

Tendencies in Modern American Poetry. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Turning to criticism, as in "Six French Poets," Miss Lowell deals with "The New Movement" in American poetry by discussing six leading poets biographically and critically.

The Cambridge History of American Literature. Edited by W. P. Trent of Columbia University, John Erskine of Columbia University, Stuart P. Sherman of the University of Illinois, Carl Van Doren of the Brearley School. In three volumes. Vol. I. Colonial and Revolutionary Literature. $1.25.

An important book whose appearance has been looked for—an exact and authoritative work which, though written by specialists, is designed to meet the needs of the general reader.

Romance of Old Japan. By Elizabeth W. Champney and Frere Champney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With ninety illustrations. $3.50.

Uniform with the other well-known works of this author, this book traces the legends of the ancient island kingdom of the East, with notable colour reproductions from paintings, sketches, photographs, and many other illustrations.

The Friendly Year. Chosen and arranged from the works of Henry Van Dyke, D.C.L. (Oxon.). By George Sidney Webster, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

A new edition with new selections chosen from the author's nine volumes since 1906—chosen to bring out the dominant note of human friendliness and comradeship which runs through the work of an author who knows books well, but who cares more for people.

Sylvander and Clarinda. The Love Letters of Robert Burns and Agnes M'Lehose. Edited by Amelia Josephine Burr. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

A book of characteristic letters of the greatest interest to Burns lovers.

For France. By some of the best known of America's men and women. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

Stories, poems, music, pictures, by many men and women who responded to the request for a tribute to France as a testimonial of the deep affection in the hearts of the American public.

The Romance of King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table. Abridged from Malory's D'Arthur. By Alfred W. Pollard. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated in colour by Arthur Rackham.

Another Arthur Rackham book following the wonderful old tales of Malory, prepared under the editorship of Mr. Pollard of the British Museum.

History

The Story of Princeton. By Edwin M. Norris. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Sixteen illustrations from drawings by Lester G. Hornby. $2.00.

The newest volume in this Story of Colleges Series by the editor of the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* presents and preserves the history, traditions and anecdotes of the University for two centuries.

The Romance of the Romanoffs. By Joseph McCabe. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.

This authentic history of princes and struggling democracy reads like a fantastic romance.

A History of the United States Since the Civil War. By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer. In five volumes. Vol. I: 1865-68.

The unique value of this history is to be found in its emphasis on the social and economic side of the people's life, though political subjects are not neglected.

The Future of the Southern Slavs. By A. H. E. Taylor. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.00.

A discussion and conclusion of this timely question, based upon historical and statistical data.

Juvenile

The Blue Heron's Feather. By Rupert Sargent Holland. Philadelphia: J. R. Lippincott and Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

Adventure and out-door fun make this story of a Dutch boy's colonial life with the Indians as much of a favourite as the other stories of this author.

Opening the West with Lewis and Clarke. The Trail Blazers Series. By Edwin L. Sabin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. Illustrated in colour and black and white. $1.25.

A new trail blazer—the adventures of

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a Connecticut lad who is kidnapped combine history, romance and woodcraft.

The Boy's King Arthur. Sir Thomas Malory's History of King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table. Edited for Boys by Sidney Lanier. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Fourteen illustrations in colour as well as beautiful lining decorations are a notable feature of Mr. Lanier's classic, which includes seven of the greater King Arthur tales.

Center Rush Rowland. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.35.

One of the biggest football stories the author has yet written, relating the school adventures of a backwoods Yankee of seventeen, the son of a Maine lumberman.

The Lure of the Mississippi. By D. Lange. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

Another interesting Indian story for boys, in which the two heroes have lively times on the dangerous Indian frontier of Minnesota, where they are kept from their homes in the South.

The Water Babies. Stories All Children Love Series. By Charles Kingsley. Philadelphia: J. R. Lippincott Company. Illustrations and linings in colours. $1.35.

The charm of this "fairy tale for a land baby" has increased in its appeal since its original publication in 1865, when the author wrote it to please the little fellow who had arrived latest in his own family.

Mystery Tales for Boys and Girls. Selected by Elva S. Smith. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. Frontispiece and decorations. $1.50.

A collection from the best classics of twenty-six poems and stories of mystery.

Plays, Pantomimes and Tableaux for Children. By Nora Archibald Smith. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. $1.00.

Dramatic entertainments for little folks —five plays.

Life of Robert E. Lee. For Boys and Girls. By J. G. de Roulhac-Hamilton and Mary Thompson-Hamilton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

A sound and interesting biography for young Americans.

Tales of the Persian Genii. By Frances Jenkins Olcott. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated by Willy Pagány. $2.00.

Stories to delight children, retold by the head of the Children's Department of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, and beautifully illustrated by the Hungarian artist.

Songs and Stories for the Little Ones. By E. Gordon Browne. Melodies chosen and arranged by Eva Browne. New and enlarged edition. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

New material increases the value of this charming collection for those who wish to use it as a means of awakening and encouraging the love of dramatisation which is latent in most children.

A Child's Year-Book. By Ruth Sawyer. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated with cut-out pictures by the author. 75 cents.

A book of attractive verses for each month of the year, with full-page pictures as well.

The Boys' Book of Mounted Police. By Irving Crump. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.35.

A story similar in style to Mr. Crump's popular vocational books for boys, about the heroic service and romantic lives of the American Constabulary or Mounted Police.

If I Could Fly. By Rose Strong Hubbell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated by Harold Gaze.

Stories in free verse for children, with beautiful decorations and illustrations in colour.

Mr. Turtle's Flying Adventure. Hollow Tree Stories. Stories for Bedtime. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. 50 cents.

Further amusing and ingenious animal stories of this well-known series.

The Way to Wonderland. By Mary Stewart. Illustrated gift edition. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.

An entertaining story for little folks about the mysteries of the forest and sea, with exquisite lining, decorations, and illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith.

Nights with Uncle Remus. By Joel Chandler Harris. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. With illustrations by Milo Winter. $3.00.

A holiday edition of the most popular of the Uncle Remus books, which one of the leading animal illustrators of the country has made very attractive with 12 full-page illustrations in colour, 10 half-titles in black and white, decorated linings and end pages, and cover in full colour.

Stories for Any Day. By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.00.

Another of this author's collections of delightful stories, suitable for telling to children between four and eleven—many of them about home life.

Children's Book of Patriotic Stories. Spirit of 1776. Edited by Asa Don Dickinson and Helen Winslow Dickinson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

Stirring tales for big, middle-sized and little children, with the aim first of all to please, and next to revive the spirit of '76.

The Young Loggers, or The Gray Axeman of Mt. Crow. Camp and Trail Series. By Hugh Pendexter. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. With illustrations by Charles Copeland. $1.25.

An out-of-doors story of three manly

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boys in the logging-gangs of the Maine woods; many old friends reappear who played important parts in earlier books by the same author.

John Martin's Annual. A Jolly Big Book for Little Folks. 1917. Illustrated and decorated. $1.25. John Martin's House, Inc., and Doubleday, Page and Company.

A big book of stories for very little folks, with charming illustrations and decorations on every page.

Insect Adventures. By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and adapted for young people by Louise S. Hasbrouck. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

The life stories of the bee, the wasp, the spider, and the fly, told like a fairy tale, with many pleasing quaint sketches.

Surprise House. By Abbie Farwell Brown. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00.

A story of fun and surprises about a legacy left by an eccentric old lady to her grand-niece—for girls of nine to fourteen.

The Venture Boys Afloat. By Howard R. Garis. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. $1.25.

The story of three daring boys who set out to salvage a derelict with a valuable cargo, and of their adventures in a motor-yacht.

The Prince and the Pauper. By Mark Twain. New York: Harper and Brothers. Coloured illustrations by Franklin Booth. $2.50.

A special illustrated edition of this delightful historical romance for young people of all ages.

Miscellaneous

Random Reflections of a Grandmother. By Mrs. R. Clipston Sturgis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00.

An original little book of reminiscence and reflection, with humourous philosophy and characterisation.

The Freaks of Mayfair. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated by George Plank. $1.50.

A sheaf of satirical monographs in which the accomplished ironist, in the mood of the classic Mr. Titmarsh, Esq., deals with the absurd falsities of smart life generally.

Woman as Decoration. Illustrated gift edition. By Emily Burbank. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. With 32 illustrations, and sketches from life of Mme. Geraldine Farrar, Mrs. Vernon Castle and other famous modern women. $2.50.

An attractive and unusual discussion, in twenty-eight chapters, of the history, technique and art of dress, classic and modern, as it relates to woman, an important factor in any decorative scheme.

An Admiral's Wife in the Making. By Lady Poore. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. With Portraits. $3.00.

Reminiscences of a charm remembered by readers of *Recollections of an Admiral's Wife.*

An American in the Making. By M. E. Ravage. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.40.

A personal narrative of a young Rumanian's adventures on emigrating to America, with the interest of a dramatic novel.

The Chinese Cook Book. By Shiu Wong Chan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

To those who are looking for new ideas for cooking appetizing, nutritious food, this book of novel recipes with explicit directions may appeal.

Philosophy and Economics

Geography and World Power. By James Fairgrieve. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

A stimulating discussion of the influence of a country's geographical situation and characteristics in determining its part in moulding the history of the world.

The High Cost of Living. By Frederick C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration, Port of New York. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In twenty-four chapters the author discusses the causes and remedies of the high cost of living, a condition which he does not think is due to the war.

The Trust Problem. Revised and Enlarged by Jeremiah Whipple Jenks, Ph.D., LL.D., of New York University, and Walter E. Clark, Ph.D., of the College of the City of New York. $2.00.

An up-to-date edition widely used as a text-book in American schools and colleges which has been called "The Bible on Industrial Combinations."

How Germany Does Business. Chapters on Export and Finance Methods. By Dr. Paul Pensac Gourvitch. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00.

A study in detail of Germany's business methods which enabled her to break into world markets.

A Parent's Job. By C. N. Millard. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.00.

A teacher's discussion of the co-operation of parent and teacher in the child's school life.

The King's Mirror (Speculum Regale—Konungs Skuggsja). Translated from the old Norwegian by Laurence Marcellus Larson. New York: The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

A translation of a unique work by one of the great masters of old Norse prose.

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Poetry

Main Street and Other Poems. By Joyce Kilmer. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00.

The third volume of verse by this popular young American poet.

The Dreamers and Other Poems. By Theodosia Garrison. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

The latest collection of verse from one of the best lyrists of the day.

The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

A new collection bringing together some of Mr. Lindsay's later poems, a number of which are in the manner which he has made peculiarly his own, "to be read aloud."

Camp-fire Verse. By William Haynes and Joseph Leroy Harrison. New York: Duffield and Company. $1.25.

An anthology of the best verse on life in the woods, hunting, and fishing, nearly one hundred and fifty poems being included.

A Treasury of War Poetry. British and American Poems of the World War. Edited with introduction and notes by George Herbert Clark. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

A collection of 130 poems on the war, containing important authors not accessible to other anthologies.

Mandragora. Poems by John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. $1.25.

That strange gift of creative imagination which has won for the author his position as novelist, critic, and lecturer, here expresses itself in poetry named from "Give me to drink Mandragora" of *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Weights and Measures. By Franklin P. Adams. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.00.

A characteristic book of verse by the author, "F.P.A.," whose column in the New York *Tribune* is a country-wide delight.

The Standard Book of Jewish Verse. Compiled and Edited by Joseph Friedlander. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.00.

An anthology of Jewish poems, containing seven hundred poems by about two hundred authors of all centuries, and nationalities—a treasury of poetry by and about Jews.

Songs for a Little House. By Christopher Morley. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

A new collection of characteristically delightful poems centring about the home.

Poems. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Introduction by Ernest Rhys. The Modern Library. New York: Boni and Liveright. 60 cents.

An anthology of complete selections from the work of the poet called "the last of the Giants," in this popular edition.

Arnljot Gelline. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian with introduction and notes by William Morton Payne, LL.D.

A translation of the epic cycle, expressing the old spirit of Norse paganism.

Politics

The Philippines. To the End of the Commission Government. By Charles B. Elliot. With a prefatory note by Elihu Root. $4.50.

At a time when Americans are reviewing the whole Philippine question, which presses anew for solution, this work will have a deserved hearing, being written with the knowledge and authority of a lawyer.

Political History of Poland. By Edward H. Lewinski-Corwin, Ph.D. New York: The Polish Book Importing Company, Inc.

A timely discussion of the Polish Question, which the Great War has placed foremost among the political problems which must be solved at the close of the present hostilities.

Canadian Confederation and Its Leaders. By M. O. Hammond. With portraits. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

A review in perspective of the important factors and leaders of opinions in the era of union.

The Turkish Empire: Its Growth and Decay. By Lord Eversley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. With a frontispiece and three maps. $3.00.

A description, by a visitor to the country, of the processes by which the Turkish Empire was aggregated under the first ten great Sultans, and dismembered under their twenty-six degenerate successors.

The Monarchy in Politics. By J. A. Farrer. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.00.

An impartial inquiry into the question of the position of the Crown in the English system of government: its actual working out as evidenced by the letters, memoirs, diaries and speeches of recent sovereigns and of contemporary statesmen.

Abdul Hamid. By Sir Edwin Pears. Makers of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by Basil Williams. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

The history and work of the man whose influence on the political thought and action of Europe in the last quarter of the nineteenth century justify this volume.

Psychology

Applied Psychology. By H. L. Hollingsworth and A. T. Poffenberger, Jr. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.25.

The author's thesis is that an understanding of individual psychology is a very efficient instrument in producing success in life.

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Handicaps of Childhood. By H. Addington Bruce. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

An addition to the new child psychology which is effecting a revolution in the methods of upbringing the next generation.

Religion

A Social Theory of Religious Education. By George Albert Coe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A book invaluable to Sunday-school teachers, and leaders of religious education.

Some Turning-Points in Church History. By Ambrose White Vernon, D.D. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 75 cents.

The Southworth Lectures for 1915, dealing with important crises which have determined the form of the organisation of the Christian churches.

The Catholic's Work in the World. By Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00.

A practical discussion of religious and social problems of to-day, by the associate editor of *America*.

The Bible in English Literature. By Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.25.

A discussion, some of which has been used in lectures, by an author who believes that English-speaking people "have the Bible in the bood."

Science

A Thousand Health Questions Answered. By J. H. Kellogg, M.D., LL.D. Battle Creek, Michigan: Good Health Publishing Company.

A helpful collection of practical answers to questions selected by the author from among the seventy or eighty thousand that have been most in demand in the popular question-box at the Battle Creek Sanitarium and in the author's journal, *Good Health*.

Everyman's Chemistry. The Chemist's Point of View and his Present Work. By Elwood Hendrick. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

A timely book for the amateur, giving a popular view of modern progress in a field of particular importance at the present time, and emphasising the necessity of chemical independence in this country in view of the effects of the war.

Travel and Description

A Holiday in Umbria. With an Account of Urbino and the Cortegiano of Castiglione. By Sir Thomas Graham Jackson. With coloured and other illustrations by the author. $3.00.

A narrative of travel in that part of Italy little visited by travellers: with a brief abstract of the *Cortegiano of Castiglione*, pronounced by Dr. Johnson "the best book ever written on good breeding."

Odd Corners. By Isabel Anderson (Mrs. Larz Anderson). New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

A narrative of travel of unusual interest which has appeared serially in THE BOOKMAN.

Finland and the Finns. By Arthur Reade, Lecturer in English at the University of Helsingfors. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

An entertaining volume discussing the features of modern Finnish life, and explaining the nation's activity in terms of the national character.

Green Trails and Upland Pastures. By Walter Prichard Eaton. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. $1.60.

Nature sketches revealing new beauties in New England scenes, with particularly satisfying illustrations in colour.

On the Headwaters of Peace River. A Narrative of a Thousand-Mile Canoe Trip to a Little-Known Range of the Canadian Rockies. By Paul Leland Haworth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated.

Another of this author's delightful narratives of travel experience, with many illustrations and maps.

Japan Day by Day. By Edward S. Morse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. With seven hundred and seventy-seven illustrations from sketches in the author's journal. The set $8.00.

A record of life in Japan by the author of *Japanese Homes and Their Surroundings*, material invaluable to a student of Japan, and made more attractive by the hundreds of "thumb-nail" sketches.

Persian Miniatures. By H. G. Dwight. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.00.

A whimsical account of the author's sojourn in a Persian town, with much of the Oriental colour and charm of *Stamboul Nights*, and with attractive drawings by Mr. Wilfred Jones.

Old Seaport Towns of the South. Illustrated Gift Edition. By Mildred Cram. Drawings by Allan G. Cram. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

A charming and intimate narration of travel in the South, with picturesque descriptions of the new as well as of the old South.

Greenwich Village. Illustrated Gift Edition. By Anna Alice Chapin. With sixteen full-page drawings by Allan G. Cram. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

In print and line Miss Chapin and Mr. Cram have captured something of the charm of America's fascinating Latin quarter—Greenwich Village.

Rambles in Old College Towns. Illustrated Gift Edition. By Hildegarde Haw-

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thorne. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. With sixteen illustrations in two colours. $2.50.

An informal account of a vacation pilgrimage through sixteen famous old college towns, with the charm of tradition and the personal note in anecdote and experience.

American Adventures. By Julian Street. New York: The Century Company. Eighty illustrations by Wallace Morgan. $3.00.

Events and observations in a ramble through the South, told delightfully and with illuminating treatment of the negro and other problems.

Autumn Loiterers. By Charles Hanson Towne. Drawings by Thomas Fogarty. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A little book of random impressions during a tour of the Berkshires.

New Footprints in Old Places. By Pauline Stiles. San Francisco: Paul Elder and Company. Frontispiece. $2.00.

A diary of foreign travel, with many artistic illustrations from photographs.

The Secrets of Polar Travel. By Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary. New York: The Century Company. Seventy-five illustrations from photographs by the author. $2.50.

A sort of handbook on Arctic travel which sounds like a romance of American achievement as told by the man whose courage, persistence, and ingenuity overcame previously unsurmounted difficulties.

War

The Solution of Tactical Problems. A Logical and Easy Way of Working Out Tactical Schemes. By Lieut.-Col. J. Layland Needham. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. With diagrams and maps. $2.00.

An important book for military students, setting forth the general problem of attacks, with logical solution and comments.

On the Road from Mons. By Captain A. Clifton-Shelton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.25.

What it means in modern war to supply a fighting army with food and forage, fuel and light, is humourously told in this story of an English A. S. C. (Army Service Corps) officer, who was in the retreat from Mons to Paris and the forward movement to the line of the Aisne.

Sixteen Months in Four German Prisons. By Henry C. Mahoney. With an introduction by Frederick C. Talbot. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.50.

The experiences of a private citizen imprisoned at the outbreak of the war "brand the Huns with an indelible stain."

The Diary of a Nation. The War and How We Got into It. By E. S. Martin. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50.

Current discourses from life during the first three years of the war, concerning themselves with American politics as affected by the war.

The Rebuilding of Europe. A Survey of Old Europe and the Promise of the New. By David Jayne Hill. New York: The Century Company. $1.50.

A scholarly presentation, by the eminent jurist, of the development among European races of ideas of government leading to the present war, and a forecast of the internationalism to follow the war.

Militarism. By Dr. Karl Liebknecht. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

The second printing of a book suppressed by the German authorities who now hold the author in prison.

The Book of the Machine Gun. By Major F. V. Longstaff and A. Hilliard Atteridge. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. With eighty-five illustrations.

A graphic presentment of the evolution, tactics, and training of the machine gun, up to the present minute; with appendices and bibliography.

Alsace-Lorraine under German Rule. By Charles Downer Hazen. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.25.

A brief and reliable study of the history of Alsace-Lorraine since its annexation by Germany in 1871 as a result of a successful war.

A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium. By Hugh Gibson, then First Secretary, American Legation in Brussels. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. $2.50.

A series of letters written on the spot day by day by an official who, as Richard Harding Davis says, saw more of actual warfare than did any or all of our twenty-eight military men in Paris.

The Choice Before Us. By G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.

An analysis and discussion of the presuppositions which underlie militarism, and the kind of organisation that is both possible and essential if war is not to destroy mankind.

Crumps. The Plain Tale of a Canadian Who Went. By Louis Keene. Illustrated by the author. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

The author, an artist now captain of a machine-gun section, describes the training and fighting of the Canadian army at Ypres.

All in It. K 1 Carries On. By Major Ian Hay Beith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

A continuation of *The First Hundred Thousand,* with stories of actual fighting, of the work of the field telephone men and others.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of October and the first of November:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	The Long Lane's Turning	The Salt of the Earth
Atlanta, Ga.....	Christine	The Soul of a Bishop
Boston, Mass.....	Christine	The Dwelling Place of Light
Boston, Mass.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	Extricating Obadiah
Baltimore, Md.....	Christine	Long Live the King
Baltimore, Md.....	The Long Lane's Turning	The Hundredth Chance
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Extricating Obadiah	The Dwelling Place of Light
Chicago, Ill.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Chicago, Ill.....	The Long Lane's Turning	The Broken Gate
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Christine	Long Live the King
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	His Family.
Dallas, Texas.....	The Soul of a Bishop	Christine
Detroit, Mich.....	Indian Drum	The Salt of the Earth
Houston, Tex.....	Long Live the King	The Dwelling Place of Light
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Christine	The Dwelling Place of Light
Los Angeles, Cal.....	Christine	Long Live the King
Louisville, Ky.....	In Happy Valley	The Dwelling Place of Light
Memphis, Tenn.....	Christine	Long Live the King
Milwaukee, Wis.....	The Soul of a Bishop	Beyond
Minneapolis, Minn....	The Salt of the Earth	The Dwelling Place of Light
New Haven, Conn.....	Extricating Obadiah	The Dwelling Place of Light
New Orleans, La.....	Christine	The Soul of a Bishop
Norfolk, Va.....	Christine	The Soul of a Bishop
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Christine	Paradise Auction
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Anne's House of Dreams	Long Live the King
Portland, Ore.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Dwelling Place of Light
Providence, R. I.....	Long Live the King	The Soul of a Bishop
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Salt of the Earth	Extricating Obadiah
San Antonio, Tex.....	Christine	Extricating Obadiah
San Antonio, Tex.....	The Red Planet	The Dwelling Place of Light
San Francisco, Cal....	Christine	Beyond
San Francisco, Cal....	The Dwelling Place of Light	His Family
Seattle, Wash.....	The Red Planet	Long Live the King
Spokane, Wash.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Martie the Unconquered
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Salt of the Earth	Christine
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	We Can't Have Everything
St. Louis, Mo.....	Indian Drum	The Light in the Clearing
Toronto, Ont.....	The Soul of a Bishop	Anne's House of Dreams
Utica, N. Y.....	Indian Drum	Long Live the King
Washington, D. C.....	Christine	The Salt of the Earth
Worcester, Mass.....	Christine	Extricating Obadiah

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Ranny	Belinda of the Red Cross	The Youth Plupy	Finished
The Conquest	Anne's House of Dreams	Beyond	We Can't Have Everything
Extricating Obadiah	The Salt of the Earth	Abington Abbey	Beyond
The Rise of David Levinsky	The Forfeit	Barbarians	The Youth Plupy
The Soul of a Bishop	The Dwelling Place of Light	Extricating Obadiah	Beyond
The Dwelling Place of Light	The Red Planet	The Soul of a Bishop	Scandal
The Salt of the Earth	The Long Lane's Turning	Beyond	The Soul of a Bishop
Christine	Long Live the King	In Happy Valley	Martie the Unconquered
The Soul of a Bishop	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Anne's House of Dreams	The Secret Witness
The High Heart	The Coming	The Soul of a Bishop	The Secret Witness
Christine	Changing Winds	The Long Lane's Turning	The Light in the Clearing
The Dwelling Place of Light	Red Pepper's Patients	Long Live the King	The Heart's Kingdom
The Soul of a Bishop	The Red Planet	Red Pepper's Patients	The Dwelling Place of Light
Scandal	Anne's House of Dreams	Mistress Anne	Beyond
In Happy Valley	Martie the Unconquered	The Soul of a Bishop	Long Live the King
The Dwelling Place of Light	Beyond	The Red Planet	Under Fire
Calvary Alley	Long Live the King	The High Heart	The Secret Witness
The Soul of a Bishop	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Martie the Unconquered	Red Pepper's Patients
The Long Lane's Turning	Long Live the King	Extricating Obadiah	Green Fancy
The Soul of a Bishop	The Coming	Long Live the King	Cousin Julia
Long Live the King	Christine	The Soul of a Bishop	Green Fancy
Long Live the King	The Secret Witness	Mistress Anne	We Can't Have Everything
The High Heart	Robert Shenstone	Scandal	A Castle To Let
The Salt of the Earth	The Long Lane's Turning	Martie the Unconquered	The Light in the Clearing
Martie the Unconquered	The Light in the Clearing	Extricating Obadiah	Understood Betsy
Wildfire	Martie the Unconquered	Long Live the King	The Long Lane's Turning
Extricating Obadiah	Red Pepper's Patients	The Dwelling Place of Light	The High Heart
Christine	Indian Drum	Long Live the King	Red Pepper's Patients
The Soul of a Bishop	The Dwelling Place of Light	Long Live the King	The Red Planet
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Dark Star	Anne's House of Dreams	The Soul of a Bishop
Scandal	The Soul of a Bishop	His Family	The Salt of the Earth
Temperamental Henry	Sunny Slopes	The High Heart	The Red Planet
The Dwelling Place of Light	The Soul of a Bishop	His Own Country	Christine
Wildfire	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Red Planet	Christine
The Light in the Clearing	The Soul of a Bishop	The Dwelling Place of Light	Anne's House of Dreams
The Definite Object	The Red Planet	The Hundredth Chance	Long Live the King
The Lifted Veil	Sunny Slopes	Christine	Long Live the King
Long Live the King	The Definite Object	Martie the Unconquered	The Secret Witness
The Light in the Clearing	The Definite Object	The Long Lane's Turning	Christine
The High Heart	The Red Planet	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Long Live the King
The Dwelling Place of Light	Anne's House of Dreams	The Secret Witness	Red Pepper's Patients

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

On the Edge of the War Zone. Mildred Aldrich.
Rookie Rhymes. (By Plattsburg Men.)
Laugh and Live. Douglas Fairbanks.
A Student in Arms. D. W. A. Hankey.
Under Fire. Henri Barbusse.
At the Front in a Flivver. W. Yorke Stevenson.
In the World. Maxim Gorky.
The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas D. Curtin.
Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.
Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
My Four Years in Germany. James W. Gerard.
Japan Day by Day. Edward S. Morse.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 510 and 511) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
" " "	2d	"	"	"	"	8
" " "	3d	"	"	"	"	7
" " "	4th	"	"	"	"	6
" " "	5th	"	"	"	"	5
" " "	6th	"	"	"	"	4

1. Christine. Cholmondeley. (Macmillan.) $1.25 200
2. The Dwelling Place of Light. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.60... 165
3. Long Live the King. Rinehart. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50 156
4. The Soul of a Bishop. Wells. (Macmillan.) $1.50 140
5. Extricating Obadiah. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50 81
6. The Salt of the Earth. Sidgwick. (Watt.) $1.50..... 78

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

Abington Abbey. Archibald Marshall.
Anne's House of Dreams. L. M. Montgomery.
Bab: A Sub-Deb. Mary Roberts Rinehart.
Belinda of the Red Cross. Robert W. Hamilton.
The Broken Gate. Emerson Hough.
Barbarians. Robert W. Chambers.
Beyond. John Galsworthy.
Calvary Alley. Alice Hegan Rice.
Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.
Castles to Let. Mrs. Baille-Reynolds.
Christine. Alice Cholmondeley.
The Coming. J. C. Snaith.
Cousin Julia. Grace H. Flandrau.
The Conquest. Olive Wadsley.
The Dark Star. Robert W. Chambers.
The Definite Object. Jeffery Farnol.
The Dwelling Place of Light. Winston Churchill.
Extricating Obadiah. Joseph C. Lincoln.
Finished. H. Rider Haggard.
The Forfeit. Ridgewell Cullum.
Green Fancy. George Barr McCutcheon.
His Family. Ernest Poole.
His Own Country. Paul Kester.
The Hundredth Chance. Ethel M. Dell.
The Heart's Kingdom. Maria T. Daviess.
The High Heart. Basil King.
In Happy Valley. John Fox, Jr.
In the World. Maxim Gorky.
The Indian Drum. W. MacHarg.
Japan Day by Day. Edward S. Morse.
The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas D. Curtin.
Laugh and Live. Douglas Fairbanks.
The Light in the Clearing. Irving Bacheller.
The Long Lane's Turning. Hallie E. Rives.
Martie the Unconquered. Kathleen Norris.
Mistress Anne. Temple Bailey.
My Four Years in Germany. James W. Gerard.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
Out of a Clear Sky. Maria T. Daviess.
On the Edge of the War Zone. Mildred Aldrich.
Paradise Auction. Nalbro Hartley.
Ranny. Randolf H. Dukes.
Red Pepper's Patients. Grace Richmond.
The Red Planet. William J. Locke.
The Rise of David Levinsky. A. Cahan.
The Salt of the Earth. Cecily U. Sidgwick.
Scandal. Cosmo Hamilton.
The Secret Witness. George Gibbs.
Robert Shenstone. W. J. Dawson.
The Soul of a Bishop. H. G. Wells.
A Student in Arms. D. W. A Hankey.
Sunny Slopes. Ethel Hueston.
Temperamental Henry. Samuel Merwin.
Understood Betsey. Dorothy Canfield.
Under Fire. Henri Barbusse.
The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.
We Can't Have Everything. Rupert Hughes.
The Youth Plupy. H. A. Shute.

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